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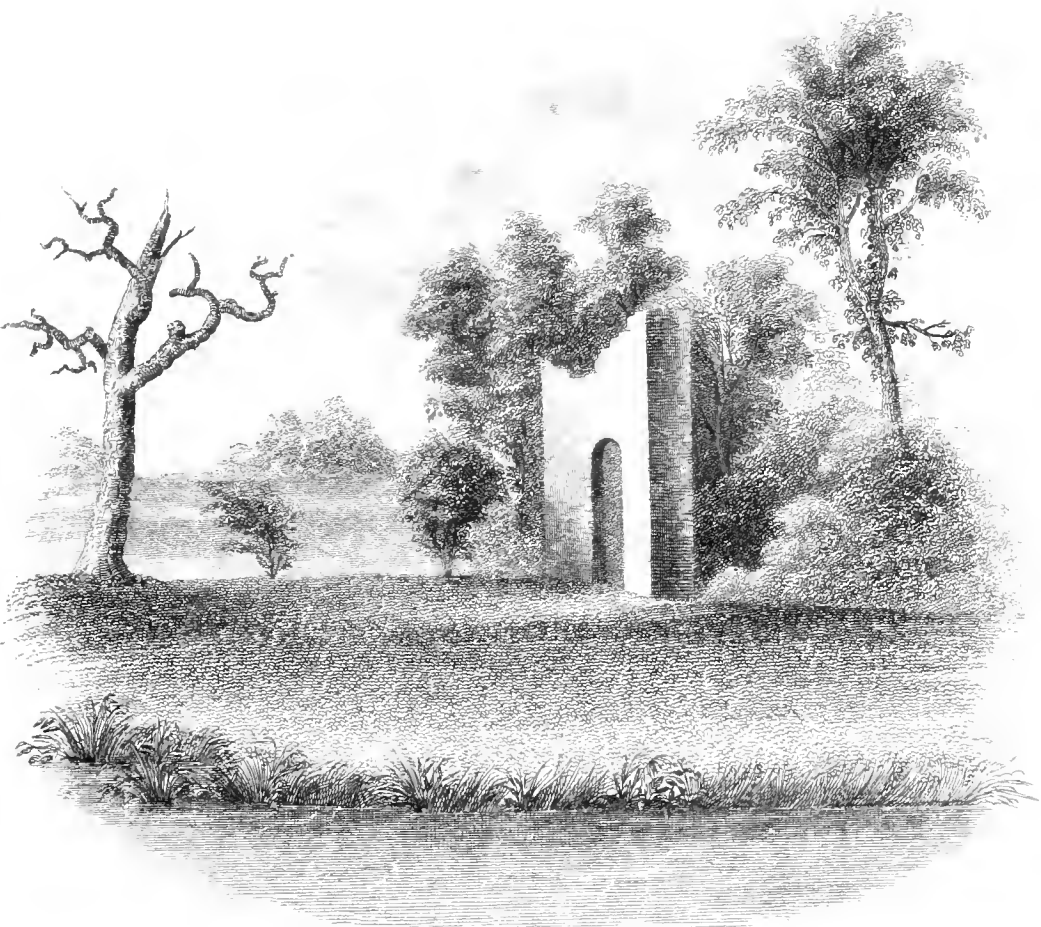
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SCENES

IN

MY NATIVE LAND.

BY

MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

“On piercing thorns our fathers trod,
In this bright land of ours;
To soften for their sons the sod,
Now strewn with fruit and flowers.”

MISS H. F. GOULD.

“Then, the green hills around, look so very pleasant in the sun-shine, with
homes nestling among them, like dimples in a smiling face.”

MRS. L. M. CHILD.

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S C E N E S
IN
M Y N A T I V E L A N D .

NIAGARA.

"

UP to the Table-Rock, where the great flood
Reveals its fullest glory. To the verge
Of its appalling battlement draw near,
And gaze below. Or if thy spirit fail,
Creep stealthily, and snatch a trembling glance
Into the dread abyss.

What there thou see'st
Shall dwell forever in thy secret soul,
Finding no form of language.

The vexed deep,
Which from the hour that Chaos heard the voice
"Let there be light," hath known nor pause, nor rest,
Communeth through its misty cloud with Him
Who breaks it on the wheel of pitiless rock,
Yet heals it every moment. Bending near,
Mid all the terror, as an angel-friend,
The rainbow walketh in its company
With perfect orb full-rounded. Dost thou cling
Thus to its breast, a Comforter, to give
Strength in its agony, thou radiant form,

Born of the trembling tear-drop, and the smile
Of sun, or glimmering moon?

Yet from a scene

So awfully sublime, our senses shrink,
And fain would shield them at the solemn base
Of the tremendous precipice, and glean
Such hallowed thoughts as blossom in its shade.

This is thy building, Architect Divine !
Who heav'dst the pillars of the Universe.
Up, without noise, the mighty fabric rose,
And to the clamor of the unresting gulf
Forever smiting on its ear of rock
With an eternal question, answereth nought.
Man calls his vassals forth, with toil and pain ;
Stone piled on stone, the pyramid ascends,
Yet ere it reach its apex-point, he dies,
Nor leaves a chiseled name upon his tomb.
The vast cathedral grows, with deep-groined arch,
And massy dome, slow reared, while race on race
Fall like the ivy sere, that climbs its walls,
The imperial palace towers, the triumph arch,
And the tall fane that tells a hero's praise
Uplift their crowns of fret-work haughtily.
But lo ! the Goth doth waste them, and his herds
The Vandal pastures mid their fallen pride.
But thou, from age to age, unchanged hast stood,
Even like an altar to Jehovah's name,
Silent, and steadfast, and immutable.

Niagara and the storm-cloud!

To the peal

Of their united thunder, rugged rocks
Amazed reverberate, through depths profound
Streams the red lightning, while the loftiest trees
Bow, and are troubled. Shuddering earth doth hide
In midnight's veil; and even the ethereal mind,
Which hath the seed of immortality
Within itself, — not undismayed, beholds
This fearful tumult of the elements.

Old Ocean meets the tempest and is wroth,
And in his wrath destroys. The wrecking ship,
The sea-boy stricken from the quaking mast,
The burning tear wrung forth from many a home,
To which the voyager returns no more,
Attest the fury of his vengeful mood.
But thou, Niagara, know'st no passion-gust;
Thy mighty bosom, from the sheeted rain,
Spreads not itself to sudden boastfulness,
Like the wild torrent in its shallow bed.
Thou art not angry, and thou changest not.

Man finds in thee no emblem of himself:
The cloud depresseth him, the adverse blast
Rouseth the billows of his discontent,
The wealth of summer-showers inflates his pride,
And with the simple faith and love of Him
Who made him from the dust, he mingleth much

Of his own vain device. Perchance, even here,
Neath all the sternness of thy strong rebuke,
Light fancies fill him, and he gathereth straws
Or plaiteth rushes, or illusive twines
Garlands of hope, more fragile still than they.

But in one awful voice, that ne'er has known
Change or inflection since the morn of time,
Thou utterest forth that One Eternal Name,
Which he who graves not on his inmost soul
Will find his proudest gatherings, as the dross
That cannot profit.

Thou hast ne'er forgot
Thy lesson, or been weary, day or night,
Nor with its simple, elemental thought
Mixed aught of discord.

Teacher, sent from God,
We bow us to thy message, and are still.

Oh! full of glory, and of majesty,
With all thy terrible apparel on,
High-priest of Nature, who within the veil,
Mysterious, unapproachable dost dwell,
With smoke of incense ever streaming up,
And round thy breast, the folded bow of heaven,
Few are our words before thee.

For 'tis meet
That even the mightiest of our race should stand
Mute in thy presence, and with childlike awe,
Disrobed of self, adore his God through thee.

“Deep calleth unto deep, at the noise of thy water-spouts.” Most appositely did the poet Brainerd, in his beautiful apostrophe to Niagara, quote from the inspired Minstrel, “deep calleth unto deep.” Simple and significant also, was its Indian appellation, the “water-thunderer.” To the wandering son of the forest,

“ whose untutored mind
Saw God in clouds, or heard him in the wind,”

it forcibly suggested the image of that Great Spirit, who in darkness and storm sends forth from the skies a mighty voice.

The immense volume of water, which distinguishes Niagara from all other cataracts, is seldom fully realized by the casual visitant. Transfixed by his emotions, he forgets that he sees the surplus waters of these vast inland seas, Superior, Huron, Michigan, and Erie, arrested in their rushing passage to the Ocean, by a fearful barrier of rock, 160 feet in height. He scarcely recollects that the tributaries to this river, or strait, cover a surface of 150,000 miles. Indeed, how can he bow his mind to aught of arithmetical computation, when in the presence of this monarch of floods.

Niagara river flows from south to north, and is two miles in width when it issues from Lake Erie. It is majestic and beautiful in its aspect, and spreads out at Grand Island to a breadth of three miles, like a mir-

rored lake. At the Falls, it is less than a mile broad, and after emerging from its terrible abyss, flows on of a dark green or violet color, until it reaches the whirlpool. There, compressed to between 5 and 600 feet, it rushes upon a bed of sharp rocks, boiling and breaking with great velocity and suction. After many curves, it regains its original course, and having cleared itself of every conflict and trouble, glides with a placid loveliness to the bosom of Ontario. Altogether, it is a most noble river. Sprinkled with many islands, of a depth of 2 or 300 feet, and in some places unfathomable, it flows between banks sometimes 500 feet in height, having a descent of nearly 350 feet from its efflux at Erie, to its junction with Ontario. Not like those streams, which at some seasons run low in their channels, and at others swollen with a "little brief authority," inundate the surrounding country, it preserves the uniform characteristics of power and majesty.

The Rapids commence about three quarters of a mile above the Falls. The river, after passing Grand and Navy Islands, becomes suddenly compressed, and opposed by ledges of rugged rocks. Over a succession of these it leaps with impetuosity. The total descent is not more than sixty feet, but the effect is grand and imposing. It is more picturesque on the American shore, where the water is less deep, and the conflict more palpable.

These Rapids are exceedingly beautiful, and it is

desirable to secure an apartment overlooking them, where the traveller, in the intervals of exploration, may contemplate them from his window. They are an appropriate preparation for the grandeur of the principal cataract, a preface to a volume of unutterable wonders.

The intersection of the river at the termination of the Rapids, by Goat Island, gives to Great Britain and America a distinct, though unequal partnership in this glorious cataract. The former, or great Horse-shoe Fall, has far greater breadth, and quantity of water. The latter has somewhat more height, and is surpassingly graceful, though less terrific than its compeer. The intervention of Luna, or, as it is sometimes called, Prospect Island, causes another subdivision on the American side, and forms the Central or Crescent Fall, a cascade of surpassing beauty. The Great Fall on the Canadian shore, is 2100 feet in extent, and 158 in height; the American 164 in height, and, including the Crescent Fall, has a breadth of more than 1000 feet. In comparing the British and American Falls, we cannot do better than to use the words of an English traveller, the Rev. Dr. Reed. "The character of one is beautiful, inclining to the sublime, that of the other sublime, inclining to the beautiful."

A bridge of 150 feet, constructed with immense labor and peril, connects the main land of the American shore with Bath Island, from whence a shorter one of about thirty yards gives access to Goat Island. This extends half a mile in length, and a quarter in breadth,

and is one of the most delightful spots that can be imagined. It is covered with lofty and magnificent trees, and in its rich mould a great variety of wild plants and flowers find nutriment. It is an unspeakable luxury here to sit in solitary meditation, at once lulled and solemnized by the near voice of the everlasting torrent. It seems the most fascinating of all the haunts in this vicinity ; the one where we earliest linger, and latest depart. We take leave of it, as from a being of intelligence, to whom we have given our heart. It has shielded us, when our senses were awe-stricken and overpowered, like the cliff where the prophet was hidden when that majesty passed by which none can " see and live."

Embellishments have been spoken of for this island, rustic temples, and winding gravel-walks. It would be a pity to see them here : a desecration to remove for them one of those trees which for ages have struck their roots deep in the soil, every green leaf baptized by the spray of the cataract. Modern decoration would but detract from its solemn beauty. A few seats placed here and there, beneath the deep umbrage, or at those points of view, where the sight of the falling waters best blend with their thunder-hymn, might be a convenience, as would also some improvements for the sake of those of weak nerves, in the carriage-drive around its shores.

At the entrance of this sweet and sacred solitude, a neat cottage, with a fine garden attracts the eye,

where flowers, fruits, and other refreshments may be obtained from a worthy couple, natives of Caledonia's romantic clime. It was pleasant to perceive the restrictions on a board placed over the gate, that the hallowed day of rest would be exempted from this traffic. Here, and at other places in the neighborhood, are a great variety of Indian fancy-work, in beads, bark, and porcupine quills, from whence keepsakes for friends at home may be readily selected. The vicinity of the Tuscaroras, Senecas, and Oneidas, with the industry of their females, keeps the market well supplied for its various purchasers.

The village of Niagara possesses sufficient accommodations in its large hotels, for the throngs of visitants who resort thither during the summer. It has two churches, several mills, and about 600 inhabitants. A descent of 200 feet by a stair-case brings you to the Ferry, which conducts to the Canadian shore. At the base of the first flight of steps is a delightful view of the American Fall. The beauty and grace of the watery column, so fleecy, so sparkling, so flecked with the brightest emerald hue, surpass all description.

The view from the boat while crossing the Ferry is unique and impressive. It gives the first strong idea of the greater magnificence that awaits you. You are encompassed by an amphitheatre of towering rocks and hills. Fragments of rainbows and torrents of mist hover around you. A stupendous column rises, whose base is in the fathomless depth, whose head wrapt in

cloud, seems to join earth and heaven. It strikes you as a living personification of His power who poured it "from the hollow of his hand." You tremble at its feet. With a great voice of thunder it warns you not to approach. The winds spread out their wings and whelm you in a deluge of spray. You are sensible of the giant force of the tide, bearing up the boat, which like an egg-shell is tossed upon its terrible bosom. You feel like an atom in the great creation of God. You glance at the athletic sinews of the rowers, and wonder if they are equal to their perilous task. But the majesty of the surrounding scene annihilates selfish apprehension, and ere you are aware, the little boat runs smoothly to her haven, and you stand on the Canadian shore.

Hitherto, all you have seen, will convey but an imperfect impression of the grandeur and sublimity that are unfolded on the summit of Table-Rock. This is a precipice nearly 160 feet in height, with flat, smooth, altar-shaped surface. As you approach this unparapeted projection, the unveiled glory of Niagara burst upon the astonished senses. We borrow the graphic delineation of a gentleman,* who nearly forty years since was a visitant of this scene, and thus describes it from the summit of Table-Rock.

"On your right hand, the river comes roaring forward with all the agitation of a tempestuous ocean, recoiling in waves and whirlpools, as if determined to

* D. Wadsworth, Esq.

resist the impulse which is forcing it downward to the gulf. When within a few yards, and apparently at the moment of sweeping away, it plunges headlong into what seems a bottomless pit, for the vapor is so thick at the foot of the precipice that the torrent is completely lost to the view.

“The commencement of the rapids is so distant, and so high above your head, as entirely to exclude all view of the still water, or the country beyond. Thus as you look up the river, which is two miles wide above the falls, you gaze upon a boundless and angry sea, whose troubled surface forms a rough and ever-moving outline upon the distant horizon. This part of the stream is called the great Horse-shoe Fall, though in shape it bears more resemblance to an Indian bow, the centre curve of which, retreating up the river, is hid by the volume of vapor which rises in that spot, except when a strong gust of wind occasionally pressing it down, displays for a moment the whole immense *wall of water*. This branch of the river falls much less broken than the eastern one, and being, like all the large lakes, exactly of the color of ocean water, appears in every direction of the most brilliant green, or whiter than snow. The face of Goat Island makes an angle with it, and approaches more nearly to a parallel with the western bank; when the second division of the river appears bending still more towards you, so as to bring the last range of falls nearly parallel with the course of the river, and almost facing you.

These falls are more beautiful, though not so terrific as the great one. Still they appear much higher, as they do not, like that, pour over in a vast arch, but are precipitated so perpendicularly as to appear an entire sheet of foam from the top to the bottom. Seen from the Table-Rock, the tumbling green waters of the rapids, which persuade you that an ocean is approaching, the brilliant color of the water, the frightful gulf, and headlong torrent at your feet, the white column rising from its centre, and often reaching to the clouds, the black wall of rock frowning from the opposite island, and the long curtain of foam descending from the other shore, interrupted only by one dark shaft, form altogether one of the most beautiful, as well as awful scenes in nature. The effect of all these objects is much heightened by being seen from a dizzy and fearful pinnacle, upon which you seem suspended over a fathomless abyss of vapor, whence ascends the deafening uproar of the greatest cataract in the world, and by reflecting that this powerful torrent has been rushing down, and this grand scene of stormy magnificence been in the same dreadful tumult for ages, and will continue so for ages to come."

The view from the foot of the Table-Rock is, if possible, still more impressive. Standing on a level with the margin of the river, and gazing upward, you obtain a more overwhelming idea of the majesty of the flood, which seems to be falling from the heavens.

You better realize the height of the precipice, and the tremendous force of the torrent. Skirting the base of the Table-Rock, you arrive at the point of entrance, behind the vast sheet of water, which those who desire to traverse, provide themselves with fitting apparel, which is here kept for that purpose. This magnificent cavern is often tenanted by rushing winds, which drive the spray with blinding fury in the face of the approaching pilgrim. Clad in rude garments, and cap of oil-cloth, with coarse shoes, — the most unpicturesque of all figures, — he approaches, striking his staff among the loose fragments that obstruct his way. The path is slippery and perilous, the round, wet stones betray his footing, and sometimes cold, slimy and wriggling eels coil around his ancles. Respiration is at first difficult, almost to suffocation. But the aiding hand and encouraging voice of the guide are put in requisition, and almost ere he is aware, he reaches Termination-Rock, beyond which all progress is hazardous. This exploit entitles him to a certificate, obtained at the house where his garb was provided, and signed by the guide. But should he fail of attaining this honor, by a too precipitate retreat from this cavern of thunders, he is still sure of a magnificent shower-bath.

From the Pavilion Hotel, which occupies the site of another of that name, destroyed by fire a few years since, is a striking prospect of the Horse-shoe Fall, and of the river above it. The deep flood rolls on in

majesty, yet reluctantly, like a monarch to his overthrow. You almost believe that it is a creature of intelligence, striving to avoid some impending calamity. It seems to turn aside, and to gather itself up as if to escape the plunge. Like our own frail race, it would fain draw back from the adversity in which is its glory. But enforced to the dreaded leap, it makes the plunge with an appalling majesty, amid the quaking earth and thundering skies.

The carriage-road from the Ferry to the Clifton House was cut through a precipitous rock, with great labor and expense. It is perfectly safe, but those who choose rather to trust to their feet, will be rewarded, especially on the descending path, with such wild and bold scenery, as might content them to forego the sight of the mountain-passes of Switzerland. From the piazza and windows of the Clifton House are commanding views of both the Falls. That on the American side is here surpassingly beautiful.

Conveniences are here furnished for pleasant drives on the fine roads in her Majesty's dominions. Most travellers are induced to go to Drummondville, and visit the spot where the sanguinary battle of Lundy's Lane was fought on July 25th, 1814. A soldier, who was in that engagement, if he does not exactly, like Goldsmith's veteran,

“Shoulder his crutch and tell how fields were won,”

is still prompt and happy to point out every locality

where the hosts were arrayed, where the conflict raged most furiously, and where the earth drank the deepest draughts of the blood of her sons. He also guides to the burial-ground, where officers and soldiers rest peacefully in death's embrace, and recites with peculiar emphasis, a poetical epitaph on the fallen brave.

On the bank of the river a burning-spring is shown, which emits a stream of sulphurated hydrogen gas, which being confined and ignited by the touch of a candle, sends forth, through a tube, a brilliant volume of flame. This might doubtless be rendered useful for lighting houses, were there any in its neighborhood. But its position is isolated, and the slight tenement thrown over it was filled with a close, unpleasant atmosphere, which one would think must be insalubrious to the man who exhibited it to strangers. A draught from the spring, which was presented us, was cold, and strongly sulphureous.

Between the Clifton-House and the Pavilion is a Museum, whose contents display taste and perseverance; a Camera-Obscura, which gives a miniature and prismatic view of the Falls, and also the nucleus of a menagerie. One of its principal curiosities were a pair of immense white Owls, who fixed their large, round eyes upon the company with imperturbable gravity, as if determined, by an extra show of wisdom, to prove their claim to the patronage of Minerva. Their captivity seemed neither so irksome, nor so contradictory to nature, as that of a Bald Eagle on

the American side, who wears his chain with such a sad, abject demeanor, as to pain the beholder. Methinks the king of birds should be left free to soar at will, in the dominion of the monarch of cataracts. Some of the most majestic Eagles have been found in this region. Numbers of smaller birds are often seen sporting on the verge of the mighty cataract, and dipping their wings in its tinted mist, with a strange enthusiasm of delight. Do they exult in the terrific shower-bath, which man may not approach? or listen with transport to that glorious thunder-hymn, which makes their loudest warblings like the breath of the ephemeron?

There are a variety of objects and collections of curiosities on both the Canadian and American side, soliciting the attention of travellers, which, though they must dwindle into insignificance in the presence of the everlasting torrent, furnish agreeable resources for intervals of weariness. For the senses are sometimes wearied, the eye aches with splendor, and the foot shrinks from climbing; but the mind is never satiated. There is a perpetual change of beauty and of glory, an excitement that never subsides, — a fascination that grows deeper and more pervading every day that you remain.

No one, unless impelled by necessity, should make a short stay at Niagara. A week scarcely suffices for its more prominent features. It should be seen not only at morn, at noon-day, and the sun-setting, but in

darkness, and beneath the exquisite tinting of the lunar-bow. It is desirable so to arrange the excursion, as to meet there, the summer-moon at its full. Those who have journeyed there in winter, pronounce the scenery to be gorgeous beyond all powers of the imagination.

The lover of Nature's magnificence will scarcely be satisfied without repeated visits to Niagara. The mind is slow in receiving the idea of great magnitude. It requires time and repetition to expand and deepen the perceptions that overwhelm it. This educating process is peculiarly necessary among scenery, where the mind is continually thrown back upon its Author, and the finite, trying to take hold of the Infinite, falters and hides itself in its own nothingness.

It is impossible for Niagara to disappoint, unless through the infirmity of the conception that fails to grasp it. Its resources are inexhaustible. It can never expend itself, because it points always to God. More unapproachable than the fathomless ocean, man cannot launch a bark upon its bosom, or bespeak its service in any form. He may not even lay his hand upon it, and live. Upon its borders he can dream, if he will, of gold-gathering, and of mill-privileges; but its perpetual warning is, "Hence, ye profane!"

Let none, who have it in their power to change their places at will, omit a pilgrimage to Niagara. The facilities of travelling render it now a very different exploit from what it was in the days of our fathers.

who were forced to cut away with their axes the branches intercepting the passage of the rocky roads. Those whose hearts respond to whatever is beautiful and sublime in creation, should pay their homage to this mighty cataract. No other scenery so powerfully combines these elements.

Let the gay go thither to be made thoughtful, and the religious to become more spiritually-minded. Yet let not the determined trifler linger here to pursue his revels. Frivolity seems an insult to the majesty that presides here. Folly and dissipation are surely out of place. The thunder-hymn of the mighty flood reproves them. Day and night it seems to repeat and enforce the words of inspiration : "The Lord is in his holy temple : let all the earth keep silence before Him."

FIRST CHURCH AT JAMESTOWN, VIRGINIA.

ROLL on, proud River, toward the waiting main,
And glow, gay shores, in summer's fostering smile ;
Your blended beauties strive to lure in vain
The traveller's eye from yon deserted pile.

For there, in solitary state it stands,
While drooping foliage robes its mouldering frame,
The earliest temple reared by Christian hands
To teach a pagan realm Jehovah's name.

Hail, ancient fane ! where first was heard to flow
That hallowed praise which heavenly choirs repeat,
While the stern savage staid his lifted bow,
From echo's voice to learn the cadence sweet.

Here, her frail babe, the matron-exile brought,
Here, the glad lover led his trusting bride,
And in thy solemn ritual forgot
The far cathedral, once their childhood's pride.

Were language thine, what scenes couldst thou describe,

When the New World came forth to meet the Old,
The simple welcome of the red-browed tribe,
The high-born Saxon, dignified and cold ;

The plumed chieftain, at his council-fire,
The dauntless hunter on the wind-swept hill,
The watchful soldier, and the patriot-sire,
Guarding the infant colony from ill.

The grim gold-searcher, full of venal dreams,
With microscopic eye and restless soul,
Hoarding the yellow earth that lined the streams,
Till meagre famine on his reverie stole.

Perchance, Powhatan here, in regal pride,
His warriors marshalled and his banners waved,
Or Pocahontas, moved with pity, sighed,
O'er the pale victim, by her firmness saved.

Now, all are swept away. From care and toil,
Virginia's sires have sought their mouldering bed,
And the untutored owners of the soil,
Like their own arrow mid the forest, fled.

But thou, Old Church, by hoary Time revered,
And spared by tempests in their ruthless rage,
To hoar antiquity a friend endeared,
Art still the beacon of a buried age.

And when the pomp and pageantry of earth,
Shall fleet and shrivel in the day of ire,
The meek devotion that in thee had birth,
Shall soar unchanging, never to expire.

The voyager upon the noble and beautiful James River, perceives, about fifty miles from its mouth, the ruins of an ancient edifice. It stands upon a slight elevation, and were it mantled and festooned with luxuriant ivy, like the decaying structures of the Mother Land, would present a picturesque appearance. Still, as the first Christian temple ever reared in this new-found world, its associations are vivid and sacred. While we gaze upon it, the mists of more than two centuries fleet away, and the past stands before us.

Lofty forests ascend, and tangled thickets usurp the place of the velvet meads. The snowy sails of a stranger bark glitter in the morning sun. The first Christian vessel that ever explored these waters, approaches the shore, and, in the words of an old historian, is "moored to the trees, in six fathom water, in the great river of Pouhatan, on the 13th day of May, 1607." Then the Saxon race, whose birth-right is to rule, laid the foundation of their first permanent dominion, in the clime which Columbus, one hundred and fifteen years before, had discovered. Smith, who has been justly called the "soul of the infant colony," changed the name of the broad river to "James," in

honor of his sovereign, and guiding the exploring party through the trackless wilds, suddenly presented himself before Powhatan, the great monarch of the country, while encompassed by his warriors and savage court. He describes his rude palace as "pleasantly situated on a hill, having before it three fertile isles, around it many corn-fields, and strong by nature." What a strange interview, when the red-browed rulers of the land, first gazed upon faces, costumes, and weapons so new and strange, and heard the tones of an unknown language, which was to have the mastery in these realms, when their own barbarous articulations should be a forgotten sound.

In the settlement at Jamestown, lowly roof-trees rise like the mushroom. A rude palisade surrounds them. In the midst, is this temple to Jehovah, over whose ruins, as we linger, the pictured records of its early ritual unfold themselves. We see the masses of fresh, wild flowers with which it was daily decked, and hear the filial petition for a blessing on "England, the sweet mother-country," which mingled with the morning and evening prayer. We see the pulpit, with its hour-glass, on the sacred day reminding the man of God of the fitting limits of his discourse, and that the patience of his auditors could scarcely be expected to outrun the measure of its sands. We see the chair of state for the Governor, with its cushion of green velvet, and the board "on which he kneeleth, covered with a great cloath." Gathered as a congregation, we

see the thoughtful statesman, the high-born cavalier, the hardy soldier, the restless adventurer, the care-worn matron, and the blooming maiden. Change and hardship mark traces upon all, and on more than one brow sits the frown of disappointment. But in the worship of a high and holy Being the soul uplifts itself, and is strengthened. The disunited feel the influence of the Gospel of Peace, and the meek-hearted gather solace from the hopes of another life. The hallowed chant breaks forth, and earth's sorrows are forgotten, while the startled Indian stays his bended bow, and listens through the parted foliage to a strain so passing sweet, which first taught these unshorn forests the praise of God.

Four years slowly notch their chronicles, and pass away. A throng hasten toward the consecrated house. The captain of the watch "shuts the ports, and places centinels, the bell having tolled the last time, and all the houses of the town been searched, to command every one, of what quality soever, the sick and hurt excepted, to repair to church." What occasions this unwonted zeal of purpose, and celerity of movement? An event is to take place for which the prayers of faithful hearts have long ascended to the Father of Mercies. The first Christian convert from the heathen tribes is to receive the baptismal vow. And that convert is the young daughter of their king. The first lamb led by the hand of young Virginia to the fold of the Great Shepherd, approaches timidly, and

with tears, the simple font hewn from the oak of her native forests. Near her is her favorite and noble-hearted brother, while an elder sister, clasping her infant son to her bosom, regards with intense curiosity a deed, to their comprehension so wrapped in mystery. Plumed chieftains of her nation, and nobles of her own kindred blood, stand like bronze statues, with their eyes fixed upon the princess. She kneels, confesses her faith in the Redeemer, and receives upon her brow that seal, which her future life never dishonored. High honor was it to thee, Old Church! thus to have garnered the first fruits of the wilderness, — to have laid upon heaven's altar the first consecrated rose from these western forests.

This era in the history of our country has been illustrated, by the spirited pencil of Chapman, and placed, by order of Congress, with other national pictures, in the Rotunda of the Capitol at Washington.

Yet one more scene in the ancient church of Jamestown. Around the rough pine columns, are wreaths and knots of the earliest spring flowers; for April has fully justified her appellation of the "bud-opener." She has also decked the earth in the brightest verdure, and filled the air with the music of countless birds. The pulpit, covered with its rich, embroidered cloth, displays the arms of young Virginia quartered with the initials of Britain's king.

Sir Thomas Dale, the wise and stately Governor, is

there, in his court-costume, with pages and standard-bearer. Other attendants in livery, halberdiers with their armor, and stately officers, the chivalry of England, are in his train. Colonists of all ranks, — the tillers of the soil, the mechanic, the adventurer, are there. Mothers and daughters, youths and children, in their best attire, swell the throng. On every brow is a cheering expectation.

Ranged on the opposite side of the area, rise the tall and plumed chieftains of the forest, gathering around their king, the majestic Powhatan. His fiery, eagle-eye is at rest, and expresses complacence. Nearest him, is his son, the prince Nantiquas, styled by a historian of that day, "the most manliest, comeliest, boldest spirit ever seen in a salvage." Here and there, the red-browed females, their raven locks decorated with feathers, are mingled amid groups of painted warriors.

In the chancel, where a profusion of the richest blossoms breathe fragrance, stood the clergyman in his robes, the Rev. Mr. Hunt, so often designated as the "morning-star of the church." His features and demeanor evince the meekness which had so often breathed peace upon the dissensions of the colonists, and bound them together as brethren, in Jesus' name.

A bridal group approach the altar. The forest-maiden, on whose forehead he had shed the drops of baptismal dedication, bends timidly before him. At her side, is a high-born cavalier of England. Mutual

love moves them thus to seek the indissoluble vow. The brother of the king, — her haughty and warlike uncle, — with head towering above all the people, — comes forward at the appointed moment, and gives her hand to her destined husband.

Breathless interest pervades the whole assembly. Powhatan, the proud king of thirty nations, is satisfied. Still his lip trembles, when the darling of his heart transfers her fealty to another. The colonists regard the gentle bride as the hostage of peace, and rejoice in an event which will relieve them from the perils of savage warfare.

The hallowed rite proceeds. The mystic ring is pressed upon the slender finger of the forest-princess. The Old World weds the New. The benediction is swelled by the tearful ardor of many hearts. For the white strangers could not but remember, that in all their sorrows she had been an unchangeable friend. They could not but remember, that amid her sportive childhood, her firmness had saved their endangered champion from the death-stroke; that when they fainted with famine, she brought them corn with her own hands; that she dared, at the deepest midnight, the trackless wild, to warn them of a conspiracy which must have wrought their extermination. They remembered that she was now their sister in the faith, and that in invoking the smile of heaven upon her, they were blessing the tutelary angel of the colony.

Sir Thomas Dale, in his dispatches to the English

government, dated June 18th, 1614, thus notices these transactions, with his characteristic zeal and piety. "The daughter of Powhatan I caused to be carefully instructed in the Christian religion, who, after she had made good progress therein, publicly renounced the idolatry of her country, openly confessed the true faith, and was, at her desire, baptized. She is since married to an English gentleman of good understanding; another knot to bind our peace the stronger. The king, her father, gave approbation to it, and her uncle gave her, in the church, to her husband. She lives civilly and lovingly with him, and will, I trust, increase in goodness as the knowledge of God increaseth in her. She will go unto England with me, and were it but for the gaining of this one soul, I would think my time, toil, and present stay, well spent."

Two years afterwards, Pocahontas, or the Lady Rebecca, — by which name she was called after her baptism, — accompanied Mr. Rolfe to his native land, taking with them their infant son. They sailed in the same ship with the Governor, and arrived at Plymouth in June, 1616.

Marked attentions were paid the forest-princess, not only by her husband's relatives, but by Anna, the queen of James the First, and several of the nobility. Her profusion of black, glossy hair, and her manners, simple, yet dignified and self-possessed, were admired at court; while her gentleness and piety won her

many true friends. Purchas, in his *Pilgrim*, remarks, "Not only did she accustom herself to civility, but still carried herself as the daughter of a king; and was accordingly respected, both by the company in which I met her, and by divers persons of high estate and honor, trusting, in their hopeful zeal, through her to advance Christianity. I was present, when the Bishop of London entertained her with festival, state and pomp, beyond what, in his great hospitality, he afforded to other ladies. About to return to Virginia, she came, at Gravesend, to her end and grave, having given great demonstration of her Christian sincerity, as the first fruits of Virginian conversion, leaving among us a godly memory and hope of a blessed resurrection, her soul aspiring to see and enjoy in heaven, what here she had heard and believed, of her beloved Saviour."

Mouldering walls! so fruitful in legendary lore, so entapestried with pictures of the past, ye deserve the thanks of the traveller, and the kind care of those who dwell around. For the sake of the images you restore to us, and the sacred rites you have witnessed, you should be protected from the further disruption of the seasons, and clothed with a robe of the richest mantling vine-leaves.

It has been well said, that "a fine landscape without associations, is like a fair woman without a heart. It is in vain that we see regular features, or a brilliant complexion, unless the soul, looking through the eyes,

give the essence of beauty. This constitutes the charm of travelling in a classic clime. The mountains may not be richer, or the mountains more lofty, but every dell and stream are consecrated. Therefore, a new country must be inferior to the old. Its loftiest associations lead but to the labors of the colonist, or his wars upon the wild beasts that were there before him."

Our own country furnishes an exception to the closing remarks of this accomplished writer. Though of comparatively recent date, many of its associations are as lofty and spirit-stirring as those which strike more deeply into the dimness of antiquity. Those of the venerable structure which we contemplate, are mingled with the chivalry of the Old World, and the royalty of the New, — with rites that staid the effusion of blood, and linked contending races in amity — that gathered the first soul from the bondage of idols to the worship of the true God, and girded it to run faithfully the way of eternal life.

Old Church! — first herald of salvation to the western wild, — thou hast fallen by the way, but thy ruins are precious in our eyes. Blessed is the young land whose cradle-memories are like thine.

FALLS OF THE YANTIC,

AT NORWICH, CONNECTICUT.

HILLS, rocks and waters ! here ye lie,
And o'er ye spreads the same blue sky,
 As when in early days,
My childish feet your cliffs essayed,
My wondering eye your depths surveyed,
 Where the vexed torrent stays.

O'er bolder scenes mine age hath strayed,
By floods that make your light cascade
 Seem as an infant's play,
Yet dearer is it still to me,
Than all their boasted pageantry
 That charms the traveller's way.

For here, enchanted, side by side,
With me, would many a play-mate glide
 When school-day's task was o'er,
Who deemed this world, from zone to zone,
Had nought of power or wonder known
 Like this resounding shore.

Light-hearted group ! I see ye still,
For Memory's pencil, at her will,
Doth tint ye bright, and rare,
Red lips, from whence glad laughter rang,
Elastic limbs that tireless sprang,
And curls of sunny hair.

I will not ask, if change or care
Have coldly marred those features fair,
For by myself, I know,
We cannot till life's evening keep
The flowers that on its dewy steep,
At earliest dawn did blow.

Yet lingering round this hallowed spot,
I call them, though they answer not,
For some have gone their way,
To sleep that sleep which none may break,
Until the resurrection wake
The prisoners from their clay.

But thou, most fair and fitful stream,
First prompter of my musing dream,
Still lovingly dost smile,
And heedless of the conflict hoarse
With the rude rocks that bar thy course,
My lonely walk beguile.

Still thou art changed, my favorite scene!
For man hath stolen thy cliffs between,
 And torn thy grassy sod,
And bade the intrusive mill-wheel dash,
And many a ponderous engine crash,
 Where Nature dreamed of God.

Yet to the spot, where first we drew
Our breath, we turn unchanged and true,
 As to a nurse's breast;
And count it, even till hoary age
The Mecca of our pilgrimage,
 Of all the earth most blest.

And so, thou Cataract, strangely wild,
My own loved Yantic's wayward child,
 That still dost foam and start;
Though slight thou art, I love thee well,
And pleased the lay thy praise doth tell,
 Which gushes from the heart.

Norwich, the semi-capital of the County of New London, is one of the most picturesque towns in New England. It has been said by travellers to exhibit strong features of resemblance to the scenery of Scotland. It is situated between three rivers, the Yantic, Shetucket, and Quinneboug, all of them wild and rapid, having their sources in a mountainous country,

and uniting to form the Thames. The Yantic derives its principal origin from Gardener's Lake, a fine sheet of water, washing the borders of Bozrah, Montville, and Colchester. Issuing from this lake, and enlarged by a tributary stream from Lebanon, it pursues a winding course to the south-east, affording valuable facilities for mills and manufactories, till it arrives within a mile of its junction with the Shetucket. Then suddenly arrested by a disordered mass of primitive rocks, it is precipitated over a parapet ten or twelve feet high upon another bed of rocks below. There the channel is contracted to a narrow space, and rendered tortuous and dark, by two frowning cliffs, upon either side, one of which, like a perpendicular wall, towers to the height of a hundred feet. Through this chasm, rushes the broken stream. The beetling cliffs, the compressed channel, the confused mass of granite, and the roaring, foaming river, as it struggles through its difficulties into the broad placid basin below, are all striking features of this scene. The surrounding landscape also, is diversified and impressive. It is overlooked on all sides by high hills, and heavy woods. The river has plunged into a dell between high banks, which, as it pursues its way, gradually subside into green and cultivated slopes, upon whose breast many a graceful mansion arises to give a cheerful interest to the region. At the distance of a mile, you see the bridge which spans its mouth, and groups of buildings, forming a part of the contiguous city.

In the immediate vicinity of the Falls, several large manufacturing establishments, and a thriving village have sprung up. Much of the water has been diverted from the main stream for their utilitarian purposes. This greatly detracts from the beauty of the place, which in its original state was strikingly bold and romantic. The good taste of the proprietors has endeavored to prevent any material change in the natural features of the scenery, and it is still a beautiful and interesting spot. At the time of the spring floods, the waters fill the whole channel, and for a few days pour through the chasm with great clamor and velocity. And during the dry weather of summer, when the channel is laid bare to view, a new gratification is afforded to the curious visitor, in the various fantastic figures and forms, into which the rocks have been wrought by the attrition of the eddying waters. How long they must have kept up this ceaseless flow, to have wrought the rough granite into such smooth and circular excavations from the depth of a finger, to the capacity of a cauldron, it is impossible to say. Those who prefer the wildness of nature to her more luxuriant scenes of cultivation, would be gratified with the pictures of Yantic Falls, painted many years since, by the venerable artist, Col. Trumbull, and now in the possession of G. J. W. Trumbull, Esq. of Norwich.

Tradition has added another point of interest to this spot, by associating it with the history of Indian warfare. In one of the sanguinary conflicts which

frequently took place between the Narragansetts and Mohegans, the former, having been routed by their enemies, in a battle upon the plains three or four miles below, were driven through the woods with great fury, towards the spot where Norwich now stands. A band of them, still fiercely pursued, reached the verge of the dizzy cliff that overlooks the Falls, and to escape the barbarity of their foes, plunged into the foaming torrent, and were dashed in pieces upon the rocks.

But the principal part of the Narragansett warriors, gaining the fording place, were driven by their enemies over hills, vales, and morasses, to a spot called "Sachem's Plain." There a furious contest ensued, which ended in the overthrow, and death of Miantonimoh. Uncas, the kingly victor, and the constant friend of white men, reposes near the Falls of the Yantic. A small granite monument has been recently erected over his grave. This burial-ground, in which none but those of the royal blood of Mohegan were allowed interment, was formerly one of the favorite walks of the children in the vicinity. Seated there, as we returned from school at the close of a summer-day, loaded with our books, and sometimes with the baskets which had contained our noon-repast, we read the simple inscriptions on the rude grave-stones, and listened to the moan of the cataract, as it stole, softened by distance, to that solitary and not uncongenial recess.

One of these epitaphs used especially to attract our

attention. It was composed at the request of the Indians, by Dr. Tracy, a highly respected physician, whose philanthropy was often called into exercise, for the red-browed race.

“ Here lies Samuel Uncas, the second and beloved son of his father, John Uncas, who was the grandson of Uncas, Grand Sachem. He died July 31st, 1741, in the 28th year of his age.

For beauty, wit, and sterling sense,
For temper mild, and eloquence,
For courage bold, and things *waureegan*,
He was the glory of Mohegan,
Whose death hath caused great lamentation,
Both to the English and the Indian nation.”

The term “ waureegan,” in the language of our Indian neighbors, signifies “ good things,” or praiseworthy conduct. Some writers have translated it as “ good tidings,” or costly apparel; but this is not conformable to the usage of the Mohegans. Over another mossy stone, the little critics sometimes paused, thinking that the close of its inscription possessed wonderful force and simplicity.

“ In memory of young Seasar Jonus, who died April 30th, 1749, in the 28th year of his age. And he was cousin to Uncas.”

The latest interment in this royal cemetery, was that of Mazeen, about twenty years since, the last man in whose veins flowed the royal blood of Mohegan. He was in the 28th year of his age, and

deeply mourned by his people. That tribe, in all conveyances of land to the white people, strenuously reserved this sacred sepulchral ground.

Whether it is still a favorite resort with the young, I know not. But to enumerate the spots in the neighborhood of Norwich, where the lover of nature might delight to ruminate, would be difficult. Equally so would it be, to do justice to the social virtues that predominate there, and to the hospitality and cordial feeling which naturalize the stranger, and unlock the springs of sympathy. Memory lingers around every nook and dell, of "mine own romantic town," re-peopling it with the loved and lost. Scarce a rocky ravine, but hath its legend of some musing hour, or of some cherished friend, in whose company it was visited.

Yet how vain to attempt a description of the haunts which in childhood we frequented. Those which we were in the habit of visiting, after the confinement of a long day in school, are clothed with an illusive beauty, which neither time, nor truth, can perfectly dispel. Hence this variable, and diminutive cataract of my native place, was ever in the days of childish simplicity, as the Fall of Terni : —

“ The roar of waters, — from the head-long height
Cleaving the wave-worn precipice.”

One of the peculiar features of the scene in those days, was its entire seclusion. Tall and beautiful

trees, mingled among precipitous rocks, were covered from their roots, high above the intersection of their branches, with carved names, lover's knots, and various devices. But they have fallen, those overshadowing trees, which were to us, as the oak of Delphos. Utilitarian zeal touched them, and they perished. The same magic and ministry, have converted the dreaming-place of the lone enthusiast into a busy manufacturing village, with its fitting appendages.

Still it is not as historians, as geographers or geologists, that we return to the clime of our nativity. We bring no plummet to sound its streams, no instrument for the admeasurement of its mountains. We saw, and formed our opinion of them, when opening life was a romance, when judgment had not known the discipline of contrast, or comparison, and when there was no experience. Then, every brooklet was to us as the Rhine, every violet-bank a Lausanne, every wooded hillock an Appenine.

Even after the lapse of many years, when we estimate other landscapes accurately, we continue to judge of these, by their associations. We revisit them, and though we are ourselves changed, though the voices that used to welcome us, are silent forever, yet the cliff, and the rivulet are still there, to soothe us with a perpetual friendship. We inhale from them the same fresh spirit that breathed there when life was new, and uplifted by its influence, exultingly confute the position of the philosopher, that "there is ever some dead fly in our box, marring the precious ointment."

MONTAUK POINT.

It was a summer's day, when old Montauk
First gleamed upon us. Many a mile we drove
Over a treeless region, hill and dale
Wrapped in a short, green sward.

There, grazed at will,
Herds of young cattle, by no fence restrained,
And limitless in their equality,
As a Laconian brotherhood. Quite lean
They were, and agile, and with goat-like nerve
Could scour o'er paths precipitous — yet each
Bent on our vehicles a curious eye,
Pausing and pondering, as if much inclined
Our destination and our names to learn.
'T was strange in such wild solitudes to be
So questioned by those quadrupeds. Perchance,
Some Yankee pedigree they might have held,
In old time far away; for all, methought,
Thirsted to ask our birth-place, and degree,
Date, history, kindred, gains, and hopes, and fears,
And prospects and pursuits.

Right scanty fare

Had doubtless kept their minds more clear, and lent
A rarer sprinkling of intelligence
Than our sleek herds, who plunge in clover deep,
Ever attain. Yet still, 't was passing strange
Such intellectual intercourse to hold
With horned creatures, and behold them there
Amenable to none. For house, or home,
Or farm-yard, where some tinkling bell might call
Those roaming vassals to their rightful lord,
Though searching close, we saw not.

No frail hut,
Or slight canoe of the poor red-browed tribes,
So numerous once, on their own soil remained.
The white man's flocks and herds outnumbered them,
And took their lands.

Still, as we passed along,
On our right hand the glorious Ocean rolled,
With its long-terraced, thunder-uttering waves,
While on our left, spread out that sheltered sea
Which laves the green shores of my native State,
Approaching gently, with its whispered tides,
Subdued and docile, as a child at school.
The contrast pleased us well, as on we prest
To the sharp verge of that promontory
Where Sea and Ocean meet. And there, we climbed
To the hill-planted light-house, and beheld
The confluence of waters. Studded 'o'er
The near expanse, the fishing vessels lay,
Each fixed and still, as 'mid a sea of glass ;

While on the far horizon, many a sail
Loomed up conspicuous, as the western sun
Involved himself in clouds.

One house there was,
Where the light-keeper and his family
Dwelt, sole inhabitants, but yet not sad
In that lone place. Young children brought them love,
That other name for happiness, and they
Who dwell in love, do taste on earth, of heaven.
Beneath that peaceful, lowly roof, we found
Order and neatness, and such table spread
As might the wearied traveller well content ;
Though all night long, the melancholy main
Held conflict with the rocks.

Returning morn
Saw us explorers of the sterile coast,
Shell-gatherers and wave-watchers, oft-times lost
In that long trance of meditation sweet,
Which on the borders of the solemn deep
Best visiteth the soul.

And then we turned,
Our way retracing, to that southern point
Where our brief summer-residence we held,
Amid such draughts of ocean's bracing air,
And soothing habitudes of rural life,
So primitive, so simple, so serene,
That languid nerve, and wasted, drooping mind
Alike revivify.

But first, we bade

Farewell to Old Montauk, and gave thee thanks,
Ultima Thule of that noble Isle
Against whose breast the everlasting surge
Long travelling on, and ominous of wrath,
Incessant beats. Thou lift'st a blessed torch
Unto the vexed and storm-tossed mariner,
Guiding him safely on his course again ;
So teach us mid our own dark ills to guard
The lamp of charity, and with clear eye
Look up to Heaven.

The peninsula of Montauk, on the eastern end of Long Island, is about nine miles in length, and from two to three in breadth, gradually narrowing until it ends in a bold cliff upon which the light-house is situated. It is connected with the island by a neck of land called Nappeag Beach, which is but a waste of sand, thrown by the winds and waves into hillocks and ridges, and covered in some places with a scanty vegetation. Leaving this beach and entering upon the upland of the peninsula, we find an uneven surface, moulded into various fantastic forms, the base of which is sand, but which is covered with a soil that yields excellent grass for cattle. The land is, in fact, a vast common, belonging to the people of East Hampton ; and here, during the summer, large herds and flocks are fed. There is perhaps no part of our country where the traveller will find such an extent of cleared

land, without bounds or fences, or such herds of cattle promiscuously scattered over the hills and plains.

There are no woods or groves upon the peninsula, and but very few scattered trees. As you advance, however, it takes more of the granite formation, and of the aspect of New England; the stones become larger, and the rocks more angular, as if less beaten and washed by the ocean. There are but three or four families on the point, and their houses are miles apart, so that in the wintry season they must lead the lives of hermits. In summer many strangers resort hither, some to fish and hunt, some to breathe the invigorating sea-breeze, and not a few attracted by the solitary grandeur of the spot. Here you seem separated from the world, placed on a lone promontory jutting out into the great deep. On one side, the nearest land is Europe, and around you, filling all your senses and your whole soul, is the boundless ocean, with its thunder-surge breaking forever against the cliff on which you stand.

The dread uniformity of this scene is, however, enlivened by the multitude of sails that in a fine day pass within view, and by the proximity of Gardiner's and Fisher's Islands, and the southern shore of Rhode Island. These lie upon the northern horizon, and relieve the eye, fatigued with wandering over a world of waves, and the mind, oppressed with the loneliness and sublimity of the place.

This peninsula was formerly the residence of the

Montauk tribe of Indians, who were nearly connected with the Mohekancews or aborigines of New England. They had the same language, the same customs, the same proud and warlike spirit. Now they are almost extinct. A few individuals of mixed blood remain, who gain a livelihood by fishing, or are employed as servants by the farmers of the vicinity.

The light-house upon this point is a structure of the highest importance. Perhaps no land-mark in our country is more conspicuous, more valuable in a commercial point of view, or more necessary for the preservation of human life. Who can tell how many hearts have leaped at the sight of this beacon light! — how many storm-tossed mariners it has guided homeward: —

“Even as some hospitable man
Will light his going guest into the path,
And bid God bless him.”

Oyster-Pond Point, the peninsula north of Montauk, extends about five miles, and is connected with the main island by a strip of sand-beach. Though diversified by masses of rock, it has a fine soil, and is highly cultivated. It possesses also excellent accommodations for visitors who desire the restorative effects of sea-air and food. One of the most curious objects that they find in this vicinity is an ancient cemetery, in a secluded and romantic situation. It is on an eminence, overshadowed by two higher elevations, and

covered to its summit with graves. The dark blue slate stones, are mossy and mouldering with time. Some of the inscriptions are nearly two hundred years old, and most of them illegible. Such as can be decyphered, exhibit that singular combination of religious sentiment with quaint humor, which is prone to excite a smile. Here is a specimen of one, bearing no date.

“ Here lyeth Elizabeth,
Once Samuel Beebee’s wife,
Who once was made a living soul,
But now ’s deprived of life ;
Yet firmly she believed,
That at the Lord’s return
She should be made a living soul,
In his own shape and form,
Lived four and thirty years a wife,
Died, aged 57,
Hath now laid down this mortal life,
In hopes to live in Heaven.”

Clusters of islands add beauty to the little voyage to Oyster-Pond Point, from the Connecticut shore. Among these are Plumb Island, which formerly bore the sacred appellation of the Isle of Patmos ; Shelter-Island, Great and Little Gull Island, whose foundations of solid rock scarcely resent the wasting effects of the waves ; and Fisher’s Island, containing about four thousand acres, which has been in possession of the Winthrop family ever since its purchase, in 1644, by John Winthrop, the first Governor of Connecticut.

Greenport, at Peconic Bay, between the promontories of Montauk and Oyster-Pond Point, is an exceedingly beautiful village. Its bright verdure, and the grace of its waving acacia shades, render the drives in its vicinity very agreeable to the lover of fine scenery, while its appearance of thriving industry is pleasant to the utilitarian.

At Sagg-Harbor, on the southern shore of the island, rural characteristics are merged in the features of a more populous and commercial settlement, and in the habits of an enterprising, active, and accumulating people; the whale-fishery being the substratum of their wealth.

The neighboring town of East Hampton is one of the most desirable spots in which an invalid can seek restoration. The bracing air of the ocean brings vigor to the nerves, while no prescribed etiquette, or aristocratic formality, impose that laborious attention to dress, which marks so many of our fashionable watering-places. The inhabitants are kind and social in their manners. The buildings are principally arranged on a single street of about a mile in length, and present a plain and antiquated appearance. The family of the late lamented Colonel David Gardiner, have here a pleasant country-seat, and their elegant hospitalities are remembered with gratitude by many strangers.

Both here and at the beach at Southampton, a southern wind brings in a magnificent show of waves,

which a storm heightens to the terribly sublime. In this vicinity, are many varied and pleasant drives. The excursion to Montauk, which has been before mentioned, is most solitary and peculiar. No track or furrow from a previous wheel directs your course. The traveller depends wholly on his guide, the driver of one of those large, strong-bodied Long-Island vehicles, which are adapted to that precipitous region. Yet notwithstanding the apparent perils of the route, it is sometimes chosen as an equestrian excursion, even by young ladies, whose fair forms, in this graceful exercise, amid those wild solitudes, have a striking effect, and carry the mind back to the days of chivalry.

In speaking of East Hampton and the habitudes of its people, the late President Dwight said, emphatically: "A general air of equality, simplicity, and quiet is visible here in a degree perhaps singular. Sequestered in a great measure from the busy world, the people exhibit not the same activity and haste, which meet the eye in some other places. There is, however, no want of the social character, but it is regulated rather by the long continued customs of this single spot, than by the mutable fashions of a great city." Could any suffrage be needed, after such high authority, I would simply record my own hope, once more to be permitted to pass a part of some summer in this invigorating retreat, made pleasant by true-

hearted kindness, and sublime by the great voice of the glorious Ocean.

Gardiner's Island is an appendage to East Hampton, from which it is distant ten miles. It was originally conveyed by deed, in 1639, to Lyon Gardiner, and has since continued, by lineal succession, in that family. It is connected by legendary lore, and buried treasures, with the tragical fortunes of William Kidd, the pirate, who was executed in 1701. It contains between three and four thousand acres of good soil, with a greater proportion of trees than the smaller islands can often boast. There always seems something attractive in insular life, especially with a pleasant summer residence, on a small domain, girdled by the sparkling sea. It would seem as if the world of thought, of nature, and of books, might be more entirely at your own control, and as if the voice of the deep-rolling main insured you against interruptions, or that fear of them, which often produces the same mental hindrance, as their actual occurrence. Still, it would be desirable not to be too far divided from the mainland, or of very difficult access, lest the romance of the locality should be put to flight by positive inconvenience, or a cloistered seclusion.

On the southern shore of Long Island is a bay, from two to five miles in width, formed by sand-beach and islands, and furnishing a remarkable inland navigation of between seventy and eighty miles. Tracts of salt-meadow, producing a luxuriant growth of grass,

vary the surface of the intervening ridge ; the waters are prolific in every variety of the testaceous and finny tribes, while innumerable wild-fowl allure and repay the sportsman.

Long Island has still many unexplored beauties to reward the attentive tourist. Stretching nearly 150 miles in length, having on its north a sheltered Mediterranean, and bared on the east and south to the rough smiting of the Atlantic surge, its shore, sometimes beautified with country-seats, and towering toward the west into the grandeur of rich and populous cities, — then falling back upon the isolated farmhouse, and the whistling ploughboy, anon losing itself in sterile Arabian sands, and frightful cavernous solitudes, it would seem as if some regions of this noble and beautiful Isle contrasted as strangely with each other, as the first rude huts of the twin-brothers on the Palatine Hill, differed from the city of the Cæsars.

MONTE-VIDEO.

How fair upon the mountain's brow
To stand and mark the vales below,
Those beauteous vales that calmly sleep,
Secluded, peaceful, silent, deep ;
The solemn forests' nodding crest,
The streams with fringing verdure drest,
The rural homes, remote from noise,
By distance dwindled into toys ;
Or turning from this varied scene,
So mute, so lovely, so serene,
Scale the steep cliff, whose ample range
Gives to the eye a bolder change,
The cultured fields, which rivers lave,
Where branches bend and harvests wave,
The village roofs, obscurely seen,
The glittering spires that gem the green,
The pale blue line that meets the eye
Where mountains mingle with the sky,
The floating mist, in volumes rolled,
That hovers o'er their bosoms cold,
Woods, wilds and waters, scattered free
In Nature's tireless majesty.

Mark, by soft shades, and flowers carest,
The mansion-house in beauty drest ;
Above, to brave the tempest's shock,
The lonely tower, that crowns the rock ;
Beneath, the lake, whose waters dark
Divide before the gliding bark,
With snowy sail and busy oar,
Moving with music to the shore : —
And say, while musing o'er the place
Where art to nature lends her grace,
The crimes that blast the fleeting span
Of erring, suffering, wandering man,
Unfeeling pride, and cold disdain,
The heart that wills another's pain,
Pale envy's glance, the chill of fear,
And war and discord come not here.

How sweet, around yon silent lake,
As friendship guides, your way to take,
And cull the plants, whose glowing heads
Bend meekly o'er their native beds,
And own the Hand that paints the flower,
That deals the sunshine and the shower,
That bears the sparrow in its fall,
Is kind, and good, and just to all ;
Or see the sun, with rosy beam
First gild the tower, the tree, the stream,
And moving to his nightly rest,
Press through the portal of the west,

Close wrapped within his mantle fold
Of glowing purple dipped in gold ;
Or else to mark the queen of night,
Like some lone vestal, pure and bright,
Steal slowly from her silent nook,
And gild the scenes that he forsook.

And then, that deep recess to find,
Where the green boughs so close are twined ;
For there, within that silent spot,
As all secluded, all forgot,
The fond enthusiast free may soar,
The sage be buried in his lore,
The poet muse, the idler sleep,
The pensive mourner bend and weep,
And fear no eye or footstep rude
Shall break that holy solitude.
Unless some viewless angel-guest,
Who guards the spirits of the just,
Might seek among the rising sighs,
To gather incense for the skies,
Or hover o'er that hallowed sod,
To raise the mortal thought to God.

O gentle scene, whose transient sight
So wakes my spirit to delight,
Where kindness, love, and joy unite,
That though no words the rapture speak,
The tear must tremble on the cheek,

The lay of gratitude be given,
The prayer in secret speed to heaven.

Here peace, though exiled and opprest,
By those she came to save distrest,
Might find repose from war's alarms,
And gaze on nature's treasured charms ;
Beneath these mountain shades reclined,
Breathe her sad dirge o'er lost mankind,
Or on mild virtue's tranquil breast,
Close her tired eye in gentle rest,
Forget her wounds, her toil, her pain,
And dream of Paradise again.

About nine miles from the city of Hartford, Connecticut, on the summit of Talcott Mountain, is the beautiful country residence of Daniel Wadsworth, Esq., known by the name of Monte-Video. Leaving the main road, you turn northward, into one constructed by the proprietor of this extensive domain, and which conducts you, by an easy ascent, bordered on the right by towering precipitous cliffs, and on the left so overshadowed by trees, that were it not for openings, occasionally cut through their branches, revealing glances of imposing scenery, you would scarcely be conscious of the eminence you were attaining.

After a ride of a mile and a half, a gate, enclosure, and tenant's house, all in the Gothic style, strike the

eye most agreeably, and passing them, the wild features of the scene are lost in high cultivation, and the embellishments of taste. A winding avenue, occasionally fringed with shades, among which the graceful acacia predominates, leads upward to the mansion-house, in the rear of which you look down six hundred feet into one of the most rich and glorious valleys upon which the sun ever shone.

From the portico in front, you gaze upon a still more surprising object. Stretching at your feet, on the brow of this beautiful mountain, is a lake, more than a mile in circumference, deep, cold, crystalline, and bordered with trees. The white bathing-house on its margin, and the pleasure-boat on its bosom, with bright streamers, and graceful gliding motion, are pleasing points in the landscape. The utmost pinnacle of the mountain, which rises northward of the lake, is surrounded by a hexagonal tower, sixty feet in height, seeming to spring from the dark, grey rock, which in color it resembles. From its summit, to which access is rendered as easy as possible, and which commands an elevation of nearly a thousand feet above the level of Connecticut river, you have a glorious view of the surrounding country, and into the adjoining States of Massachusetts and New York; the whole surrounded by an empurpled outline of mountains. The Connecticut is seen sweeping onward like a king, through its fair domain, amid the spires of numerous towns and villages, while, by the

aid of a glass, the sails of the vessels in the port of Hartford, and the movements in the streets, are distinctly visible.

The prospect from the South Rock, in the vicinity of the farm-house, though of less extent, is one of extreme beauty, and presents, as in a vivid, glowing picture, the grouping of the objects more immediately beneath you, — lake, copse, villa, cultivated lawn, and crowning tower.

Professor Silliman, in his eloquent description of this remarkable region, says: “The peculiarities of the beautiful and grand scenery of Monte-Video, make it, with its surrounding objects, quite without a parallel in America, and probably with few in the world.

“To advert again, briefly, to a few of its leading peculiarities. It stands upon the very top of one of the highest of the green-stone ridges of Connecticut, at an elevation of more than one thousand two hundred feet above the sea, and of nearly seven hundred above the contiguous valley. The villa is almost upon the brow of the precipice, and a traveller in the Farmington valley sees it, a solitary edifice, and in a place apparently both comfortless and inaccessible, standing upon the giddy summit, ready, he would almost imagine, to be swept away by the first blast from the mountain. The beautiful crystal lake is on the top of the same lofty green-stone ridge, and within a few yards of the house; it pours its superfluous waters in a limpid stream down the mountain’s side, and affords

in winter, the most pellucid ice that can be imagined. Arrived on the top of the mountain, and confining his attention to the scene at his feet, the traveller scarcely realizes that he is elevated above the common surface. The lake, the Gothic villa, farm-house and offices, the gardens, orchards, and serpentine walks, conducting through all the varieties of mountain shade, and to the most interesting points of view, indicate a beautiful and peaceful scene; but, if he lift his eyes, he sees still above him on the north, bold precipices of naked rock, frowning like ancient battlements, and on one of the highest peaks, the tall tower, rising above the trees, and bidding defiance to the storms. If he ascend to its top, he contemplates an extent of country that might constitute a kingdom — populous and beautiful, with villages, turrets, and towns; at one time, he sees the massy magnificence of condensed vapor, which reposes in a vast extent of fog and mist, on the Farmington and Connecticut rivers, and defines, with perfect exactness, all their windings; at another, the clouds roll beneath him in wild grandeur, and should a thunder-storm occur at evening, (an incident which every season presents,) he would view with delight, chastened by awe, the illuminated hills, and corresponding hollows, which everywhere fill the great vale west of Talcott Mountain, and alternately appear and disappear with the flashes of lightning.”

Those who have tasted the heart-felt hospitality of Monte-Video, when every summer it was tenanted by

its proprietor, his excellent lady, and their delighted guests, have a sense of enchantment, connected with this lovely spot, which no description can convey, and no casual visitant realize. Blessings are still breathed on that benevolence which though prevented by ill health, and declining years, from a permanent residence in this delightful domain, is still prompted to keep it in perfect order for the benefit of strangers, and gratification of the community.

HUGUENOT FORT,

AT OXFORD, MASSACHUSETTS.

I stood upon a breezy height, and marked
The rural landscape's charms: fields thick with corn,
And new-mown grass that bathed the ruthless scythe
With a forgiving fragrance, even in death
Blessing its enemies; and broad-armed trees
Fruitful, or dense with shade, and crystal streams
That cheered their sedgy banks.

But at my feet
Were vestiges, that turned the thoughts away
From all this summer-beauty. Moss-clad stones
That formed their fortress, who in earlier days
Sought refuge here, from their own troubled clime,
And from the madness of a tyrant king,
Were strewed around.

Methinks, yon wreck stands forth
In rugged strength once more, and firmly guards
From the red Indian's shaft, those sons of France,
Who for her genial flower-decked vales, and flush
Of purple vintage, found but welcome cold

From thee, my native land ! the wintry moan
Of wind-swept forests, and the appalling frown
Of icy floods. Yet didst thou leave them free
To strike the sweet harp of the secret soul,
And this was all their wealth. For this they blest
Thy trackless wilds, and 'neath their lowly roof
At morn and night, or with the murmuring swell
Of stranger waters, blent their hymn of praise.

Green Vine ! that mantlest in thy fresh embrace
Yon old, grey rock, I hear that thou with them
Didst brave the ocean surge.

Say, drank thy germ
The dews of Languedoc ? or slow uncoiled
An infant fibre, mid the fruitful mould
Of smiling Roussillon ? or didst thou shrink
From the fierce footsteps of a warlike train,
Brother with brother fighting unto death,
At fair Rochelle ?

Hast thou no tale for me ?

Methought its broad leaves shivered in the gale,
With whispered words.

There was a gentle form,
A fair, young creature, who at twilight hour
Oft brought me water, and would kindly raise
My drooping head. Her eyes were dark and soft,
As the gazelle's, and well I knew her sigh

Was tremulous with love. For she had left
One in her own fair land, with whom her heart
From childhood had been twined.

Oft by her side,
What time the youngling moon went up the sky,
Chequering with silvery beam their woven bower ;
He strove to win her to the faith he held,
Speaking of heresy with flashing eye,
Yet with such blandishment of tenderness,
As more than argument dissolveth doubt
With a young pupil, in the school of love.
Even then, sharp lightning quivered thro' the gloom
Of persecution's cloud, and soon its storm
Burst on the Huguenots.

Their churches fell,
Their pastors fed the dungeon, or the rack ;
And mid each household-group, grim soldiers sat,
In frowning espionage, troubling the sleep
Of infant innocence.

Stern war burst forth,
And civil conflict on the soil of France
Wrought fearful things.

The peasant's blood was ploughed
In, with the wheat he planted, while from cliffs
That overhung the sea, from caves and dens
The hunted worshippers were madly driven,
Out 'neath the smiling sabbath skies, and slain,
The anthem on their tongues.

The coast was thronged

With hapless exiles, and that dark-haired maid,
Leading her little sister, in the steps
Of their afflicted parents, hasting left
The meal uneaten, and the table spread
In their sweet cottage, to return no more.
The lover held her to his heart, and prayed
That from her erring people she would turn
To the true fold of Christ, for so he deemed
That ancient Church, for which his breast was clad
In soldier's panoply.

But she, with tears
Like Niobe, a never-ceasing flood,
Drew her soft hand from his, and dared the deep.
And so, as years sped on, with patient brow
She bare the burdens of the wilderness,
His image, and an everlasting prayer
Within her soul.

And when she sank away,
As fades the lily when its day is done,
There was a deep-drawn sigh, and up-raised glance
Of earnest supplication, that the hearts
Severed so long, might join, where bigot zeal
Should find no place.

She hath a quiet bed
Beneath yon turf, and an unwritten name
On earth, which sister angels speak in heaven.

Vine of Roussillon! tell me other tales
Of that high-hearted race, who for the sake

Of conscience, made those western wilds their home?
How to their door the prowling savage stole,
Staining their hearth-stone with the blood of babes,
And as the Arab strikes his fragile tent
Making the desert lonely, how they left
Their infant Zion with a mournful heart
To seek a safer home?

Fain would I sit
Beside this ruined fort and muse of them,
Mingling their features with my humble verse,
Whom many of the noblest of our land
Claim as their honored sires.

On all who bear
Their name, or lineage, may their mantle rest,
That firmness for the truth, that calm content
With simple pleasures, that unswerving trust
In toil, adversity and death, which cast
Such healthful leaven mid the elements
That peopled this New World.

When Louis Fourteenth, by the revocation of the Edict of Nantz, scattered the rich treasure of the hearts of more than half a million of subjects to foreign climes, this Western World profited by his mad prodigality. Among the wheat with which its newly broken surface was sown, none was more purely sifted than that which France thus cast away. Industry, integrity, moderated desires, piety without austerity,

and the sweetest domestic charities, were among the prominent characteristics of the exiled people.

Among the various settlements made by the Huguenots, at different periods upon our shores, that at Oxford, in Massachusetts, has the priority in point of time. In 1686, thirty families with their clergyman, landed at Fort Hill, in Boston. There they found kind reception and entertainment, until ready to proceed to their destined abode. This was at Oxford, in Worcester county, where an area of 12,000 acres was secured by them, from the township of eight miles square which had been laid out by Governor Dudley. The appearance of the country, though uncleared, was pleasant to those who counted as their chief wealth, "freedom to worship God." They gave the name of French River to a stream, which, after diffusing fertility around their new home, becomes a tributary of the Quinabaug, in Connecticut, and finally merged in the Thames, passes on to Long Island Sound.

Being surrounded by the territory of the Nipmug Indians, their first care was to build a fort, as a refuge from savage aggression. Gardens were laid out in its vicinity, and stocked with the seeds of vegetables and fruits, brought from their own native soil. Mills were also erected, and ten or twelve years of persevering industry, secured many comforts to the colonists, who were much respected in the neighboring settlements, and acquired the right of representation in the provincial legislature.

But the tribe of Indians by whom they were encompassed, had, from the beginning, met with a morose and intractable spirit, their proffered kindness. A sudden, and wholly unexpected incursion, with the massacre of one of the emigrants and his children, caused the breaking up of the little peaceful settlement, and the return of its inmates to Boston. Friendships formed there on their first arrival, and the hospitality that has ever distinguished that beautiful city, turned the hearts of the Huguenots towards it as a refuge, in this, their second exile. Their reception, and the continuance of their names among the most honored of its inhabitants, proved that the spot was neither ill-chosen, nor uncongenial. Here, their excellent pastor, Pierre Daille, died in 1715. His epitaph, and that of his wife, are still legible in the "Granary Burying Ground." He was succeeded by Mr. Andrew Le Mercier, author of a History of Geneva. Their place of worship was in School Street, and known by the name of the French Protestant Church.

About the year 1713, Oxford was resettled by a stronger body of colonists, able to command more military aid; and thither, in process of time, a few of the Huguenot families resorted, and made their abode in those lovely and retired vales.

A visit to this fair scenery many years since, was rendered doubly interesting, by the conversation of an ancient lady of Huguenot extraction. Though she had numbered more than fourscore winters, her memory

was peculiarly retentive, while her clear, black eye, dark complexion, and serenely expressive countenance, displayed some of the striking characteristics of her ancestral clime, mingled with that beauty of the soul which is confined to no nation, and which age cannot destroy. This was the same Mrs. Butler, formerly Mary Sigourney, whose reminiscences, the late Rev. Dr. Holmes, the learned and persevering annalist, has quoted in his "Memoir of the French Protestants."

With her family and some other relatives, she had removed from Boston to Oxford, after the revolutionary war, and supposed that her brother, Mr. Andrew Sigourney, then occupied very nearly, if not the same precise locality, which had been purchased by their ancestor, nearly 150 years before. During the voyage to this foreign clime, her grandmother was deprived by death of an affectionate mother, while an infant only six months old. From this grandmother, who lived to be more than eighty, and from a sister six years older, who attained the unusual age of ninety-six, Mrs. Butler had derived many legends, which she treasured with fidelity, and related with simple eloquence. Truly, the voice of buried ages, spake through her venerated lips. The building of the fort; the naturalization of French vines and fruit-trees in a stranger soil; the consecrated spot where their dead were buried, now without the remaining vestige of a stone; the hopes of the rising settlement; the massacre that dispersed it; the hearth-stone, em-

purpled with the blood of the beautiful babes of Jean-son; the frantic wife and mother snatched from the scene of slaughter by her brother, and borne through the waters of French River, to the garrison at Woodstock; all these traces seemed as vivid in her mind, as if her eyes had witnessed them. The traditions connected with the massacre, were doubtless more strongly deepened in her memory, from the circumstance that the champion who rescued his desolated sister from the merciless barbarians, was her own ancestor, Mr. Andrew Sigourney, and the original settler of Oxford.

Other narrations she had also preserved, of the troubles that preceded the flight of the exiles from France, and of the obstacles to be surmounted, ere that flight could be accomplished. The interruptions from the soldiery to which they were subject, after having been shut out from their own churches, induced them to meet for divine worship in the most remote places, and to use books of psalms and devotion, printed in so minute a form, that they might be concealed in their bosoms, or in the folds of their head-dresses. One of these antique volumes, is still in the possession of the descendants of Gabriel Beron, a most excellent and influential man, who made his permanent residence at Providence, though he was originally in the settlement at Oxford.

Mrs. Butler mentioned the haste and discomfort in which the flight of their own family was made. Her

grandfather told them imperatively, that they must go, and without delay. The whole family gathered together, and with such preparation as might be made in a few moments, took their departure from the home of their birth, "leaving the pot boiling over the fire!" This last simple item reminds of one, with which the poet Southey deepens the description of the flight of a household, and a village, at the approach of the foe.

"The chestnut loaf lay broken on the shelf."

Another Huguenot, Henry Fransisco, who lived to the age of more than one hundred, relates a somewhat similar trait of his own departure from his native land. He was a boy of five years old, and his father led him by the hand from their pleasant door. It was winter, and the snow fell, with a bleak, cold wind. They descended the hill in silence. With the intuition of childhood, he knew there was trouble, without being able to comprehend the full cause. At length, fixing his eyes on his father, he begged in a tremulous voice, to be permitted "just to go back, and get his little sled," his favorite, and most valued possession.

A letter from the young wife of Gabriel Manigault, one of the many refugees who settled in the Carolinas, is singularly graphic. "During eight months we had suffered from the quartering of the soldiers among us, with many other inconveniences. We therefore resolved on quitting France by night. We left the soldiers in their beds, and abandoned our house with its

furniture. We contrived to hide ourselves in Dauphiny, for ten days, search being continually made for us, but our hostess, though much questioned, was faithful and did not betray us."

These simple delineations, more forcibly than the dignified style of the historian, seem to bring to our ears the haughty voice of Ludovico Magno, in his instrument revoking the edict of Henry IV. ; "We do most strictly repeat our prohibition, unto all our subjects of the pretended reformed religion, that neither they, nor their wives, nor children, do depart our kingdom, countries, or lands of our dominion, nor transport their goods and effects, on pain, for men so offending, of their being sent to the gallies, and of confiscation of bodies and goods, for the women."

The information derived from this ancient lady, who in all the virtues of domestic life, was a worthy descendant of the Huguenots, added new interest to their relics, still visible, among the rural scenery of Oxford. On the summit of a high hill, commanding an extensive prospect, are the ruins of the Fort. It was regularly constructed with bastions, though most of the stones have been removed for the purposes of agriculture. Within its enclosure are the vestiges of a well. There the grape-vine still lifts its purple clusters, the currant its crimson berries, the rose its rich blossoms, the asparagus its bulbous head and feathery banner.

To these simple tokens which Nature has preserved,

it might be fitting and well, were some more enduring memorial added of that pious, patient, and high-hearted race, from whom some of the most illustrious names in different sections of our country, trace their descent with pleasure and with pride.

THE CHARTER-OAK, AT HARTFORD,

TO THE GREAT OAK OF GENESEO.

GLORIOUS Patriarch of the West!
Often have mine ears been blest
With some tale from traveller wight,
Of thy majesty and might,
Rearing high, on column proud,
Massy verdure toward the cloud,
While thy giant branches throw
Coolness o'er the vales below.
Humbler rank, indeed, is mine,
Yet I boast a kindred line,
And though Nature spared to set
On my head thy coronet,
Still, from history's scroll I claim
Somewhat of an honored name;
So, I venture, kingly tree,
Thus to bow myself to thee.
Once there came, in days of yore,
A minion from the mother shore,

With men at arms, and flashing eye
Of pre-determined tyranny,
High words he spake, and stretched his hand
Young Freedom's charter to demand.
But lo! it vanished from his sight,
And sudden darkness fell like night,
While baffled still, in wrath and pain,
He, groping, sought the prize in vain ;
For a brave hand, in trust to me,
Had given that germ of liberty,
And like our relative of old,
Who clasped his arms serenely bold
Around the endangered prince, who fled
The scaffold where his father bled,
I hid it, safe from storm and blast,
Until the days of dread were past,
And then my faithful breast restored
The treasure to its rightful lord.

For this, do pilgrims seek my side,
And artists sketch my varying pride,
And far away o'er ocean's brine,
An acorn or a leaf of mine
I hear are stored as relics rich
In antiquarian's classic niche.
Now if I were but in my prime,
Some hundred lustrums less of time
Upon my brow, perchance such charm
Of flattery might have wrought me harm,

Made the young pulse too wildly beat,
Or woke the warmth of self-conceit.
But age, slow curdling through my veins,
All touch of arrogance restrains.
For pride, alas! and boastful trust
Are not for trees, which root in dust,
Nor men, who ere their noontide ray,
Oft like our wind-swept leaves decay.
Yet not unscathed, have centuries sped
Their course around my hoary head,
My gouty limbs for ease I strain,
And twist my gnarled roots in vain,
And still beneath the wintry sky
These stricken branches quake and sigh,
Which erst in manly vigor sent
Stout challenge to each element.

But lingering memories haunt my brain,
And hover round the past, in vain,
Of chiefs and tribes who here had sway,
Then vanished like the mist away.
Near river's marge, by verdure cheered,
Their humble, bowery homes they reared,
At night, their council-fires were red,
At dawn, the greenwood chase they sped; —
But now, the deer, that bounded high,
Amid his forest canopy,
The stag, that nobly stood at bay,
The thicket where at noon he lay,

And they, whose flying arrow stirred
And staid the fleetest of the herd,
All, like the bubbles on the stream,
Have mingled with oblivion's dream.
A different race usurped my glade,
Whose cheek the Saxon blood betrayed,
And he, the master of this dome,
Within whose gates I found my home,
With stately step and bearing cold,
The poor red-featured throng controlled,
And their mad orgies hushed to fear
Through pealing trump whose echoes clear
At midnight full of terror came,
With the Great Spirit's awful name.

Too soon those sires, sedate and grave,
Recede on Time's unresting wave,
And hospitality sincere,
And virtues simple and severe,
And deep respect for ancient sway
Methinks, with them, have past away.
That honesty, which scorned of old
The traffic of unrighteous gold,
Drank from the well its crystal pure,
And left the silver cup secure,
Seems now submerged, with struggles vain,
In wild desire of sudden gain,
Or lost in wealth's unhallowed pride,
By patient toil unsanctified.

Change steals o'er all ; the bark canoe
No longer cleaves the streamlet blue,
Nor even the flying wheel retains
Its ancient prowess o'er the plains ;
The horse, with nerves of iron frame,
Whose breath is smoke, whose food is flame,
Surmounts the earth with fearful sweep,
And strangely rules the cleaving deep,
While they, who once, at sober pace,
Reflecting rode, from place to place,
Now, with rash speed and brains that swim,
In reckless plans, resemble him.

But yet, I would not cloud my strain,
Nor think the world is in its wane,
For 't is the fault of age, they say,
Its own decadence to betray,
By ceaseless blame of things that are,
So, of this frailty I'll beware,
And keep my blessings full in sight,
While in this land of peace and light,
Where liberty and plenty dwell,
And knowledge seeks the lowliest cell,
No woodman's steel my heart invades,
Nor heathen footsteps track my shades.
Yet too expansive grows the lay,
Forgive its egotism, I pray,
And should'st thou in thy goodness deign,
A line responsive to my strain,

Fain would I of their welfare hear,
That group of noble souls, and dear,
Who from their eastern birth-place prest,
To choose a mansion in the west.
Reluctant from our home and heart,
We saw those stalwart forms depart,
And if amid thy vallies green,
Thou aught of them hast heard or seen,
And will impart that lore to me,
Right welcome shall thy missive be.

And now, may Spring, that decks the plains,
With kindling fervor touch thy veins,
And Summer smile with healthful skies,
And Autumn pour her thousand dies,
And many a year stern Winter spare
Thee in thy glory, fresh and fair,
Thy gratitude to heaven to show
By deeds of love to those below,
A mighty shade from noontide heat,
When pilgrims halt, or strangers greet,
Through woven leaves, a pleasant sound,
When murmuring breezes sigh around,
And many a nest for minstrel fair
That sing God's praise in upper air :
So may'st thou blessing live, and blest,
Monarch and Patriarch of the West.

The venerable Tree, at Hartford, Connecticut, known by the name of the "Charter-Oak," has, for more than a century and a half, enjoyed the honor of having protected the endangered instrument of liberty and of law. When the despotic principles of James 2d revealed themselves in the mother country and extended to her colonies, Sir Edmund Andross, the governor of Massachusetts, determined to comprehend within his own jurisdiction the whole of New England and New York. One step towards this ambitious design, was to gain possession of the Charter of Connecticut, which had been granted by Charles 2d soon after the Restoration. To enforce his arbitrary policy, he made his appearance in Hartford, with his suite and sixty men at arms, on the 31st of October, 1687. The Assembly of the State were then in session, and evinced extreme reluctance to comply with his demands. Governor Treat spoke earnestly and eloquently of the perils which the Colony had sustained during its infancy, of the hardships which he had himself endured, and that it would be to them, and to him, like the yielding up of life, to surrender the privileges so dearly bought, and so fondly valued. The discussion was prolonged until evening, when the Charter was unwillingly produced. But the lights being suddenly extinguished, it was conveyed away by Captain Wadsworth, and secretly lodged in the cavity of that ancient Oak, which now bears its name.

Though Sir Edmund Andross was foiled in possessing himself of this instrument, he still proceeded to assume the government of Connecticut. He began, with protestations of regard for the welfare of the people, but his arbitrary sway so soon disclosed itself, that a historian of that period, remarked, that "Nero concealed his tyrannical disposition more *years* than Sir Edmund did *months*." The charges of public officers, during his administration, were exorbitant; the widow and fatherless, however distant or destitute, were compelled to make a journey to Boston, for all business connected with the testamentary settlement of estates; the titles of the colonists, to the lands which they had purchased, were annulled; and he declared all deeds derived from the Indians, "no better than the scratch of a bear's paw." At length, the spirit of the "Old Bay State" roused itself, determining no longer to submit to such oppression: and on the 18th of April, 1689, the Bostonians, aided by the inhabitants of their vicinity, made themselves masters of the Castle, and threw Sir Edmund and his council into prison, from whence they were remanded to England for trial.

When the abdication of James, and the establishment of William and Mary on the throne, removed the cloud from Great Britain and her dependences, the oracular Oak opened its bosom, and restored the intrusted Charter to the rejoicing people. This venerated tree stands on the domain, originally belonging

to the Hon. Samuel Wyllys, one of the earliest magistrates and most distinguished founders of the State of Connecticut. His mansion, which was noted for its elegance, during the simplicity of colonial times, was the wonder of the roaming red man ; and its surrounding grounds were laid out somewhat in imitation of the fair estate he had left in his own native Warwickshire. In its garden, anciently laid out by him, are still found apple trees bearing fruit, which he imported from Normandy 150 years since. By his virtues and dignified deportment, he acquired great influence over the Indians, whose wigwams were thickly planted in the great meadows toward the south-east, and along the margin of Connecticut river. When their midnight carousals arose to such a point that a quarrel might be apprehended, he often stilled their uproar, and sent them affrighted to their homes by a few words uttered from his open window through a speaking-trumpet, in the name of their Great Spirit. Such was the security and confidence in the honesty of the people, in which that honorable and wealthy family dwelt, that till within sixty years, a large silver cup was left unharmed by a well, for the accommodation of all, who in passing through the premises, might wish to taste its waters.

The handsome modern structure of I. W. Stuart, Esq., now occupies the site of the ancient Wyllys mansion, and the venerable Charter-Oak, which is highly appreciated by its present owners, and much

visited by strangers, preserves, though strongly marked by time, a vigorous old age. Some of its pressed leaves, or small articles made from a supernumerary branch, in the form of boxes, letter-folders, &c., are found to be acceptable gifts both to the antiquarian, and the patriot.

THE GREAT OAK OF GENESEO,

TO THE CHARTER-OAK AT HARTFORD.

FRIEND of the rising Sun! thy words were fair,
And should ere this have claimed my answering care,
But age is tardy, and the truth to tell,
I boast no clerklly skill, like those who dwell
Where every little district hath its school,
The pen, that subtle wand of thought to rule.
Yet still I give thee thanks, for long thy name
Hath been familiar, and its annaled fame,
Thine open bosom at thy Country's need,
Thy prompt allegiance to her hero's deed,
Thy staunch secretiveness, thy fair renown,
The waving honors of thy verdant crown ;
And should a despot's step again invade
Her peaceful counsels, or her quiet shade,
May other veterans at her summons leap,
And other sacred Oaks her archives keep.

Far into times remote, my memory strays,
And with the mist of buried ages plays,

When but the unshorn forest marked the glade,
And tribes of men, who like its leaves decayed,
The roving hunters' toil their food supplied,
The war their pastime, and the chase their pride.
Stern, lofty chiefs the various clans controlled,
With stony eye and brows unmoved and cold,
They raised their arm, the war-dance wheeled its
 round,
The unshrinking captive to the stake was bound,
Fierce torture strode, barbaric revels reigned,
And orgies dire the ear of midnight pained.

Like the wild billows on some troubled bay,
Rose the brief tribes and raged and sank away.
Though few the traits their barren history gave,
And fate ordained them for oblivion's grave,
Yet still, so deep, mid all the floods of time,
Are notched the waymarks of our earliest prime,
That by their side, life's later traces seem
The idle pageants of a passing dream.

Yes, even as yesterday, to me in thought,
Appears the change, a pale-browed race have wrought.
They came, new blossoms sprang, new fountains flowed,
O'er the blue stream the white-winged vessels rode,
To sudden birth, the frequent village strove
Like full-armed Pallas from the brain of Jove,

Fair herds and flocks o'er velvet meadows stray,
Where erst the wolf and panther prowled for prey,
While broad canals unite with giant chain
The wondering inland to the mighty main,
Lo! the poor red man, feeling in his heart
The long-drawn drama of his power depart,
Stood for a moment, in his fallen pride,
Like statued bronze, by rock or river side,
Bent o'er his fathers' graves, with sigh suppressed,
While speechless anguish heaved his ample breast,
Gazed till deep midnight veiled his favorite shore,
Then westward journeyed, to return no more.

Friend at the East! though many a year hath sped
Light-winged and scathless o'er my towering head,
Yet now, methinks, dread Winter longer reigns,
And Spring, more tardy, wakes the frost-bound plains;
While through my veins a feebler current flows,
To make resistance to my stormy foes;
But this is Age, we both must own its sway,
And thou and I, like frailer man, decay.

Of them thou ask'st, who from thy native scene,
Where thy fair river flows in pride serene,
Since the last brief half-century's fleeting shade,
Became the owners of my sylvan glade.
Brothers of noble name and manly prime,
An honor to their blest New England clime,

Who dauntless bore the hardships, toil and strife,
That mark the opening of colonial life.
God blessed their way,— the harvest reared its head,
And snowy flocks o'er hills and valleys spread ;
God blessed their way,— and in their mansion throve
Pure hospitality, and virtuous love.

The elder parted first, the man of might,
The strong in battle, for his country's right,
Who, on her northern shore, with veteran zeal,
Endured the sharpness of the British steel ;
Yet mild in peaceful age, his hoary head
Sank, full of honors, to its lowly bed.
But now, alas ! the recent mourners bend,
Where sleeps in dust, the master and the friend,
Who propped my roots against the encroaching tide,
And led admiring strangers to my side.
Sweet plants of love he gathered round his breast,
And drank their fragrance, till he went to rest ;
His princely wealth sustained the arts refined,
And poured rich bounties o'er the realm of mind,
For this an unborn race, with grateful prayers,
Shall bless his memory, and record his cares.

But hark ! autumnal winds careering low,
Announce the coming of the wintry foe,
I bow myself, my adverse lot to take,
With such poor aid, as age and sorrow make ;
Damp through my boughs the mournful breezes swell,
And sigh amid my leaves, Master and friend, farewell !

The brothers, Messrs. William and James Wadsworth, left their native Connecticut in early manhood, for Western New York. The region of Geneseo, where they decided to fix their residence, was entirely uncultivated, and their personal labors, with the contrast to the state of society and habits of life to which they had been accustomed, were great. But by firm endurance and prudent foresight, they overcame every obstacle, and laid the foundation of extensive wealth and influence, which they used for the good of others. The elder accepted a command in the service of his country, during her last war with Great Britain, and was wounded in battle. He died at an advanced age, highly respected and honored.

The death of Mr. James Wadsworth, is a recent sorrow. It took place at his beautiful mansion in the month of June, 1844. Refinement of feeling, intellectual tastes, and a noble hospitality, were among the features of his character; and hoary years brought no mental declension, and drew no shade over the ardent affections by which he was distinguished, and in whose reciprocity was his undeclining solace. The grief of those most dear to him, is shared by many hearts, to whom his liberality in the cause of education, had rendered him a benefactor. The establishment of schools, the diffusion of books, and the best modes of culture for the unfolding mind, occupied much of his thought and effort during the later years of life. And surely, no form of munificence

should entitle to a more grateful and lasting remembrance, than that which promotes the right education of youth ; especially in a republic, where most emphatically "knowledge is power," and ignorance and vice subversive of safety.

The Great Western Tree, so celebrated for its antiquity and magnificence, is on the estate of the late Hon. James Wadsworth. It is a white oak, of massy foliage, with a trunk seventy feet in height, ere the protrusion of the branches, and thirty in circumference, so that seven persons are scarcely able to clasp it, with arms extended to their utmost length. It stands on the banks of the Geneseo, whose gently flowing waters wind their way through broad valleys, studded with fine trees, rising singly or in groups, and forming the very perfection of park scenery. In the old Maps of New York, the surrounding region bears the appellation of "*Big Tree*," and an Indian chieftain of the same name, formerly ruled over a tribe inhabiting that vicinity. In winter he resided on the uplands, and in summer came with his people, to cultivate some lands adjoining the "Big Tree." Beneath its dense canopy the chiefs of neighboring tribes often assembled to hold council, to see their young men contend in athletic games, to advise them to good conduct, and invoke on their nation, the blessing of the Great Spirit.

This majestic Oak is supposed to have attained the age of at least 1000 and possibly 1500 years. Of its

date there is neither history nor tradition, but one of a similar species, and of less than a third part of its diameter, having been cut down, revealed three hundred annual circles.

The neighboring aborigines were accustomed of old to regard it with veneration, as a sort of intelligent or tutelary being.

Among the tribes who formerly inhabited the valley of the Geneseo, was a small one, which had made such progress in civilization, as to be able to speak a little English, to read imperfectly, and to sing psalms very well. They often conducted their simple worship under the spreading branches of the "Big Tree." In the summer of 1790, Mr. William Wadsworth (afterwards the General), received the appointment of Captain, and paraded his company of fifty or sixty men, collected from a space now equal to two or three counties, in front of the log-house then tenanted by himself and his brother. The chief of the before-mentioned tribe, who was a man of mild and friendly disposition, attended to witness the spectacle. His countenance was observed to be strongly marked with sadness. Mr. James Wadsworth inquired what was the cause of his depression. Pointing to the company of soldiers, and then turning to the remnant of his own people, he said mournfully, "*You are the rising sun; but we are the setting sun;*" and covering his head with his mantle, wept bitterly.

SUNRISE AT NEW LONDON.

THE welkin glows! what floods of purple light,
Announce the coming of the King of Day —
The streaming rays that every moment grow
More tremulously bright, in haste uplift
The diamond-pointed spear, and swiftly run
Before his chariot. Lo! with dazzling pomp
The gates of morning burst, and forth he comes
In light ineffable, and strength supreme,
Best image of the God that rules the world.
Hill-top, and sacred spire, and monument,
Receive him first, with princely reverence,
And blushing, point him to the vales below.
The sea doth greet him, flecked with gliding sails,
That catch his radiance on their breast of snow,
While joyously the little islands touch
Their waving coronets, in loyalty.
Up go the aspiring rays, and reddening fall
On dome, and spreading tree, and cheerful haunt
Of peace and plenty. Here our fathers dwelt,
Simply in ancient times, the scattered huts
Of the dark Indian, mingling with their own.

Methinks even now, amid yon garden-shades,
Or on the margin of his liliated lake,
Sage Winthrop walks, our old colonial sire,
Musing how best to advance his country's weal.
On his broad forehead sits the conscious thought
Of power unmixed with pride, and that pure warmth
Of patriotism, which nerved him to endure
Toil and privation, for the infant State
That well his wisdom ruled.

See, rosy beams
Kindle around the pleasant home, where dwelt
The saintly Huntington, in danger tried,
The firm in battle, and the fond of peace.
High in the friendship of Mount Vernon's chief,
He walked in meekness, on to life's decline,
Seeking that honor which from God doth come,
And hath its crown above the starry skies.
But ah! the slant rays tint a lowly grave,
Where rests the tuneful bard, by nature loved.
Brainard! the echoes of thy spirit-lyre
Do warn us hither, and we fain would sit
Beside thy pillow, and commune with thee.
O, gentle friend! the autumnal dews are chill
Upon thy grassy bed, and the frail flowers,
Whose saddened hearts are ominous of ill,
Cling closely there, as if they knew that thou,
Like them, didst feel an early frost and die.
Yet art thou of that band that cannot die.
Thou hast a dwelling with us, and thy words

Are sweetly on our lips, at close of day,
At lamp-light, by the hearth-stone. Unforgot
Shalt thou remain, for the sweet germs of song
Do flourish, when the gauds of wealth and pomp
Sink in oblivion.

Lo! the risen sun
Stays not his course, but o'er the horizon sends
The Maker's message. On he goes, to wake
The self-same joys and sorrows, that have trod
Beside him, from Creation. In his track
Spring up the chronicles of days that were,
And legends, that the hoary-headed keep
In memory's treasure-house, when pitiless war
And Arnold's treason, woke the fires that made
A people homeless. See, on yonder spot,
Where the white column marks the buried brave,
Came the poor widow, and the orphan band,
Searching mid piles of carnage, for the forms
More dear than life.

But sure, yon kingly orb,
Mid all the zones through which his chariot rolls,
Beholds no realm more favored than our own,
Here, in this broad green West. So may he find
Hands knit in brotherhood, and hearts inspired
With love to Him, from whom all blessings flow.

New London, in Connecticut, is pleasantly situated a short distance from the junction of the Thames with Long Island Sound. Nature has conferred upon it important advantages of position and defence. She scooped a noble basin just within the mouth of the Thames, on the west side of which she spread an uneven rocky projection in the form of a crescent. On this spot the city is built. The hills of Groton, and the low sands of Waterford, extend on either hand like outstretched arms around the harbor. Fisher's Island stands back as an additional embankment on the east. Other small islands of the Sound recede into dark specks upon its bosom, and the narrow line of Long Island, lying like the edge of a slender cloud upon the limits of the horizon, vary the prospect with the elements of beauty and grandeur.

Fort Trumbull occupies an eligible situation for the protection of the harbor and town. The old fortress has been entirely demolished, and a costly structure, planned with ability, and so far as it has yet advanced, executed in a solid and symmetrical style, is now rising upon its ruins. Opposite, on the east side of the river, is Fort Griswold, the site of one of the most barbarous massacres which occurred during the revolutionary war. This also has been repaired, and an additional battery erected for an outpost, but the main fortification remains the same.

A monumental column of granite, erected to commemorate the fatal action of Groton Fort on the sixth

of September, 1781, forms a conspicuous ornament of this height. It is built of hewn stone, taken from a quarry not far distant. It is 125 feet high, and the hill on which it stands 129 feet above the level of the ocean. The ascent is by 168 stone steps, rising spirally on the inside. But the prospect amply repays all the toil of the ascent. The landscape, though not so rich and luxuriant as many others, is perhaps as varied and interesting as any in New England. On the south, you have the Sound with its winding shores, its gliding sails and lovely islands, and on the north, the river Thames, retiring behind the hills towards Norwich. Those hills themselves, once the residence of the Mohegan tribe of Indians, suggest numerous associations connected with that fast-decaying tribe; and their highest summit is crowned with a small white picturesque church, erected some few years since for their benefit. On the west, and apparently beneath your feet, lies New London with its streets and dwellings conspicuously displayed, its spires and masts, its rising forts, and its spacious and well-defined harbor.

On the south front of the monument, a marble entablature is fitted into the walls, containing the names of the eighty-one persons who perished in the fort. Only a few of these fell at the taking of the fort. By far the greater part were slain after the surrender with the sword and bayonet, when they had thrown down their arms and were supplicating mercy. The British landed in two divisions. That which assailed the fort,

was commanded by Lt. Col. Eyre, and Majors Montgomery and Bloomfield. The western division was commanded by Arnold the traitor, who planned the expedition, and was its leader and guide. He landed below Fort Trumbull, marched directly to New London, and the town and shipping were soon enveloped in flames. Arnold was born in Norwich, only fourteen miles from the place which he so wantonly destroyed. The beautiful place of his birth is ashamed of his memory.

New London was one of the earliest settled towns in the State. Its founder, John Winthrop, Esq., son to the first governor of Massachusetts, was distinguished as a scholar, patriot, and gentleman. He was born in 1605, in Groton, England, but emigrated to this country as soon as he had completed his education. He interested himself warmly in the young colony of Connecticut, and in 1648, was one of the band of forty citizens, who came with their families and commenced a settlement at New London. For many successive years he was chosen governor of the colony, and will always be numbered among its brightest ornaments. The mansion-house which he built at New London, is still one of the most elegant residences in the place. Its present proprietor, Charles A. Lewis, Esq., while he has sedulously preserved the original plan of the building, has added to its beauty and convenience, and greatly improved and embellished the grounds. The situation is fine, command-

ing a view of the town and harbor, and having a beautiful, gem-like lakelet in the rear, with a romantic mill-stream by its side.

Among her distinguished men, New London reckons also, another Governor Winthrop, Fitz-John Winthrop, Esq., the son of the founder, who acquired an honorable reputation both as a military commander and by the success with which he managed a diplomatic agency in London. Likewise, another of our old colonial governors, Gurdon Saltonstall, Esq. lived and died in New London, and previous to his advancement to the highest office in the colony, was the beloved and highly revered minister of the town.

Nor should the name of Gen. Jedediah Huntington be omitted. He was long a resident of New London, though a native of Norwich, and thither, in compliance with his own request, his remains were removed and deposited in the tomb of his ancestors. He commanded a regiment as early as the year 1775, served at one time as aid to Gen. Washington, whose esteem and confidence he always retained, and before the conclusion of the war, attained the rank of a general officer. He settled in New London immediately after the war, and from that time until his death, held the office of collector of the revenue of the port. He chose for the site of his dwelling, a beautiful eminence, then in the rear of the town, though now the buildings have spread beyond it, and built a solid and convenient house, in a style which has been called the

cottage ornée. It is now the property of Rev. Mr. Hurlburt. The taste and elegance of the building, the fine water prospect which it commands, its beautiful trees and grassy slopes, render it a delightful residence.

Among the buildings that escaped the conflagration of the traitor Arnold, is the house of Judge Brainard, the father of G. G. C. Brainard, the gifted poet of New London. Long will his memory be cherished among the favorite melodists of his native land. He was born and passed the greater part of his life in this place, and to his associations with its pursuits, and the influence of its scenery on his mind, we may trace some of the most original imagery of his poems. Here in the arms of fraternal affection at the early age of thirty-two, he meekly resigned life, with all its tissue of joys and sorrows. His disposition was tinged with melancholy, the world had never seemed to him radiant with sunshine, but his last days were bright with immortal hopes. He died at peace with his Maker, in the faith of the gospel, and to use his own words, "forgiving all, and praying for the salvation of all."

I roamed where Thames, old Ocean's breast doth cheer,
Pouring from crystal urn the waters sheen,
What time dim twilight's silent step was near,
And gathering dews impearled the margin green;
Yet, though mild autumn with a smile serene

Had gently fostered summer's lingering bloom,
Methought strange sadness lingered o'er the scene,
While the lone river, murmuring on in gloom,
Deplored its sweetest bard, laid early in the tomb.

His soul for friendship formed, sublime, sincere,
Of each ungenerous deed his high disdain,
Perchance the cold world scanned with eye severe ;
Perchance his harp, her guerdon failed to gain ;
But Nature guards his fame, for not in vain
He sang her shady dells and mountains hoar,
King Phillip's billowy bay repeats his name,
To its gray tower, and with eternal roar
Niagara bears it on, to the far-echoing shore.

Each sylvan haunt he loved, the simplest flower
That burned Heaven's incense in its bosom fair,
The crested billow, with its fitful power,
The chirping nest that claimed a mother's care,
All woke his worship, as some altar rare
Or sainted shrine doth win the pilgrim's knee ;
And he hath gone to rest, where earth and air
Lavish their sweetest charms, while loud and free
Sounds forth the wind-swept harp, of his own native sea.

His country's brave defenders, few and gray,
By penury stricken, with despairing sighs,
He nobly sang, and breathed a warning lay

Lest from their graves a withering corse should rise :
But now, where pure and bright, the peaceful skies
And watching stars look down, on Groton's height,
Their monument attracts the traveller's eyes,
Whose souls unshrinking took their martyr-flight,
When Arnold's traitor-sword flashed out in fiendish
 might.

Youth with glad hand her frolic germs had sown,
And garlands clustered round his manly head,
Those garlands withered, and he stood alone
While on his cheek the gnawing hectic fed,
And chilling death-dews o'er his temple spread :
But on his soul a quenchless star arose,
Whose hallowed beams their brightest lustre shed
When the dimmed eye to its last pillow goes, —
He followed where it led, and found a saint's repose.

And now farewell ! The rippling stream shall hear
No more the echo of thy sportive oar ;
Nor the loved group, thy father's halls that cheer,
Joy in the magic of thy presence more ;
Long shall their tears thy broken lyre deplore ;
Yet doth thine image, warm and deathless, dwell
With those who love the minstrel's tuneful lore,
And still thy music, like a treasured spell,
Thrill deep within their souls. Lamented bard, fare-
 well !

THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

Lo! mid yon vale's secluded green,
Through clustering thickets dimly seen,
The village church, whose walls of snow,
Column, nor arch, nor buttress show,
Nor taper spire, nor tuneful bell,
With echoing chime, or funeral knell,
To pour upon the balmy air
Sweet warning to the house of prayer.

Yet from their humble homes the train
As duly wind o'er hill and plain,
As faithful heed the hallowed day,
As gladly press, their vows to pay,
And hear God's word with trust as fair
As though Religion's pomp were there.

Bent o'er his staff, with temples gray,
The aged Pastor takes his way,
Through shady lanes, where dew-drops bright,
Exulting, shun the blaze of light;

And pondering calm, those holy themes
That win the soul from earthly dreams,
'Thinks of his flock, with shepherd's care,
And bears them on his voiceless prayer.
Here, in this rustic glebe, content,
The vigor of his prime he spent ;
Here found the bride who cheered his breast,
And here his children's children blest.
And sooth to say, had wealth or power
Broke with their wiles his musing hour,
The richer meed, the wider fame,
The tinkling cymbal of a name,
Perchance had checked devotion's sway,
Or stolen its heaven-born zeal away.

An upright man he was, and kind,
A model for the virtuous mind ;
No envious eye, nor gossip's tongue
A shadow o'er his name had flung ;
Still to his board, though scantily drest,
He freely led the entering guest,
Nor bade, beside his lowly gate
The unrequited suppliant wait ;
Though like the Levite, who of old
Nor lands might claim, nor hoarded gold,
He held, amid the soil he trod
No heritage, save Israel's God.

See, round the simple porch, a train
With greeting smile, his step detain,

Whose kindling eye, and reverent air,
Their love and gratitude declare,
For him, who long with fervent tone
Had made their joys and woes his own.
Nor he that honest warmth restrains
Meet payment for his toils and pains;
Unskilled with cold or formal art
To freeze the current of the heart,
Or frown on even an infant's zeal
The pressure of his hand to feel.

As o'er the sacred desk he bends
Each glance toward him confiding bends,
For though in quaint or homely phrase
The great salvation he displays,
Yet thoughts of holy love and zeal
Some touch of eloquence reveal,
And changing brow, and starting tear,
Bespeak that eloquence sincere.

Meanwhile, with well-uplifted heart,
The old precentor bears a part;
And waking loud the ancient chime,
His hand high raised to beat the time,
Calls forth no wild Italian trill,
But childhood's accents, sweetly shrill,
And quavering age, with tresses white,
In one full burst of praise unite.

There sits the farmer, brown with toil,
Whose hardened hands have tilled the soil,
Since first an urchin, strong and gay,
He gambolled mid the new-mown hay.
And by his side his faithful wife
Unspoiled by pomps or gauds of life,
Who mid her hardy offspring blest,
Her slumbering infant on her breast,
Deems not that aught of scorn or shame
Blends with a nursing mother's name,
Even though in Heaven's own temple, she
Essays its tenderest ministry.

Still, through the casement's humble screen,
A consecrated spot is seen,
Where peaceful laid in lowly bed,
With springing turf and daisies spread,
The fathers, 'neath that hallowed shade
Serenely sleep, where once they prayed.
And pensive are the thoughts that stray
To dear ones wrapped in mouldering clay,
And fervent is the love, and free,
That clings, sequestered church, to thee,
Who thus dost rear a guardian head,
To bless the living and the dead.

The churches that spring up on every village green, are pleasing and peculiar features of the scenery of New England. They are often seen side by side with the small school house, in loving brotherhood, teachers for this life and the next.

The simplicity of the appearance of many of their congregations, might be an object of curious observation to those accustomed only to the fashionably dressed throngs of city worshippers. I once attended divine service, many years since, with some friends, in an exceedingly secluded village, at the distance of a few miles from the spot where we were spending a part of the summer. The church was small and antique, and remote from other buildings. The interior was divided into square pews, the unpainted wood around the top of each, being wrought into a row of small banisters; while over the pulpit, was suspended a cumbersome sounding-board, which might seem, like the sword of Damocles, to menace the head beneath it.

The audience was almost entirely composed of practical agriculturalists and their families. They were attired with perfect neatness, though with little conformity to the reigning modes. Their bronzed cheeks and toil-hardened hands, showed that the physical comfort of a day of rest might be appreciated, while their intelligent and serious countenances evinced that they aspired to its higher privileges.

The weather being warm, many of the farmers removed their coats, depositing them on the back of

their seats, and seemed much to enjoy the additional coolness, while they thus disclosed the snowy whiteness of their coarse, homemade linen; that now almost obsolete branch of manufacture, which had such close affinity with habits of domestic industry and comfort. Their wives were evidently inured to toil, nor of that toil ashamed. A few of the mothers bore in their arms healthful and ruddy infants, leaving probably no person at home, with whom they could safely intrust so precious a charge. They seemed to make no trouble, or if any was anticipated, the mother withdrew with them. Here and there, one might be seen in a quiet slumber, entirely releasing the attention of the careful parent. Sleeping innocence is always beautiful, and the guileless spirit of the babe need not be counted an unfitting, though an unwonted guest, in the temple of a God of truth.

The form of the aged pastor was bent with time, and his thin hair of a silvery whiteness. For more than fifty years he had been the guide and friend of his people: —

“And ne'er had changed, nor wished to change his place.”

The affection was reciprocal, and it was touching to see with what attention they listened to every word that fell from his lips. His voice was tremulous, and the involuntary movement of his hand paralytic, but he spoke to them of sacred themes, and they loved them the better because he uttered them, and him the

better because his life had so long been in harmony with what he taught. For two generations he had been with them, at bridal, and at burial, at the christening-carol, and at the death-wail. He had rejoiced in their prosperity, and at their last conflict with the Spoiler, had armed himself with prayer, and stood by, until there was no more breath. He had shed the baptismal dew on infant brows, that, now mottled with grey, bent over their children's children. His flock had not been so numerous, but that every part of their history was familiar to him, and kept its place in his memory. Such an intercourse had created, as it ought, no common attachment. They saw that his step was feeble, and that time had taken from him somewhat of manhood's glory; but they remembered that he had grown old in their service, that his eye had become dim, while he cared for their souls, and every infirmity was a new bond of sympathy. If there were any of the young, who might have taken pride in a modern preacher, one less prolix, or more after the fashion of the day, they checked the thought ere it was spoken, for they had learned to venerate their faithful pastor, from the patriarchs who had gone to rest. Little children imitated their parents, and gathered around him, treasuring all he said to them, and the love that thus came down from other generations, seemed not to have decayed at the root, or to have ceased from fruit-bearing.

The intermission between the services was short,

as most of the congregation, coming from quite a distance, did not return home at noon. Their horses were sheltered by sheds, constructed for that purpose, while they, seated in groups, amid clumps of lofty forest trees, partook such refreshments as they had brought for the occasion.

On the banks of a transparent, winding stream, we had our coach-cushions spread, and enjoyed the quietness of the hour. It was pleasant to see families gathering together, with their healthful children, upon the green turf, beneath canopies of shade.

In an interesting group near us, the hoary grandsire, with lifted hands, besought the Divine blessing on their simple repast. Here and there, the young walked by themselves, on the margin of the fair stream, but there seemed in their deportment or conversation nothing unworthy of the consecrated day. We returned home from the little Village Church cheered, and I hope edified by its devotion, and the beautiful and time-tried love of the white-haired shepherd and his confiding flock.

It would seem that the religious sentiment was indigenous to an agricultural people. The formality and coldness of fashionable life do not check its aspirations, or absorb its nutriment. They have fewer temptations to those immoralities which stamp it with hypocrisy; while habitual toil restrains the effervescence of the spirit, and chastises its hurtful imaginings. Their business is among His works, and with Him

who deals the sunbeam and the shower, and without whose smile their harvest-hope is vain.

The patience, and prudence, and simplicity of their mode of life apparently involves some preparatory discipline for the ritual of the lowly Redeemer. Every season has in itself some work or forethought for the comfort of another season, so that the year brings no period in which they can rest with pride on the agency of second causes, and forget their reliance on the Supreme. They might say with an old writer, "when the tulip fades we must shear our sheep for the winter," and when the corn ripens we select our seeds for the spring-furrow. The toils of the whole year are as a dial-plate, pointing the thoughtful mind to Him who has promised, that "summer and winter, and seed-time and harvest, shall not cease."

The contentment of a life of agriculture, with moderate gains, and its freedom from the restless visions of sudden, unlaborious accumulation, are both a protection to its purity, and a positive wealth. An emphatic writer has said, "The herdsman in his clay shealing, where his very cow and dog are friends to him, not a falling stream but carries memories for him, not a mountain but nods old recognition, his life all encircled as in a blessed mother's arms, — is it poorer than the man's with ass-loads of yellow metal?"

If there are truly, as there would appear to be, tendencies in a life of agriculture to the principles and

practice of piety, we may well rejoice in the immense expanse of land which our country offers for this profession, and echo the sentiment of the bard of Rydal-Mount: —

“ Praise to the sturdy spade,
And patient plough, and shepherd’s simple crook.”

FUNERAL AT NAZARETH,

IN PENNSYLVANIA.

THE Sabbath summer-sun declined
To its bright, western goal,
And o'er the green, Moravian vales
Serene enchantment stole.

'T would seem as if the holy rest
Of heaven's anointed hour,
Here found response in every breast,
And breathed from every flower.

Then slowly from the house of God
Came forth a funeral train,
And with a measured movement trod
Along the velvet plain.

The little coffin of a babe
Borne in the midst was seen,
While village children, two and two,
Walked near, with serious mien.

Beside the church-yard gate they paused,
And woke an anthem's thrill,
While flutes and clarions mingled soft
With music's perfect skill.

Methought it tenderly implored,
'Though not a word was said,
Room for another guest to swell
The assembly of the dead.

Then through the unclosing gate they passed,
And up the hillock wound,
Where peaceful slept their kindred clay
In consecrated ground.

Nor weed, nor straw, nor mouldering leaf
Defaced their sacred bed,
But tireless care, the chosen spot
With Nature's beauty spread.

Rich evergreens, and willows fair
In graceful ranks had grown,
And thickly planted flowerets clasped
Each horizontal stone.

And then the reverent Pastor read,
As mid the graves he trod,
In the deep German's solemn lore,
Words from the Book of God.

“I am the resurrection, saith
The Lord, who life can give,
And whosoe'er on me believes,
Though he were dead, shall live.”

Beside the narrow pit they stood,
Grooved mid the verdure deep,
And while the children bent to see
Where the fair babe should sleep, —

Forth burst a glorious triumph-strain,
As if from heaven it prest,
The welcome of the seraph-train
To some accepted guest : —

The welcome of the harps that praise
Jehovah, night and day,
To one that early 'scaped the snares
Of sinful, mortal clay.

Faith stood among the fragrant flowers
That decked the burial-sod,
And cheerful gave the new-born soul
Back to its Father, God.

While Music, with her angel-voice
So quelled affliction's tide,
That even upon the parent's cheek
The starting tear was dried.

So, wrapped in melody and love,
That infant form was laid,
Like sculptured marble, cold and pure,
Within the hallowed shade.

And while the parting summer-sun
Sent forth a blessed ray,
They smoothed its little pillowed turf,
And calmly went their way.

Yet oft shall tender Memory touch
With light that never fails,
That simple funeral scene, amid
The green Moravian vales.

The settlements of Bethlehem and Nazareth, in Pennsylvania, inhabited by the Moravians, are truly interesting to strangers. They exhibit peculiar indications of order, industry, and comfort, and the expanse of ten miles which divides them, is marked by neat and careful cultivation. The beauty of the groves was particularly obvious, kept free from underwood, and carpeted with fresh, clean turf, scarcely defaced by a scattered leaf or spray.

The banks of the Lehigh, at Bethlehem, are overshadowed by large, lofty, umbrageous trees, which add much to the romantic character of the landscape. We visited the school for girls, which enjoyed a high rep-

utation in early times, when our country could boast but few institutions for the education of females. The different classes seemed in perfect order, and the countenances of the pupils evinced contentment and happiness. The gardens belonging to the establishment, which are pleasantly laid out, and decorated with fountains, were shown us, by an ancient guide, who said he had in youth been a soldier under Frederick the Great. The contrast must be strong indeed, between the drill of a military despot, and the blessed lore of the florist.

The spacious church at Bethlehem, is adorned with the portraits of many missionaries; the sect of Moravians having very early entered the field of missionary labor, and wrought there with a tireless and self-denying zeal.

Our approach to Nazareth, which was from the beautiful region of Wyoming, through Bear-Creek, Stoddardsville, &c., was rendered striking by passing at the hour of sunset the base of a lofty mountain, from whose empurpled summit, rays of crimson and gold went streaming up the horizon in prolonged and magnificent coruscations. Nazareth has a school for boys, which was well filled, and maintained a good reputation. Its members seemed to enjoy that health of body, and those salubrious moral influences, without which the intellectual gains of the young are but a mockery.

Nazareth is less populous than Bethlehem, and

from its more secluded situation, has better preserved those primitive and distinguishing characteristics, which it is so pleasant to study in a state of society, where goodness and piety prevail.

Among the more prominent of these, were simplicity of manners, uniformity in the style of building, furniture, and apparel, and a happy ignorance of those fashions and ceremonies, which levy so great a tax upon a short life. Their attention to children was also conspicuous; not an indulgence of their appetites, or wayward fancies, but a patience of explanation, and a kind care to interest them in whatever appertains to the welfare of this life, or the next.

It would seem to be the habit of their pastors, sometimes to adapt a portion of their discourses peculiarly to them. A sermon on the miracle of our Saviour at the Lake of Gennesaret, opened with a graphic description of that Lake, the extent of its waters, and the scenery of the Holy Land by which it was encompassed, mingled with simplified reflections, calculated to attract and instruct the young mind. The children of the congregation, who sat together, were seen lifting their bright faces to the speaker, with delighted attention. They knew this portion was for them, and received it as the tender plant inhales the dew-drop.

At the funeral obsequies, which have been imperfectly delineated in the preceding poem, the dead babe was borne into the church, and the greater part of the afternoon address was to the little ones who gathered

around. They listened earnestly to the clergyman, as to a father, while he taught them, in their native German, of the happy return of infancy to the arms of its Redeemer.

The sacred and soul-stirring music with which this interment was attended, it would be in vain to attempt to describe. It was produced by a few of the young men of the village, who, bearing different instruments in perfect accord, walked at the head of the procession. They breathed the very soul of that melody, which mingling with the tender solemnity of the scene, raised the thoughts to Heaven. Some writer has said of a troubled realm, that "its national music lulled to sleep all its wrathful passions." So those solemn and harmonious strains seemed to charm away that bitterness of grief which is wont to linger round the grave where affection deposits its treasures.

After the burial, the people passed in the same order in which they had followed the little one to its last repose, through a public garden adorned with shrubbery and flowers, adjoining the cemetery. The countenances of the children were sweet and serious, as those who had not associated the death of a Christian babe with dread or terror. I thought the lesson they had learned there, impressed as it was by the words of inspiration, and the influence of music, would not soon be forgotten. Might we not also, ourselves, have received one, worthy of being remembered, how the burial of infant innocence might be

made beautiful? how even parental sorrow might aspire to the sublime faith of that "cheerful giver, whom God loveth?"

A kind and gentle spirit is manifested by the Moravians, in their intercourse with each other, and with differing denominations of Christians. The time thus saved from conflicts about shades of opinion, they have wisely spent in giving a deeper growth to that charity which the Gospel requires. Perhaps they think with the philosopher, that "the true wealth of a man is the number of things that he loves and blesses, that he is loved and blessed by."

But they have learned of a better Teacher, and seem well to have kept the test which He enjoined, — "Hereby shall men know that ye are my disciples, if ye love one another."

FALLEN FORESTS.

MAN's warfare on the trees is terrible.
He lifts his rude hut in the wilderness,
And lo ! the loftiest trunks, that age on age
Were nurtured to nobility, and bore
Their summer coronets so gloriously,
Fall with a thunder-sound, to rise no more.
He toucheth flame unto them, and they lie
A blackened wreck, their tracery and wealth
Of sky-fed emerald, madly spent to feed
An arch of brilliance for a single night,
And scaring thence the wild deer and the fox,
And the lithe squirrel from the nut-strewn home,
So long enjoyed.

He lifts his puny arm,
And every echo of the axe doth hew
The iron heart of centuries away.
He entereth boldly to the solemn groves
On whose green altar-tops, since time was young,
The winged birds have poured their incense strain
Of praise and love, within whose mighty nave
The wearied cattle from a thousand hills

Have found their shelter mid the heat of day ;
 Perchance, in their mute worship pleasing Him
 Who careth for the meanest He hath made.
 I said he entereth to the sacred groves
 Where Nature in her beauty bends to God,
 And lo ! their temple-arch is desecrate ;
 Sinks the sweet hymn, the ancient ritual fades,
 And uptorn roots, and prostrate columns mark
 The invader's footsteps.

Silent years roll on,
 His babes are men. His ant-heap dwelling grows
 Too narrow, for his hand hath gotten wealth.
 He builds a stately mansion, but it stands
 Unblessed by trees. He smote them recklessly,
 When their green arms were round him, as a guard
 Of tutelary deities, and feels
 Their maledictions, now the burning noon
 Maketh his spirit faint. With anxious care
 He casteth acorns in the earth, and woos
 Sunbeam and rain ; he planteth the young shoot,
 And props it from the storm, but neither he,
 Nor yet his children's children, shall behold
 What he hath swept away.

Methinks 't were well,
 Not as a spoiler or a thief, to roam
 O'er Nature's bosom, that sweet, gentle nurse
 Who loveth us, and spreads a sheltering couch
 When our brief task is o'er. On that green mound
 Affection's hand may set the willow-tree,

Or train the cypress, and let none profane
Her pious care.

Oh Father ! grant us grace
In all life's toils, so, with a steadfast hand
Evil and good to poise, as not to mark
Our way with wrecks, nor when the sands of time
Run low, with saddened eye the past survey,
And mourn the rashness time can ne'er restore.

No one nurtured in New England, amid the veneration of fine trees, can traverse the more recently settled regions of New York, and especially the far Western States, without bemoaning the recklessness with which the ancient glory of the forest is sacrificed. Hills and vales are seen covered with stately and immense trunks, blackened with flame, and smitten down in every form and variety of misery. They lie like soldiers, when the battle is done, in the waters, among the ashes, wounded, beheaded, denuded of their limbs, their exhumed roots, like *chevaux de frise*, glaring on the astonished eye.

The roof of the smallest log-hut, or shanty, seems the signal of extinction to the most sacred and solemn groves ; and Cromwell advanced not more surely from Naseby to the throne, than the axe-armed settler to the destruction of the kingly trees of Heaven's anointing.

The extirpation of the thicket from the field where

the bread for his household must grow, is of course a work of necessity. But a far-reaching mind will spare here and there, the time-honored tree, to protect the future mansion from the rays of the noon-day sun.

The wild elephant, when death approaches, moves slowly to seek the shadow of lofty trees, and there resigns his breath. Intelligent man, like the most sagacious of animals, might surely spare a few, as a shelter for his weary head, and a patrimony for an unborn race. He might save, here and there, one solitary witness to His goodness, who causeth those glorious columns of verdure to rise nearer and nearer to His heaven, while the heads of so many generations of men descend to the dust from whence they were at first taken.

It seems almost a wickedness, wantonly to smite down a vigorous, healthful tree. It was of God's planting, in its veins are circulating the life which He has given. Its green and mighty arch is full of his beauty and power. It has borne winter and tempest without repining. Spring has duly remembered to awaken it from adversity, and to whisper that the "time of the singing of birds hath come." War may have swept away armies, revolution overturned thrones, time engulfed whole races of men, but there it stood unmoved, unfaded, a chronicler of history, a benefactor to the traveller, a monument of the goodness of the Almighty.

Were our new settlers more frequently men of taste,

this indiscriminate warfare upon the trees would be mitigated. They would realize how the lofty oak, beech, or sycamore would adorn the dwelling which increased wealth might enable them to erect, or spread a blessed guardianship over the crystal stream, where the stranger might drink, and rest, and thank God.

The reverence of our ancestors in England for trees, is well known. It is not uncommon in some of their parks, to observe by a clump of fine trees, a stone monument, recording when, and by whom it was planted; thus coupling the name of the founder with those masses of umbrageous foliage, which deepen as ages pass by.

Sir Walter Scott speaks of the "exquisite delight of planting trees." He goes on to say, that "there is no art, or occupation so full of past, present, and future enjoyment." How great the delight of cutting them down may be, is best known to those who most widely deal in such extermination. Immense numbers must be needed for the wants of our increasing country; and no blame should be uttered, except for their careless and wanton destruction. Still, it seems an indulgence to quote further on this subject from the philanthropist before named, who so loved to adorn the face of nature.

"I look back," he says, "to the time when on this part of my grounds, there was not a single tree. Now I look around and see thousands of trees growing up, all of which have received my personal attention. I

remember, five years ago, looking forward with the most delighted expectation to this very hour, and as each year passed, the pleasure of the expectation has gone on increasing. I do the same now ; I anticipate what this plantation, and that, will probably become, if taken care of, and there is no spot of which I do not watch the progress. Unlike building, or any similar pursuit, this pleasure has no end, and is never interrupted ; but goes on, from day to day, from year to year, with perpetually augmenting interest."

In striking contrast with what has seemed the too entire extinction of some of the lovely works of creation, are the rapid growth and prosperity of the works of man, in some of the new sections of our country. Especially at Buffalo, which has a population of 26,000, and all the marks of an enterprising, commercial city, it is difficult to realize that not a single house was left standing in 1813, at its conflagration, during our last war with England. Its spacious warehouses, hotels, and public buildings, and the numerous floating-palaces employed in the regular steam-navigation of the lakes, would naturally betoken a longer date.

In the streets were many of the aborigines, the Seneca and Tuscarora tribes residing near, and that of the Oneidas, not far distant. We were led to notice the erect, and well-proportioned forms of the females, not bending under any burden, and heeding that of their children no more than the weight of the gossamer.

We saw the Chief of the Senecas, the successor of Red-Jacket, a tall man, with a very bright eye. Methought his countenance expressed a cunning and adroitness, the fruit of intercourse with the whites, rather than that Roman dignity and taciturnity, which of old marked the rulers of the forest, or that tendency to sarcastic eloquence, which distinguished his immediate predecessor.

While in the vicinity of the Indian villages, numbers of their females were seen at the different stopping-places on the railroad, offering for sale their neatly made articles of bark and bead-work. Occasionally they have with them their young infants, bound flat upon a board, and incapable of motion except in a very limited degree. They seemed fond of covering them with embroidered mantles, clasped in front with gilded or plated studs and buttons. One of these black-eyed babies was taken through the car-window, and we could not but admire its plump cheeks and smiling face, apparently more full of health and contentment than many of those babes whose nurture is made an unceasing labor both to parents and nurses. A passenger, in paying for some articles purchased of the mother, offered more money, and inquired what sum would be demanded for the child. At first, the idea was not fully comprehended. But when it was, all the sang-froid that the race so often affect, vanished like snow before the sun, and with a wild exclamation in her native tongue, the dark-browed mother rushed

into the cars, stretching out her arms to reclaim her treasure.

Rochester is a pleasant city of rapid growth and extensive resources. Its churches are fine, and it has many handsome private residences. The Falls of the Genesee River are here well worth visiting. The waters are precipitated from a height of nearly one hundred feet, in a volume of much grace and majesty.

Auburn stands on the outlet of the Owasco Lake, a stream of considerable size and power. The Lake itself, a few miles from the village, like the numerous similar bodies of water that diversify the surrounding region, is quite picturesque. The most imposing edifice here, is the castellated pile of the State prison, which induced some sad reflections on the mass of human misery which had been, and still is concentrated within its walls. It is built of granite, occupies more than sixteen acres, and is surrounded by a solid wall of stone, forty feet in height. The front of the principal building is two hundred and seventy-six feet, and the extent of the wings more than four hundred. In the latter are work-shops for various trades; in the cupola, an alarm bell; and on the walls, armed sentinels stationed night and day, to shoot down any who might attempt escape. Within these precincts, between seven and eight hundred convicts are receiving the punishment of their offences.

How many of these were swept away by sudden

temptation, and without premeditated purpose of crime? how many from ignorance? how many for want of a friendly hand, an encouraging word to aid their flight from evil? how many for the absence of those checks and motives, which from childhood have been enforced upon us? Human justice cannot take cognizance of all these unexplained causes, and shadowy palliations, which are bound up with secret, unspoken thought. They are the province alone of Him who "weigheth the spirits."

Yet we know that these men on whom society has set its seal of reprobation, had once a mother to whom their infancy was dear; who would have shuddered with agony, had the vision of a felon's cell risen up between her and the cradle whose quiet slumber she watched. Under the influence of such thoughts, it is peculiarly painful to see the abject countenances of the prisoners, and to imagine that you trace in them a destitution of those hopes and feelings, which might brighten their period of suffering, with the hope of reformation.

A great proportion of them are foreigners. The poverty and vices of an Older World, precipitate themselves upon the New, with a fearful freedom. To furnish a poor-house for the decrepit of other realms, might be accomplished in our broad land of plenty; but to be a Botany Bay for their criminals, is a more revolting and perilous office. Could our own superflux of virtue be relied on to neutralize this mass of

evil, there were less to regret. But to our own elements of internal danger, the thronged highway of the Atlantic is continually adding such materials as ferment in mobs, and might explode in revolutions. As the scape-goat went forth into the wilderness, bearing upon his head the sins of others, — God grant us grace, so to sustain these burdens and our own infirmities, as not to make shipwreck at last of our integrity, and stand forth at last a beacon among the nations.

There are so many interesting points in this region of country, that it is difficult either to select for description, or to describe satisfactorily. Everything about Syracuse betokens vigor and enterprise. The saline springs which supply manufactories of salt, are of inexhaustible resource. From the observatory of its spacious and well-kept hotel, we saw, lighted up by a glorious sunset, a fine, extensive prospect, in which the Onondaga Lake was a prominent and beautiful feature.

Canadaigua, on a lake of the same name, has a great proportion of well-situated and stately edifices; and the beauty of Geneva, on the Seneca Lake, with terraced gardens, sloping down to the mirrored waters, is acknowledged by all visitants. The course taken by the railroad is not often favorable to the disclosure of the charms of a fine country. This is peculiarly the case with regard to the two last-named places. An opportunity of exploring their scenery more intimately, was given by the kindness of some esteemed friends,

several years before the fire-horse had found his way thither. A ride on the green margin of Seneca Lake, just as the sun in rich robes of purple and gold went to his rest, and the full, queenly moon came forth, will never be forgotten. Over this noble sheet of water, which the windows of our Hotel commanded, the brilliant, tremulous moon-beams diffused a sort of enchantment, which long detained us to gaze and to admire. Suddenly, over the pure expanse glided the most graceful little boat, lifting its measured oars like wings of the sea-bird, and balancing itself as a thing of life; while, with proud velocity, a steamer passed it by, vomiting smoke and cinders like a suppressed volcano; the Ebal and the Gerizzim of the silver Lake.

A sail down the Cayuga to Ithaca, furnishes a delightful little voyage of between forty and fifty miles. The fertility of the surrounding shores, the verdure of the groves, the rural quietness of the mansions occasionally peeping through embowering shades, the beauty of the interspersed settlements, and the influence of the agreeable movement over the bosom of the clear lake, were soothing both to the eye and to the heart. The Cayuga has, in some places, the depth of one thousand feet, is never frozen, and prolific in fine fish, among which are the salmon trout, occasionally weighing thirty pounds.

The entrance to the sweet village of Ithaca, is rendered romantic by a graceful cascade, which starts

forth suddenly as if to give you welcome. It is formed by the precipitation of Fall Creek, over a prominent and steep rock. A cataract of more power exists in the vicinity, and should always be visited by strangers. Its approach is through an excavation in the form of a tunnel, upon a causeway of boards, over deep, black waters, where one imagines there may be some peril. This feeling probably heightens the effect of the scene, when once more emerging into light, the bold, beautiful torrent bursts upon you, making successive leaps of great height, while the comparatively small quantity of water causes it to assume a flaky, feathery lightness, which adds to its peculiar beauty.

Utica exhibits undoubted marks of opulence and prosperity. One of its most conspicuous edifices is the State Lunatic Asylum. Its fine doric portico, and magnificent front of five hundred and fifty feet are of hammered stone, and were completed in 1842. With its various and well arranged offices and appendages, it is sufficient for the comfortable and even luxurious accommodation of several hundred patients. Attached to it are gardens, and a farm of one hundred and forty acres, where healthful exercise may be obtained by those able and disposed to seek it. A library and schools have been established, and music and a green-house are among the pleasures here provided for the diseased mind. This munificent endowment and benevolent sympathy on the part of New York, to one of the saddest forms of suffering human-

ity, is a noble example to her sister States, and to the world.

The scenery of Little Falls, is strikingly wild and fascinating. Rocks, woods, and waters are thrown together, as if to form a miniature of Switzerland. One would like long to linger in such a region. A feeder of the great western canal is here taken over the Mohawk, by an aqueduct of admirable construction. The Mohawk flows on, often studded with islets like emeralds, through a valley of extreme fertility. Here the reaper seems to wrestle with the bearded wheat, which looks at him, eye to eye, as he does his fatal office. The rich, alluvial region of German Flats, is peculiarly beautiful at the ripening harvest.

At Fonda and Johnstown and their vicinity, we noticed the corn-fields in early summer, to abound in a most ingenious variety of scare-crows. Something of the kind is often seen in New England among planted fields, or loaded cherry trees, but not worthy to be compared with these in device or execution. Here were parti-colored pennons, broad white flags and banners, long ropes hung with bright tin filings, and braided wisps of straw, flapping in every breeze; stuffed boys, with one foot raised as in the act of ascension; men in full vigor, brandishing the semblance of a fowling-piece, or some other non-descript weapons; aged sires, with uplifted brow, in an attitude

of supplication. Surely some incipient Chantry must ennoble this region, if not,

“Some village Hampden, who with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood.”

Yet all this effort and waste of genius, was only to oppose the gastronomic propensities of the crows. But the worst of it was, those black-gowned people seemed to fly hither and thither to their heart's content, to sit on the very heads of these same redoubtable effigies, and perhaps to make themselves merry with what was intended to give them so much alarm.

At Lockport, the embankments, excavations, double ranges of locks, and magnificent mason-work, cannot be examined without wonder at the intellect that devised, and the force that executed them. While there, we were induced to embark in a large packet-boat, and make trial for a hundred miles of the nature of canal-travelling. After the heat, dust, and rapidity of the rail-cars, the unique effect of gliding deliberately through cool, shady villages and cultivated farms was quite agreeable. We were constantly passing other boats, many of which were laden with emigrants, seeking new homes in the stranger-west.

We often recognised the German countenance, the patient mother industriously plying her knitting-needles, surrounded by her little ones. The pleasure derived from a view of these objects, to which the genuflections and prostrations at the frequent bridges, gave

a seasonable sprinkling of bodily exercise, was prolonged until the line of damp, evening exhalations following in our wake, warned us within.

As our boat boasted the unusual dimensions of a hundred feet keel, we flattered ourselves that the accounts we had read and heard of their inconveniences as dormitories, might have been exaggerated. We continued zealously to praise all that admitted of being praised, in order to turn attention from the evils that we began to suspect might be coming upon us. But when the novelty of the out-door exhibition had entirely ceased, when the tables with refreshments and books were removed, and we, being requested to leave our seats, were huddled into the area of the boat, like sheep for the slaughter, there commenced a series of mystic preparations which stripped the scene of all its lingerings of romance. With amazement we gazed upon the narrow shelves and ghosts of mattresses, ranged row above row, in fearfully close proximity, as if for baking in an oven; hoping that our senses deceived us, and that we could not possibly be expected there to deposit our persons. The people of large proportions, and those expected to lodge directly under them, evinced great consternation, and with good reason. In short, though we had the attentions of a kindly-disposed chambermaid, no description of the discomforts of a close summer night in a crowded canal-boat, may be supposed to transcend the truth. I refer the uninitiated to a graphic delineation

tion from the versatile pen of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, in one of our Annuals, and advise every traveller for pleasure, to decline a more experimental knowledge.

After all, is there so much travelling for pleasure, or more correctly speaking, so much pleasure in travelling, as might at first appear? Of the pursuit of health, the claims of business, or the acquisition of knowledge, as motives for either domestic or foreign excursion, I do not of course speak, but of that restless desire of change of place, sometimes common to the young, which leads to an aimless love of wandering, or a dissatisfaction with quiet, circumscribed duties, which is in our sex peculiarly unfortunate. To visit fine scenery, and points of high interest, is indeed a privilege, yet one not wholly free from drawback and disappointment. For myself, I am free to confess at my matronly years, when fatigue and disturbed rest are no longer trifles, the ruling idea in every lucubration, however pleasant, is that of getting home. And as the moralist Addison considered it the principal advantage of a female's learning to dance, that she might "sit still gracefully," so it would be well if one chief end of her excursions abroad, might be to enjoy home better, and to bring back an additional sunbeam or song of praise to its sanctuary.

THE HOUSATONIC.

OH gentle River, winding free,
Through realms of peace and liberty,
Who that thy modest source hath seen,
Yon shallow pool, mid thickets green,
Would ere divine thy future course,
When boldly swells thy current's force : —
What countless wheels, with clamoring clash,
Shall in thine eddies roll and dash,
What spindles at thy will rebound,
What looms in echoing domes resound,
What ponderous bales the billows speed,
Thine appetite for wealth to feed.
As little dreams the village maid,
Who half confiding, half afraid,
Her daily task doth docile ply,
Beneath the watchful mistress' eye,
What added power her lot shall claim,
When ripened to the matron dame,
With vigorous arm, and fearless mien,
The dairy's undisputed queen,
In household care she leads the way,
And trains her children to obey.

Behold! what beauteous regions spread,
Old Greylock shakes his ancient head,
And forests nod with solemn sweep,
And hamlets through their vistas peep.
See Dalton, with her waving crown,
Beneath the hills sit graceful down,
And Hinsdale twine in meshes strong,
The white fleece nursed her folds among,
And Stockbridge o'er her marble bent,
Prepare the enduring monument,
And Becket's rocks whence streamlets flow,
And Chester's dells where laurels glow,
Whose lustrous leaf and radiant spire,
We fain had lingered to admire,
Or cull the iris deeply blue,
Or water-lily bright with dew,
Or rich wild rose, that freely cast
Its treasures round us as we past,
And seemed to reach its clustering bloom
And woo us with a fresh perfume.

But swift our mystic courser went,
His dauntless spirit fiercely bent
The goal to reach, nor slack his speed
The lesson of a flower to heed.
On, on he flew, nor paused to lave
His hot lip in the cooling wave.
The might of thousand steeds that shun
The lasso 'neath La Plata's sun,

Within his iron heart comprest,
While strangely from his heaving breast,
The streams of breath, in sparkles dire,
Sprinkled old Midnight's robe with fire.
His sharp, shrill neigh, with terror fills
The cattle on a thousand hills,
As mid their fragrant food they spy
This wingless monster straining by,
Whose brazen nerves and boiling veins
Propel him o'er the lessening plains.

While we, who born in times of old,
When travel from her note-book told
Of rural charms, and lambs that play,
And wild flowers treasured on the way,
We, who in earlier days were fain
To weave the poet's idle strain;
And gather from the landscape fair
Such thoughts as angels scattered there,
Now ill at ease, with swimming eye,
Go where the fire-horse wills to fly.

Yet thou, sweet stream, whose devious way,
Unconscious woke this simple lay,
We would not quite, in giddy strife,
Forget the moral of thy life.
Thy shaded childhood, meekly fair,
Thy course mature of useful care,

Thy secret deeds of bounteous zeal,
Which laden field and grove reveal ;
The peaceful smile, when all is o'er,
With which, from earth's delusive shore,
Thou to the unfathomed sea dost glide,
And mingle with its mighty tide.

There seems always a deep interest in exploring the source of a river. It is so wonderful to perceive, how from a noteless fountain, or a shallow brook, that broad bold stream should spring, on which navies ride. A fullness of thought springs up, as on visiting the birth-place of an illustrious man ; not one who is remembered by blood shed upon the earth, but by deeds of benevolence, that cannot die. Doubtless many of us remember amid the studies of our childhood, the pleasure with which we read Rollin's description of the two little fountains whence the Nile emanated, which from their brightness, and circular form, were designated as the " eyes of the Nile."

A respected friend once told me with what delight he pressed his foot upon the slender source of the Danube. A strange, wild-eyed guide accompanied him to the solitary ravine. To the enquiry what he should give him for this service, fixing on him a searching glance which seemed to say, it was in his power in that secluded spot to demand what he chose, he replied solemnly in his native German, " Whatever God shall put it into your heart to give."

In entering Massachusetts by the western railroad, you pass the first tributary brooklet to the Housatonic, then the little pond which is called its source, and then crossing and recrossing, follow for some time the beautiful course of its broader waters.

Miss Sedgwick, in her interesting essay on her native Berkshire, says:—“ We have entered it by a road far superior to the Appian Way. On every side are rich vallies, and smiling hill-sides, and deep set in their hollows lovely lakes sparkle like gems. From one of these, a modest sheet of water in Lanesborough, flows out the Housatonic, the minister of God’s bounty, bringing to the meadows along its course, a yeasty renewal of fertility, and the ever-changing, ever-present beauty, that marks God’s choicest works. It is the most judicious of rivers; like a discreet, rural beauty, it bears its burdens and does its work out of sight; its water privileges for mills, furnaces, and factories, are aside from the villages. When it comes near to them, as in Stockbridge, it lingers like a lover, turns and returns, and when fairly off, flies past rolling wheels, and dinning factories, till reaching the lovely meadows of Barrington, it again disports itself at leisure.”

In the territory of Connecticut, it assumes more of the character of dignity and power, and especially at Derby, after its junction with the Naugatuck, mingles with and diversifies much bold and romantic scenery.

In approaching the dividing line between the States

of New York and Massachusetts, the Shaker villages are seen at a distance, with the green hills of Lebanon, cultivated to their very summits. Slatestone, and a kind of gneiss, unusually brilliant with mica, which had prevailed, soon yielded to limestone ranges, enriched with that fine marble which distinguishes Richmond and Stockbridge. Iron, marble, and lime, woods, rocks, and waters, are among the riches of this wildly variegated country.

Pittsfield is a fine town, on a green vale, running between two mountain ranges. In the centre of its public square, which comprises about four acres, is a magnificent elm, which the earliest settlers had the taste and wisdom to spare, when the surrounding forests were shorn. Its trunk rises ninety feet before the branches strike out, and its head towers upward to the height of one hundred and twenty-six feet. It is evidently of great antiquity, and exhibits symptoms of decay.

Dalton, seated among the hills, looked sweetly pleasant, as if it might extend to the weary-hearted an invitation to share its quiet retreat, and steal from the bustle of an unsatisfying world. The road, which for some time kept the level of the Housatonic, and then that of the swift, stone-paved Westfield, both of which it had repeatedly crossed, took leave of these quiet companions, and began its ascent of eighty feet in a mile. This continued for about thirteen miles, — Washington, on one of the spurs of the Green Mountains,

being the height of land, from whence the descent is in the same ratio, for the same distance.

Hinsdale, with its manufacturing zeal, and its perpetual clangor of loom and spindle, exhibited the blackened walls of a lofty factory, which the destroying flame had visited, and through which, methought, the whistling winds lectured on the instability of wealth, the favorite deity of our times. The deep excavations for the railroad, made among the rocks at Becket, awaken the surprise of every beholder. The wild, bold hills, so bleak during the storms of winter, and the varied surface of Chester, were radiant with the most splendid specimens of the laurel. Varying from white, through every tint of pink, to an unusually decided red, it thrust its masses of rich efflorescence and dark lustrous foliage before us, as we hurried by, striving to remind us of the Maker.

But the spirit of fire, to which we had intrusted ourselves, was intent only to surmount space. It could not tarry for us to toy with a flower, or to listen to any message that Nature might have for her children. While its continued agency must mark the character of a people with energy, and the consciousness of power, will it not have a tendency to diminish their perception of rural beauty, by abridging their opportunities to cultivate it? While to pass from point to point, with the speed of lightning, is the only aim of the traveller, a newspaper may as well beguile his thoughts as all the blended and glorious charms of mountain, vale, and flood.

“The Ionians,” said a classic writer, “are silent, contemplative, recluse. Knowing that Nature will not deliver her oracles in the crowd, on the wing, or by the sound of a trumpet, they open their breasts to her in solitude, with the simplicity of children, they look earnestly in her face, and wait for a reply.”

PASSAGE UP THE CONNECTICUT,

FROM HARTFORD TO SPRINGFIELD.

THE summer-morn doth greet thee cheerily,
Stream of my fathers. From the shaded dell
Where in thy Highland cradle thou didst take
The little water-cup so thankfully,
From every nursing rill, on to the scene
Of thy rejoicing bridal with the Sea,
Where snowy sails from many a region, bear
The nuptial dowry, thou hast held thy way,
A comforter, and blessing.

Full and fair

Thou scatterest bounties o'er thy verdant banks,
As though thou ne'er hadst known a time of need,
Or penury. Yet I remember well
When last I saw thee in adversity.
Winter had chained thee long, and tardy Spring
Shrank, as she whispering warned thy mighty heart
To wake and free itself. No trampled realm
Came to its battle-hour, more valiantly.
Thy prison doors were broken, at the rush

And hollow murmur from thy troubled depths ;
As fettered Samson, with his shaven locks
Crumbled the temple columns and o'erthrew
Philistia's mocking lords.

Block after block
Of thick-ribb'd ice, disparted, and the shores
Piled high with rugged masses, told how strong
Thy struggle with the tyrant. Still in pain,
And wearily, thou wrought'st thy toilsome way,
Like one who hath a heavy work to do,
Ere he may take his rest.

I scarce can think
Thou art the same, that now at liberty
And in the fullness of thy wealth dost mark
Thy course with benefactions.

As we press
Upward, thy current, with its azure tint,
Mottled by silver clouds, and fringed with green,
In ripples, and in shadows multiform
Flows on in beauty. Now and then a raft
Of timber strongly bound, the sturdy growth,
Of our far northern hills, comes drifting down,
Shaping its lonely voyage ; or the boat
That scorneth sail and oar, with flying wheel
Furroweth thy startled flood.

The bending trees
Adjust their branches, by thy mirrored tide,
As won our Mother from the crystal eye
Of Eden's lake, the knowledge of her charms.

A blight is on the sycamores! Yon grove
That erst in healthful majesty aspired,
Surceaseth from good works, and stretcheth out
Unsightly, withered arms. From dripping rocks
Cool, trickling waters bathe the moss-clad roots,
The healing sunbeams woo them, the fond vine
Creeps up, and clasps them in her clustering arms,
Teaching them how to love, while at their feet
The glowing Kalmia opes its waxen breast,
As if in sympathy. But all in vain.
Death worketh at their heart, and mid the embrace
Of loving Nature, sullenly they stand
A bare and blackened wreck.

How sweet to glide
Along these winding shores, so richly green,
Where mid his corn-clad fields the farmer toils,
And village after village lifts its spire
In freedom, and in plenty.

Now we reach
The "Old Bay State," the mother of us all
Who in New England boast to have our birth,
And look through storms of revolution, back
To Plymouth Rock.

Fair heritage she hath
From mountain fastness, on to Ocean-shore,
And groweth beautiful with age, and strong
In her sons' strength.

God bless her, and the realms

That cluster round her border, and the streams
That through her bosom flow, and most of all
Thee, glorious River, o'er whose breast we sail,
This summer's day, and tune our idle song.

Springfield is among the most beautiful towns in Massachusetts, full of activity and prosperity. It has many elegant private residences, and the depth of its summer-shades, and the grace of its lofty elms, the glory of New England, add much to its attractions. Court Square, and the promenade in Chestnut Street, are resorts usually admired by visitants.

It has a cemetery recently commenced, which evinces that good taste and reverent attention to the homes of the dead, which mark the progress of refinement in a Christian community. The young foliage waves gracefully, and the falling fountains with their crystal waters make a pleasant murmur around the beds of unbroken repose.

In the ancient burying ground among many interesting inscriptions, is one, which seemed to us singularly expressive of attachment to a spiritual guide.

“In memory of the late Rev. Robert Breck, late pastor of the church of Christ, in this place, who died on the 23d of April, 1784, in the 71st year of his age, and the 49th of his ministry. This monument is erected by his affectionate and grateful parishioners, in addition to that in their own breasts, to perpetuate the remembrance of his singular

worth, and long continued labors among them, in the service of their souls.

He taught us how to live, and ah! too high
A price for knowledge, taught us how to die.”

The little voyage from Hartford to Springfield is sufficiently variegated to be agreeable. The steamers employed on this part of the river are exceedingly small, in order that their light draught of water may enable them to descend a succession of rapids. The ascending passage is performed by the agency of a canal and locks, and of course requires more time, so that the twenty-six miles, which divide the two cities, occupy four hours. It was, however, rendered comparatively short, by the fair scenery of the shores, lighted up by a bright morning sun.

Among the exuberant verdure and fertility, which summer diffuses over this region, we passed one or two melancholy copses of blighted sycamores. This fine tree, in many parts of our country, seems to have been smitten by a fatal epidemic. This sad exhibition of mortality among the trees, reminded me of the following powerful and eloquent description from a traveller, in the far west, of a dead forest in the Oregon Territory.

“We had reached a current of bright, mountain water, winding through a deep, narrow, grassy valley, that cleaves the granite hills of Oregon. The morn-

ing was bitterly cold, though the 24th of August, and a pelting rain came down upon us, from the dark and comfortless sky. About midnight, we found it necessary to mount the ridge, and, with great labor, at length reached the summit. A scene here opened, such as we had never before conceived, and which, perhaps, it is quite impossible to convey in description. A thick forest covered the mountain, half the trees standing, half of them prostrate, and *every one dead*. Not a particle of bark remained among all these ghostlike remnants of a gigantic, but now blasted and extinct vegetation. The huge rocks were swept bare of earth, by the violent winds from which this chain derives its name. Nothing met the eye in any direction, but naked granite and blasted trees. A feeling of intense awe chilled through our veins, and crept into our hearts, as we gazed upon a scene, that forced upon us a new and vast conception of desolation and sublimity. Tall pines, leafless, barkless and branchless, stood in gaping clefts and fissures, pointing their spires towards the stormy sky, like ghostly figures upbraiding their destroyer. Many were pulpy with rottenness, though still standing, upheld by the firm twining of their roots among the rocks. Those that had fallen, seemed as though they had crumbled in their descent, without a crush, so silent was everything, except the fierce winds, to which the white spectres appeared to be listening in desolate grandeur."

The beauty of the Connecticut River, as an inland stream, and as you journey along its banks, upward towards its source, is far greater than where it approaches its confluence with the sea. It glides in the gentlest, most patronizing manner among green vales, and quiet villages, seeming to enjoy the fertility and happiness which it dispenses.

It may not be compared with its mightier neighbor, the Hudson, in depth or force of current, or majesty of mountain-shores. Yet its own characteristics of beauty satisfy, and are congenial to the people, among whom it flows: and justly may it be said, —

“ No peaceful skies o’er fairer vallies shine,
Nor drinks the sea a lovelier wave than thine.”

THE HERMIT OF THE FALLS.

It was the leafy month of June,
And joyous Nature, all in tune,
 With wreathing buds was drest,
As toward Niagara's fearful side
 A youthful stranger prest ;
His ruddy cheek was blanched with awe,
And scarce he seemed his breath to draw,
 While bending o'er its brim,
He marked its strong, unfathomed tide,
 And heard its thunder-hymn.

His measured week too quickly fled,
Another, and another sped,
And soon the summer rose decayed,
The moon of autumn sank in shade,
Years filled their circle, brief and fair,
Yet still the enthusiast lingered there,
 Till winter hurled its dart,
For deeper round his soul was wove
A mystic chain of quenchless love,
 That would not let him part.

When darkest midnight veiled the sky,
You 'd hear his hasting step go by,
To gain the bridge beside the deep,
That where its wildest torrents leap
 Hung threadlike o'er the surge,
 Just there, upon its awful verge,
 His vigil hour to keep.

And when the Moon, descending low,
Hung on the flood that gleaming bow,
Which it would seem some angel's hand
With heaven's own pencil, tinged and spanned,
Pure symbol of a Better Land,
He, kneeling, poured in utterance free
The eloquence of ecstasy ;
Though to his words no answer came,
Save that One, Everlasting Name,
Which since Creation's morning broke,
Niagara's lip alone hath spoke.

When wintry tempests shook the sky,
And the rent pine-tree hurtled by,
Unblenching mid the storm he stood,
And marked sublime, the wrathful flood,
While wrought the frost-king fierce and drear,
His palace mid those cliffs to rear,
And strike the massy buttress strong,
And pile his sleet the rocks among,
And wasteful deck the branches bare
With icy diamonds, rich and rare.

Nor lacked the hermit's humble shed
Such comforts as our natures ask
To fit them for their daily task,
The cheering fire, the peaceful bed,
The simple meal in season spread : —
While by the lone lamp's trembling light,
As blazed the hearth-stone clear and bright,
O'er Homer's page he hung,
Or Maro's martial numbers scanned,
For classic lore of many a land
Flowed smoothly o'er his tongue.
Oft with rapt eye, and skill profound,
He woke the entrancing viol's sound,
Or touched the sweet guitar,
Since heavenly music deigned to dwell
An inmate in his cloistered cell,
As beams the solemn star
All night, with meditative eyes,
Where some lone rock-bound fountain lies.

As through the groves with quiet tread,
On his accustomed haunts he sped,
The mother-thrush unstartled sung
Her descant to her callow young,
And fearless o'er his threshold prest
The wanderer from the sparrow's nest ;
The squirrel raised a sparkling eye,
Nor from his kernel cared to fly
As passed that gentle hermit by ;

No timid creature shrank to meet
His pensive glance, serenely sweet ;
From his own kind, alone, he sought
The screen of solitary thought.
Whether the world too harshly prest,
Its iron o'er a yielding breast,
Or taught his morbid youth to prove
The pang of unrequited love,
We know not, for he never said
Aught of the life that erst he led.

On Iris isle, a summer bower
He twined with branch, and vine, and flower,
And there he mused, on rustic seat,
Unconscious of the noon-day heat,
Or 'neath the crystal waters lay
Luxuriant, in the swimmer's play.

Yet once, the whelming flood grew strong,
And bore him like a weed along,
Though with convulsive grasp of pain,
And heaving breast, he strove in vain,
Then sinking 'neath the infuriate tide,
Lone as he lived, the hermit died.

On, by the rushing current swept,
The lifeless corse its voyage kept,
To where, in narrow gorge comprest,
The whirling eddies never rest,

But boil with wild tumultuous sway,
The maelstrom of Niagara.
And there, within that rocky bound,
In swift gyrations round and round,
 Mysterious course it held,
Now springing from the torrent hoarse,
Now battling as with maniac force,
 To mortal strife compelled.

Right fearful 'neath the moonbeam bright,
It was to see that brow so white,
 And mark the ghastly dead
Leap upward from his torture-bed,
 As if in passion-gust,
And tossing wild with agony,
To mock the omnipotent decree,
 Of dust to dust.

At length, where smoother waters flow,
Emerging from the gulf below,
The hapless youth they gained and bore,
Sad to his own forsaken door :
There watched his dog, with straining eye,
And scarce would let the train pass by,
 Save that with instinct's rushing spell,
Through the changed cheek's empurpled hue,
And stiff and stony form, he knew
 The master he had loved so well.

The kitten fair, whose graceful wile,
So oft had won his musing smile,
As round his slippered foot she played,
Stretched on his vacant pillow laid.
While strewed around, on board and chair,
The last plucked flower, the book last read,
The ready pen, the page outspread,
The water-cruise, the unbroken bread,
Revealed how sudden was the snare
That swept him to the dead.

And so he rests in foreign earth,
Who drew mid Albion's vales his birth;
Yet let no cynic phrase unkind
Condemn that youth of gentle mind,
Of shrinking nerve, and lonely heart,
And lettered lore, and tuneful art,
Who here his humble worship paid,
In that most glorious temple-shrine,
Where to the Majesty divine
Nature her noblest altar made.

No, blame him not, but praise the Power
Who in the dear, domestic bower,
Hath given you firmer strength to rear
The plants of love, with toil and fear,
The beam to meet, the blast to dare,
And like a faithful soldier bear;

Still with sad heart his requiem pour,
Amid the cataract's ceaseless roar,
And bid one tear of pitying gloom
Bedew that meek enthusiast's tomb.

About fifteen years since, in the glow of early Summer, a young stranger, of pleasing countenance and person, made his appearance at Niagara. It was at first conjectured that he might be an artist, as a large portfolio, with books and musical instruments, were observed among his baggage. He was deeply impressed by the majesty and sublimity of the Cataract, and its surrounding scenery, and expressed an intention to remain a week, that he might examine it accurately. But the fascination which all minds of sensibility feel, in the presence of that glorious work of the Creator, grew strongly upon him, and he was heard to say, that six weeks were inadequate to become acquainted with its outlines.

At the end of that period, he was still unable to tear himself away, and desired to "build there a tabernacle," that he might indulge both in his love of solitary musings, and of nature's sublimity. He applied for a spot upon the island of the "Three Sisters," where he might construct a cottage after his own model, which comprised, among other peculiarities, isolation by means of a drawbridge. Circumstances forbidding a compliance with his request, he took up

his residence in an old house upon Iris Island, which he rendered as comfortable as the state of the case would admit. Here he continued about twenty months, until the intrusion of a family interrupted his recluse habits. He then quietly withdrew, and reared for himself a less commodious shelter, near Prospect Point. His simple and favorite fare of bread and milk was readily purchased, and whenever he required other food, he preferred to prepare it with his own hands.

When bleak winter came, a cheerful fire of wood blazed upon his hearth, and by his evening lamp he beguiled the hours with the perusal of books in various languages, and with sweet music. It was almost surprising to hear, in such depth of solitude, the long-drawn, thrilling tones of the viol, or the softest melodies of the flute, gushing forth from that low-browed hut, or the guitar, breathing out so lightly, amid the rush and thunder of the never slumbering torrent.

Yet, though the world of letters was familiar to his mind, and the living world to his observation, for he had travelled widely, both in his native Europe, and the East, he sought not association with mankind, to unfold, or to increase his stores of knowledge. Those who had heard him converse, spoke with surprise and admiration of his colloquial powers, his command of language, and the spirit of eloquence that flowed from his lips. But he seldom, and sparingly, admitted

this intercourse, studiously avoiding society, though there seemed in his nature nothing of moroseness or misanthropy. On the contrary, he showed kindness to even the humblest animal. Birds instinctively learned it, and freely entered his dwelling, to receive from his hands, crumbs or seeds.

But the absorbing delight of his existence was communion with the mighty Niagara. Here, at every hour of the day or night, he might be seen, a fervent worshipper. At grey dawn, he went to visit it in its fleecy veil; at high noon, he banqueted on the full splendor of its glory; beneath the soft tinting of the lunar bow, he lingered, looking for the angel's wing, whose pencil had painted it; and at solemn midnight, he knelt soul-subdued, as on the footstool of Jehovah. Neither storms, nor the piercing cold of winter, prevented his visits to this great temple of his adoration.

When the frozen mists, gathering upon the lofty trees, seemed to have transmuted them to columns of alabaster, when every branch, and shrub, and spray, glittering with transparent ice, waved in the sun-beam its coronet of diamonds, he gazed, unconscious of the keen atmosphere, charmed and chained by the rainbow-cinctured Cataract. His feet had worn a beaten path from his cottage thither. There was, at that time, an extension of the Terrapin Bridge, by a single shaft of timber, carried out ten feet over the fathomless abyss, where it hung tremulously, guarded only

by a rude parapet. To this point he often passed and repassed, amid the darkness of night. He even took pleasure in grasping it with his hands, and thus suspending himself over the awful gulph; so much had his morbid enthusiasm learned to feel, and even to revel, amid the terribly sublime.

Among his favorite, daily gratifications, was that of bathing. The few who interested themselves in his welfare, supposed that he pursued it to excess, and protracted it after the severity of the weather rendered it hazardous to health.

He scooped out, and arranged for himself, a secluded and romantic bath, between Moss and Iris Islands. Afterwards, he formed the habit of bathing below the principal Fall. One bright, but rather chill day, in the month of June, 1831, a man employed about the Ferry, saw him go into the water, and a long time after, observed his clothes to be still lying upon the bank.

Inquiry was made. The anxiety was but too well founded. The poor hermit had indeed taken his last bath. It was supposed that cramp might have been induced by the unwonted chill of the atmosphere or water. Still the body was not found, the depth and force of the current just below, being exceedingly great.

In the course of their search, they passed onward to the Whirlpool. There, amid those boiling eddies, was the pallid corse, making fearful and rapid gyra-

tions upon the face of the black waters. At some point of suction, it suddenly plunged and disappeared. Again emerging, it was fearful to see it leap half its length above the flood, and with a face so deadly pale, play among the tossing billows, then float motionless as if exhausted, and anon, returning to the encounter, spring, struggle, and contend like a maniac battling with mortal foes.

It was strangely painful to think that he was not permitted to find a grave, even beneath the waters he had loved; that all the gentleness and charity of his nature, should be changed by death to the fury of a madman; and that the King of terrors, who brings repose to the despot, and the man of blood, should teach warfare to him who had ever worn the meekness of the lamb. For days and nights this terrible purgatory was prolonged. It was on the 21st of June, that, after many efforts, they were enabled to bear the weary dead back to his desolate cottage.

There they found his faithful dog guarding the door. Heavily must the long period have worn away, while he watched for his only friend, and wondered why he delayed his coming. He scrutinized the approaching group suspiciously, and would not willingly have given them admittance, save that a low, stifled wail at length announced his intuitive knowledge of the master, whom the work of death had effectually disguised from the eyes of men.

They laid him on his bed, the thick, dripping mass-

es of his beautiful hair clinging to, and veiling the features so late expressive and comely. On the pillow was his pet-kitten; to her, also, the watch for the master had been long and wearisome.

In his chair lay the guitar, whose melody was probably the last that his ear heard on earth. There were also his flute and violin, his portfolio and books, scattered and open, as if recently used. On the spread table was the untasted meal for noon, which he had prepared against his return from that bath which had proved so fatal. It was a touching sight; the dead hermit mourned by his humble retainers, the poor animals who loved him, and ready to be laid by stranger-hands in a foreign grave.

So fell this singular and accomplished being, at the early age of twenty-eight. Learned in the languages, in the arts and sciences, improved by extensive travel, gifted with personal beauty, and a feeling heart, the motives for this estrangement from his kind are still enveloped in mystery. It was, however, known that he was a native of England, where his father was a clergyman; that he received from thence ample remittances for his comfort; and that his name was Francis Abbot. These facts had been previously ascertained, but no written papers were found in his cell, to throw additional light upon the obscurity in which he had so effectually wrapped the history of his pilgrimage.

That he was neither an ascetic nor a misanthrope, has been sufficiently proved. Why he should choose

to withdraw from society, which he was so well fitted to benefit and to adorn, must ever remain unexplained. That no crime had driven him thence, his blameless and pious life bare witness to all who knew him.

It might seem that no plan of seclusion had been deliberately formed, until enthusiastic admiration of the unparalleled scenery among which he was cast, induced, and for two years had given it permanence. And if any one could be justified for withdrawing from life's active duties, to dwell awhile with solitude and contemplation, would it not be in a spot like this, where Nature ever speaks audibly of her majestic and glorious Author?

We visited, in the summer of 1844, the deserted abode of the hermit. It was partially ruinous, but we traced out its different compartments, and the hearthstone where his winter evenings passed amid books and music, his faithful dog at his feet, and on his knee his playful, happy kitten.

At our entrance, a pair of nesting-birds flew forth affrighted. Methought they were fitting representatives of that gentle spirit, which would not have disturbed their tenantry, or harmed the trusting sparrow. If that spirit had endured aught from man, which it might neither recover nor reveal; if the fine balance of the intellect had borne pressure until it was injured or destroyed; we would not stand upon the sufferer's grave to condemn, but to pity.

We would think with tenderness of thee, erring and lonely brother. For at the last day, when the secrets of all are unveiled, it will be found that there are sadder mistakes to deplore than thine:—time wasted idly, but not innocently, — and talents perverted, without the palliation of a virtuous life, the love of Nature, or the fear of God.

HIGH STREET GARDEN,

IN HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT.

FLOWERS! Flowers! the poetry of earth,
Impulsive, pure, and wild,
With what a strange delight they fill
The wandering, mirthful child.
It clasps their leaflets close awhile,
Then strews them wide around,
For life hath many a joy to spare
Along its opening bound.

The maiden twines them in her hair,
And mid that shining braid,
How fair the violet's eye of blue,
And the faint rose-bud's shade,
Upon her polished neck they blush,
In her soft hand they shine,
And better crown those peerless charms
Than all Golconda's mine.

Above the floating bridal veil
The white Camella rears
Its innocent and tranquil eye,
To calm young beauty's fears ;
And even when hoary Age recalls
The memories of that hour,
Blent with the heaven-recorded vow
Will gleam that stainless flower.

The matron fills her crystal vase
With gems that summer lends,
Or groups them round the festal board
To greet her welcome friends.
Her husband's eye is on the skill
With which she decks his bower,
And dearer is his praise to her
Than earth's most precious flower

Frail gifts we call them, prone to fade,
Ere the brief spring is o'er,
Though down the smitten strong man falls
Returning never more :
Time wears away the arch of rock,
And rends the ancient throne,
Yet back they come, unchanged as when
On Eden's breast they shone.

How passing beautiful they are
On youth's unclouded plain,

And yet we scarcely know their worth
Till life is in its wane ;
Then grows their love a deeper thing,
As our lone pathway tends
Down mid the withering plants of hope,
And graves of buried friends.

Like ready comforters they bend,
If sorrow pales the cheek,
And to the sad, desponding heart,
An angel's message speak ;
While to the listening mourner's ear
They fondly seem to say,
The words of those departed ones
Who sleep in mouldering clay.

We nurse them in our casement warm
When winter rule the year,
And see them raise their graceful form,
The darkest day to cheer ;
Amid our folded shroud they glow,
When death hath had his will,
And o'er our pillow in the dust
They spring, and blossom still.

Yes, o'er the cradle-bed they creep,
With rich and sweet perfume,
Around the marriage-altar twine,
And cheer the darksome tomb,

They whisper to the faithful dead,
With their fresh, vernal breath,
That such his rising hour shall be,
Through Him who conquered death.

The beautiful domain, known by the name of the High Street Garden, in Hartford, comprises sixteen acres, and is laid out with great taste and adaptation to the nature of the soil and surface. Spacious walks are so arranged as to give effect to the elegance of the parterres, and seats skilfully disposed, under spreading shades, where the visitant may rest, and enjoy the surrounding attractions.

Among endless varieties of flowers, three hundred families of the queenly rose, with carnations of every shade and hue, diffuse the richest fragrance in their respective seasons. Partially encompassed by a fine hedge, and approached by steps cut in the turf, is a small circular piece of water, where the broad leaves, and pure petals of the water-lily expand themselves, and around whose margin, vases of the hydrangia luxuriate. The fairest annual flowering plants, shrubs, ornamental trees, foreign and domestic fruits, with a large and splendid green-house, adorn this delightful spot, which, by the liberality of its proprietor, Dr. E. W. Bull, is freely open both to the inhabitants, and to strangers, with only the restriction which their own good sense and good feeling ought to suggest and

enforce, of not defacing or injuring, what they come to admire.

It is the opinion of many lovers of flowers, that their cultivation must necessarily be expensive of both time and money. We are authorized by the owner of this noble garden, to say, that it need not be so. His original purchase of what has since become a possession which the most accomplished florist might covet, was only a few hundred feet, made twenty years since, when just entering on commercial business. Though he had at that time no capital to spare, he felt that daily exercise among the plants that he loved, would be beneficial to his health, and resolved on the establishment of such a system. For this, his first investment in land, he gave six notes, payable in the same number of years.

“These notes,” he says, “then troubled me much, as I doubted whether I should be able to pay them at maturity. But at the expiration of six years, I had cancelled them all, and this encouraged me to enlarge my domain to the amount of thousands instead of hundreds. As it was necessary for me to apply myself continually to business, during business hours, I then adopted a plan of early rising, which I have ever since persevered in. My practice for years, was to be at the garden, from half past three to six in the morning, and this gave me an opportunity, in the best and most quiet part of the day, unnoticed, to visit the grounds and mature my plans for their extension and improve-

ment. My custom, for a few years past, has been to rise in summer at half-past four, reaching the garden, after breakfast, at six, and regulating my stay there, so as to return precisely at nine, ready to attend to the business of my store."

Can any stronger example be adduced, that a love of flowers, when under the control of a spirit of order and punctuality, may be an appropriate relaxation from the pressure of mercantile care, and perfectly consistent with its prosperous pursuit? May it not also be fraught with collateral benefits of a still higher order? Suppose only the habit of early rising, to be thus acquired and confirmed. What an important addition would two or three hours daily, be to the actual limits of a brief span of life.

Horticulture has long been pronounced by physiologists, salutary to health, and cheerfulness of spirits; and if he who devotes a portion of his leisure to the nurture of the lovely things of nature, benefits himself, he who beautifies a garden for the eye of the community, should surely be counted a public benefactor. He instils into the bosom of the care-worn, the sorrowful, or the selfish, thoughts that heal like a medicine. He cheers the languid, desponding invalid, and brightens the eye of the child, with a more intense happiness.

If simply the admiration of plants and flowers, has a tendency to refine the character, their actual culture must have a more powerful and abiding

influence. It takes the form of an affection. The seed which we have sown, the blossom we have nursed, the tree of our own planting, under whose shadow we sit with delight, are to us as living and loving friends. In proportion to the care we have bestowed on them, is the warmth of our regard. They are gentle and persuasive teachers of His goodness, who causeth the sun to shine, and the dews to distil, who forgetteth not amid the ice and snows of winter, the tender, buried vine, and calleth forth the germ long hidden from the eye of man, to vernal splendor or autumnal fruitage.

A love of the beautiful things of Nature, has been sometimes assumed as a criterion of the health of the mind. Those who are under the habitual influence of evil tempers, do not approximate to the spirit and language of flowers. In vain do they reach forth their sweet, clustering blossoms, — envy, hatred, and malice are beyond the reach of such charmers, “charm they never so wisely.” But he, who amid the care and weariness of life, finds daily an interval or a disposition to commune with the dew-fed children of Heaven, to devise their welfare, and shelter their purity, has not yet been injured by the fever of political strife, the palsy of the heart, or the eating gangrene of the inordinate desire of riches.

In many other countries, we see the love of flowers, a far more pervading and decided sentiment than in our own. “In Germany,” says a female tourist, “garlands of flowers are continually used as tributes of

friendship, and parting gifts. Let not these things be accounted trifles. They are, in fact, matters of importance, inasmuch as everything that draws heart to heart, and mind to mind, that contributes even in a remote degree to unite human beings in kind and affectionate remembrance, is of great consequence. Among the working classes, much might be done for the improvement of their morals, habits and manners, by encouraging them to use their few periods of leisure, for the cultivation of flowers. The difference between two poor families, one loving flowers, and the other, ardent spirits, would, at the end of twelve months, be very striking. It may be said, all cannot have gardens. True. But all may have a few flowers in their windows. More than this, a little wooden balcony might be easily made on the outside of every window. To our own sex, flowers are a boon beyond price. The lady who is fond of her garden, and delights in the cultivation of it, will not seek abroad for expensive pleasures. Home is every thing to her, and if her husband is wise enough to encourage this taste, it will be for his happiness."

The description of the rose-harvest at the Hague, and the flower-markets in other parts of Holland, by Davezac, seems instinct with the very breath and spirit of those gems of creation.

"The harvest of roses draws to the fields, near the Hague, where they are cultivated, throngs of visitants. In the month of May, nothing can be imagined more

beautiful, than the aspect of these rose-fields. The air, filled with the sweetest emanations, makes you aware of your approach to them before you come in sight, surrounded as they are, by thick, live hedges, intended to guard the young buds from the inclement winds. An air of festival spread all around, proclaims that this is no vulgar field-work. Hundreds of young girls, dressed as if for a village holiday, commence the gathering with appropriate songs. The first time I witnessed this novel harvest, it seemed like a dream. I became doubtful, whether I stood on Batavian ground. The ethereal sweetness inhaled in every breeze, the earth covered as it were, with a green carpet, embroidered with roses, the melodious voices of so many young and beautiful girls, would have indeed wafted the imagination to the milder regions of Greece or Italy, but that the azure eyes, and golden hair of the pretty *Rosières*, proclaimed them of the Norman race. These roses, gathered in Holland, strange as it may appear, are shipped to Constantinople, destined to return to Europe, so concentrated by chemical art, that the perfume of 10,000 is often used by a lady, to scent her embroidered handkerchief. The roses are packed up in large hogsheads, and in alternate layers of flowers and salt, pressed with great force." "At Amsterdam, Utrecht, Rotterdam, the Hague, but above all at Harlaem, the floral city, crowds of all classes of society, assemble at the flower-markets, which are held twice a week. There the rich attends,

to make exclusively his own, by purchase, the rubies, the emeralds, the sapphires of the vegetable kingdom, formed in the depths of the earth, by the slow elaboration of ages; but the humble violet and rose are taken to the home of the poor, to light the gloom of his lowly shed."

If the admiration of what is beautiful in Nature, tends to refine and elevate, that for what is graceful and good in manners and character, might seem to be a step towards their acquisition. "Our taste declines with our merits," said a philosopher of other times. Was his position correct? May taste in any degree be admitted as a test of mental or moral integrity?

"Taste," says a fine writer, "is of all attainments the most easily perceived, yet the most difficult to describe." Its more common modifications, as they are seen in the style of dress, furniture, or arrangements of a household, seem to prove an innate perception of delicacy, a sense of propriety, or a principle of adaptation, which, though not entitled to rank with the severe conclusions of an accurate judgment in matters of higher import, are still in our sex no slight accomplishments, or trifling indications of character. When manifested in graceful movement, or manners, elegance of language, and correct appreciation of the fine arts, it serves as a sort of historical index, pointing to the influence of refined society, education, or such means of improvement, as are seldom accessible in solitude and obscurity. It aids in decyphering the drama in

which the individual has moved, or the use made of opportunities, or that inherent strength of the self-taught, which vanquishing obstacles, possesses itself of the fruits, without the usual process of cultivation.

Taste, when drawn into strong sympathy with the beautiful things of nature, cheers the hours of sickness, or decline, and glows even amid the icy atmosphere of death. Combined with a vivid imagination it colors like a passion-tint, the whole of existence, and if surrounding scenes are devoid of its favorite objects, peoples for itself a world of ideal beauty. How touchingly did Mrs. Hemans exclaim, as she drew near the close of life: "I really think the pure passion for flowers, the only one which long sickness leaves untouched with its chilling influence. Often, during this weary illness of mine, have I looked upon new books with perfect apathy, when if a friend has sent me but a few flowers, my heart has leaped up to their dreamy hues and odors, with a sudden sense of renovated childhood, which seems one of the mysteries of our being."

And almost the last tone of her sweet lyre, ere it was crushed by death, perpetuated her love of flowers.

"Welcome, O pure and lovely forms, again
Unto the shadowy stillness of my room!
For not alone ye bring a joyous train
Of summer-thoughts, attendant on your bloom,
Visions of freshness, of rich bowery gloom,
Of the low murmurs, filling mossy dells,
Of stars, that look down on your folded bells,

Through dewy leaves, of many a wild perfume,
Greeting the wanderer of the hill and grove
Like sudden music ; more than this ye bring —
Far more ; ye whisper of the all-fostering love
Which thus hath clothed you, and whose dove-like wing
Broods o'er the sufferer drawing fevered breath,
Whether his lingering couch be that of life or death."

Many instances might be quoted where the true love of Nature has softened asperity of temper, and contributed to the growth of charity towards mankind. Vulgar minds seem not capable of appreciating its pleasures, and the vicious have perverted its purity. The mercenary and the miser suppress it. Hoarded gold monopolizes their devotion. Milton, in portraying Mammon, represents him before his fall from bliss, with eyes and thoughts

"Forever downward bent, admiring more
The riches of Heaven's pavement, trodden gold,
Than aught divine or holy."

Dark passions, and debasing crimes destroy the fine edge of the soul, and corrode it like a canker. Admitting therefore, that a pure taste for the beautiful in nature, is among the tests of mental and moral welfare, we shall prize it not only as a source of pleasure, but an ally of virtue and of piety. Shall we not then seek to multiply the objects which it is legitimate and healthful to admire? Shall we not familiarize our children with the harmony of color, the melody of

sound, the symmetry of architecture, the delights of eloquence, and the charms of poetry? The fragrant flower, the whitening harvest, the umbrageous grove, the solemn mountain, the mighty cataract, are they not all teachers, or text-books in the hands of the Great Teacher?

Err they not, therefore, who consider a taste for the charms of Nature, a waste of time? The railroad machinery of a jarring world, bridging its abysses, and tunneling the rocks of political ambition, her steam-boats rushing to the thousand marts of wealth, silence with their roaring funnels, its still, small voice. But let it be heard by those who meditate at eventide when the rose closes its sweet lips, and the tired babe is lulled on the breast of its mother. Let it be a companion to those, who in the morning prime walk forth amid the dewy fields, loving the beauty of the lily, which Omnipotence stooped to clothe, and from whose bosom, as from a scroll of Heaven, the Redeemer of man taught listening multitudes, the lesson of a living faith.

BUNKER-HILL MONUMENT.

RISE, lofty Column! in thine attic grace,
And to the stranger-bark that ploughs the deep,
Show Freedom's land. Beckon the homeward-bound,
Like some good angel, hovering o'er the roof
Where sport his little ones, and where with song,
Whose oft-repeated burden is his name,
The mother lulls to sleep her cradled babe.
— Then the rough sailor, battling with the surge,
Forgets his toil, and he who wandered long
In foreign climes, perchance, with eager eye
For glittering pageant, or for regal pomp,
Owns the electric chain that binds so strong
Unto his native hills, and feels how good
To live and die amid his fathers' graves.

But thou, — around thy base, when early Spring
Tints the first violet, lure those beauteous groups
Who gambol free from care. There should they
meet
Some ancient soldier leaning on his staff,
And lost amid the memories of the past,

By their young footsteps roused, he 'll haply raise
His wasted hand, and point each fearful change
Of Bunker's battle-day, — where the assault
Kindled to wildest fury, — where the voice
Of Prescott and of Putnam, nerved their troops
To deeds of untold daring, — where the cry
Burst forth when Warren fell, — where the dire flash
Was hottest, and the life-blood of the brave
Gushed reddest, till the kingly crest was bowed
To infant Liberty. Then may they trace,
Those childish listeners, on that furrowed brow
The holy zeal of men of other days,
Who sought no guerdon save their country's weal;
And should that country need, so may they stand,
When time hath knit their sinews, in the might
Of the same heaven-born trust.

And if the hands
That never plucked a laurel in the fields
Of iron warfare, nor the fitful weight
Of empire poised, have lent their humble aid
In woman's weakness, to cement thy stones,
Think it no scorn, oh Column! but uprear
Thy glorious head as proudly toward the cloud!
For these, amid their sheltered, lowly sphere,
Making the hearth-stone beautiful with love,
And in the fountain of a nation's hopes
Mingling sweet drops of purity and peace,
Subserve the cause which thou art bound to praise,
To far posterity.

And when we pass
On, with our generations to the tomb,
When age on age, like tossing bubbles break,
Stand thou, and mark the dim decay of time.
Yea, though the Sun, like wounded Cæsar, fold
His mantle darkly round him, be thou firm,
Even till the last flame wraps the wrinkled Earth.

This noble monument is erected on the spot, where the fortifications were hastily thrown up by the earliest soldiers of the Revolution, June 16th, 1775, the night preceding the battle of Bunker Hill. It is an obelisk two hundred and twenty-one feet in height, having a spiral staircase within, of two hundred and ninety-four steps, and at the top, an elliptical chamber, eleven feet in diameter, lighted by four windows, from whence is a glorious prospect of earth and sea. Its material is the beautiful sienite granite from the quarry at Quincy, and it is constructed with the utmost mathematical precision, and regard to durability. Some hindrance in the progress of the work, arising from the financial depression of the country, allowed the ladies the honor of more immediate coöperation; and the avails of a Fair held in Boston, aided by some liberal donations, were sufficient for the completion of the object.

Not far from the base of the monument, a small portion of the ancient breastwork remains, and must

ever be viewed with veneration by those who realize the effect that this rude mound of earth had upon the destinies of their country. A slight column or Tuscan pillar of wood, on a brick pedestal, in memory of General Warren, whose priceless blood was shed at Bunker Hill, was erected on this spot, in 1783, but being much defaced by time, is removed. The inscription was from one of his own eloquent orations.

“None but they who set a just value on the blessings of liberty, are worthy to enjoy her. In vain we toiled; in vain we fought; we bled in vain; if you, our offspring, want valor to repel the assaults of her invaders.”

The corner-stone of the Bunker Hill Monument, was laid on the fiftieth anniversary of the battle that it commemorates, by Gen. La Fayette, the soldier of two hemispheres, the friend of our country in adversity, and her honored guest, when she had won a name and a place among the nations. The presence of some of the survivors of that sanguinary conflict gave a strong interest to the scene. The stirring eloquence of Webster, enwrapt the attention of an immense assembled multitude. But what were their emotions in comparison with those which filled the breasts of the hoary, veteran soldiers!

What imagery flashed before them, as the curtain of half a century drew back! A small band go forth from Cambridge, at nine in a summer's evening, beneath the eye of the solemn, watchful stars. Exulting music

echoes from the British ships, whose proud flags are floating in the harbor. But they tread in silence, and in earnest thought. Midnight deepens, ere they obtain entrenching tools to begin their secret work. Then, with dauntless spirits, and hands inured to toil, they commence their fortification. Earth, and the spade, and the solemn night, the sexton's companions, are theirs. Yet they labor not for burial, but in glorious hope. Day dawns, but still that patient band labor unrefreshed. *And they were of that band.*

Morning breaks. Surprise and indignation seize the foe, as an alarm-gun from their own ships announces what the provincials had in a night brought forth. Their council meets. Such contumacy must be chastised. Their soldiers, in rich uniform, muster for battle, where the offending bastion rises. Serried bayonets glisten. Heavy cannon roll up the heights. A band is there to meet them, — the few against the many, — the young children of the wilderness against the force of the sceptred monarch of the isles. *And they were of that band.*

The tumult of battle swells. The struggle is fearful. The sun pours down an intense heat. The grass ripe for the scythe is trampled down, that the iron harvest of war may be reaped. The new-mown hay is pressed into the interstices of the breast-work. The earth is saturate with blood. Enthusiasm rises to madness. Devouring flames enwrap the roofs of Charlestown. The enemy, formidable for numbers as well as valor,

twice repulsed, ascend the hill a third time, reinforced and resolved on victory. A comparatively small band, led on by intrepid officers, still "jeoparded their lives in the high places of the field." *And they were of that band.*

Yes. And as their souls rekindle with these memories, they forget the peril, the suffering, their dying comrades, and their own wounds, and their aged voices in one burst of sound, exclaim, — "We are ready, should our country again need our services, ready to shed the last drop of our blood for her." The venerable La Fayette, standing in the midst of those heroic survivors, regretted the honor did not belong to him of having been one of those who in person fought upon that sacred hill-top. Some circumstances connected with the battle of Bunker Hill, and its effect upon the future fortunes of the country, are thus forcibly depicted by the pen of the Rev. Mr. Ellis. "That action was of primary importance from the influence which it exercised upon our fathers, who unknown to themselves had before them a war of protracted length, partaking largely of reverse and discouragement. They learned this day what they might do, in the confidence that God was on their side, and that their cause was good. That work of a summer's night was worth its price to them. They lacked discipline, artillery, bayonets, powder and ball, food, and the greatest want of all, during that fearful conflict, they lacked the delicious draught of pure,

cool water, for their labor-worn, and heat-exhausted frames. They found that desperation would supply the place of discipline; that the stock of a musket wielded with true nerves, would deal a blow as deadly as the thrust of a bayonet; that a heavy stone would level an assailant, as well as a charge of powder. As for food and water, the hunger they were compelled to bear unrelieved, and they cooled their brows only by the thick, heavy drops which poured before the sun. It was their opening combat, and it decided the spirit and hope of all their subsequent campaigns. They had freed themselves, during the engagement, from all that natural reluctance, which they had heretofore felt, in turning their offensive weapons against the breasts of former friends, yes, even of their kindred. On that eminence, the first bright image of Liberty, of a free native land, kindled the eyes of those who were expiring in their gore, and the image passed between the living and the dying, to seal the covenant, that the hope of the one, or the fate of the other, should unite them, here, or hereafter. Henceforth, from the village homes, and farm-houses around, amid the encouraging exhortations, as well as the tearful prayers of their families, the yeomen took from their chimney-stacks, the familiar, and well proved weapons of a life in the woods, and felt for the first time, what it was to have a country, and resolved for the first time, that they would save their country, or be mourned by her."

The placing of the last stone upon the Bunker

Hill Monument, was on the 23d of July, 1842, and announced to the people by the voice of cannon. On the 17th of June of the following year, the sixty-seventh anniversary of the battle, was another scene of deep national interest. Again, the powerful voice of Webster was heard addressing and electrifying an immense multitude gathered from every part of the Union.

How fraught with change had been these intervening years. The throwing up of earth with the spade, on the same hill, by the fathers, would no longer be counted rebellion. Twenty millions of people now overspread a free and prosperous country, for which they then periled their lives, and which numbers among her countless blessings that of peace with the realm which she was once called to meet in fields of blood.

Some of the veterans of the battles of the revolution, were at the celebration of the completion of the Monument on Bunker Hill, but few in number, and wasted in strength. Yet the patriot flame had not gone out in their bosoms, and their fervent prayers were still for the welfare of their beloved Country.

Break forth, break forth, in raptured song,
And bid it pour thy vales along,
Thou pilgrim-planted land!
From fields where ripening harvests bend,
From marts where thronging thousands tend,
Arouse thy tuneful band.

The breeze that curls thy watery deeps,
The strain that o'er thy mountain sweeps,
 Is fresh with freedom's breath,
Thine annals boast the great and brave
Thy star-clad banner, tells the wave
 Of Liberty or Death.

Rememberest thou those ancient sires,
Who mid the Indian's council fires,
 Explored a trackless clime?
The pillar of their God was bright,
His cloud by day, his flame by night,
 Impelled their course sublime.

Rememberest thou the men who shed
Their blood upon thy bosom red,
 When haughty foes were nigh?
The remnant of that wasted band
Here, mid their buried comrades stand,
 Oh! bless them ere they die.

All hail, proud column, strong and fair,
Which to exulting throngs dost bear
 High record of the past,
And show them on this glorious morn,
The spot where Freedom first was born
 Amid the thunder-blast.

Not like those gloomy mounds that rise
O'er crouching Egypt's sultry skies,

Nor fretted fanes that brave
Old Time, on Rome's imperial soil,
By stern taxation wrung from toil,
The tyrant from the slave ;

But the free gift of hands unchained,
And hearts uncrushed and homes unstained,
Thou through the cloud dost peer,
And warn, like morning's blessed star
The watchful mariner from far,
That all he loves draws near.

Still onward o'er the sea of time
Unfold thy chronicle sublime,
And teach a race unborn
The lesson learned on Bunker's height,
To trust in Heaven, uphold the right,
And base oppression scorn ;

Point to the skies, and bid them read
Of patriot faith, the hallowed creed,
And guard its ritual bright,
And choose the path their fathers trod,
Those friends of liberty and God,
Who rose to realms 'of light.

HOME OF AN EARLY FRIEND.

WRITTEN ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HER BIRTH.

YES, there thou art beneath the hill,
By waving poplars circled still,
Old House! that time hath deigned to spare,
Mid sunny slopes, and gardens fair.
Well might I every chart and line,
Of parlor, hall, and nook define,
For childhood's eye is keen to trace
Each favorite and familiar place ;
The woodbine through the casement peeping,
The pampered cat on cushion sleeping,
The pleasant haunt with books o'erspread,
The antique chairs, the curtained bed,
By housewife's patient needle wrought
 With many an ample flower,
And shepherd lost in lover's thought,
And purling brook with willows fraught,
 And maid in greenwood bower.

Here too, was many a place of cheer,
And pastime with my playmate dear,
And lo! this vernal sun serene
Erst brought her day of birth I ween,
When she was crowned our fairy queen,
And featly led the charmed ring
With childhood's joyous banqueting.

Once, on this morn so sweetly fair,
Yon ancient dome was sad with care,
While hurrying step, and stifled word,
From darkened room were faintly heard,
And missed the household many a day,
Their Lady from her place away.
But when again, she cheered the scene
At hearth and board, with brow serene,
And paler cheek, and saintlier air,
Wrapped in her arms, a babe she bare,
Gentle and pure, as snow-drop frail,
That shrinks to meet the chilling gale,
While often o'er its cradle bowed
The stately father, fond and proud.

Swift fled a happy year, and lo! —
Ere the young spring-flowers 'gan to blow,
That bud of being, opening fair,
Inhaled affection's balmy air,
And wondrous change, like fairy-tale,
Passed o'er that form, so slight and pale.

First, peeping pearls through lips of rose,
Their latent ministry disclose,
Then little feet on nursery floor,
Went tireless patting o'er and o'er,
And dulcet tones, like chirping bird,
The mother's raptured pulses stirred,
And busy fingers clasped the toy,
Or held the doll in durance coy,
Or roused the house-dog, strong and old,
On ample rug supinely rolled,
With brawny back, and curly hair,
Well pleased his master's pet to bear,
While merry laugh and baby wile,
Woke on each brow an answering smile.

More birth-days came, and sweetly mild,
Turned from her sports a thoughtful child,
Intent o'er ancient page to pore,
Or catch the breath of hallowed lore.
Then first at school-desk quaintly set,
The sister of my soul I met,
And budding friendship, fed with dew
Of knowledge, firm and healthful grew.
O'er classic tomes, mid tasks severe,
Mind quickened mind, unspent and clear,
And heart to heart new vigor lent,
As up the arduous steep we bent,
Or with unenvying gladness shared
Laborious study's rich reward,

Some hard-earned prize for toil-spent days,
Or dearer still, our teacher's praise.

With riper years, and school-days spent,
Still were our plans and pleasures blent,
The needle's art and pencil's power
Wrought the same landscape, form, or flower,
O'er the same book our raptures rose,
The same secluded haunt we chose,
By rugged rock, or sounding stream,
We woke the same enthusiast dream,
Through solemn grove, at noon of day,
To secret bower we stole away,
And summer eve, so sadly fair,
Looked through the shades and found us there.
Time told not true his muffled hour
To tuneful brook, or listening flower,
And we, entranced, were heedless quite
To count his sands, or mark his flight.

Yet not alone, o'er cloudless skies
Did Friendship throw her golden dies,
Nor knew I with what full control
Thou hadst dominion o'er my soul,
Companion meek, until thy tear
Fell trickling o'er affection's bier ;
For holy Friendship soars more high
'Neath sorrow's chastening ministry,

And sweetest breathes, when tempests lower
To try the root, or bruise the flower.

I left thee, for a little space,
With tender word, and long embrace,
Thy brow of beauty tinted bright
With health and joy's returning light ;
I came, thy step with gladness fleet,
Sprang not, as erst, mine own to meet,
Thy kiss, thy greeting smile, no more
Received me at the open door,
But where, at twilight's pensive shade,
Mid humid turf we sometimes strayed,
And lingering scanned with reverent tread
The lettered tablets of the dead,
The broken earth, the crumbling mould,
Tales of a recent tenant told,
And in my heart the curdling tide,
The speechless pang, *her name* supplied,
Who thus with cheek so young and fair,
In silence found a pillow there.

Since then, though many a year hath fled,
And many a wreathed hope is dead,
And other friends my heart hath found,
And strongest ties my bosom bound,
Yet when this opening morn of spring,
Again thy time of birth doth bring,

Remembered joys renew their tide,
And thou art seated by my side,
Again thy polished brow to raise,
Through clustering curls, with tender gaze,
Again reveal like sparkling dew,
Thine inmost spirit's stainless hue ;
Nor can I feel, that hadst thou still
My partner been through earthly ill,
Time could have dimmed thy joyous air,
Or flecked with grey thy flowing hair,
Or scattered from his raven wing,
Such change as he to us doth bring.

Thou art not changed, though with the blest,
Save that thou wearest an angel's vest,
Save that thou breathest a glorious strain,
Which hath nor dissonance, nor pain ;
Save that thou dwellest where winter hoar,
And day and night revolve no more.
Thou art not changed, thy head is bowed,
To cheer me from yon fleecy cloud.
Wait ! Wait ! for if I truly tread
The path thy sainted footsteps led,
I ne'er will think a love like ours
Can fade like earth's forgotten flowers ;
It had a root in faith sublime,
Its perfect fruit shall mock at time.

The subject of the foregoing lines, Ann Maria Hyde, was a native of Norwich, Conn., and born on the first spring-morning of 1792. She was reared with the most ardent parental solicitude, which was repaid with warm affection, and the early development of uncommon powers of mind.

She derived instruction from books, at an age when many children are employed with the simplest modifications of the alphabet. Sport and pastime with her playmates she enjoyed, but for her highest pleasures stole quietly away to her little library. The historical parts of Scripture she read with great delight, and when her tiny hands were unable to sustain the weight of a large Bible, and her infantine form rendered it unsafe for her to sit by it at a table without the care of others, she would spend hours and even days, stretched on the carpet studying its pages, sometimes suddenly raising her little bright face, to read aloud such passages as peculiarly arrested her attention, or affected her heart.

When old enough to attend school, her eager desire for knowledge, and scrupulous regard to all the wishes of her instructors, distinguished her among her companions, as well as the accuracy of her recitations, and the classic beauty of her written thoughts. So close was her application, and so precocious her intellect, that at twelve, she was pronounced well grounded in the solid branches of a good education. Her taste led her to philosophical and historical studies, which

she continued to pursue, as opportunity was granted her, throughout the remainder of life.

At the age of fourteen, she left school, and became the companion of her parents. Her time was happily divided between a cheerful participation with her mother, in those cares which promote domestic comfort, an earnest interest in such books as pleased her father, and that enjoyment of those beauties of nature, for which the romantic scenery of her native place furnished continual aliment. The virtues of a friend, as well as a daughter, were even at this early period of life strongly developed, and beautiful.

The poetic temperament was discerned almost in infancy, by her shrinking delicacy of feeling, and favorite themes of contemplation. This, like her other departments of intellect, was marked by precocity. An effusion of hers, written at the age of nine years, on a beautiful infant, was placed by a relative, without her knowledge, in the pages of a periodical. When she saw it there, she burst into tears, and was long deeply distressed. Her poems were not numerous, and frequently unfinished, but harmonious in their numbers, and in their subjects such as the affections dictated.

Her early youth passed without a cloud. Its first shadow was deep sympathy in the sorrows of an only sister, many years older than herself, the sudden death of whose husband, caused an entire reverse of fortune. From this participation in affliction, sprang forth a

noble principle, a desire to assist by her own personal exertions, in the education of the two fatherless children. She obtained the consent of her parents to engage in the work of instruction, and with an energy that astonished the friends who knew the shrinking diffidence of her nature, and the indulgences of affluence in which she had been fostered, decided to become the member of a school, in a distant city, in order to acquire some accomplishments which were at that time deemed essential for a teacher of young ladies.

She, whose love of her own pleasant sheltering home was almost a morbid sentiment, braved privation and inconvenience, for several months, among strangers, without a murmur. There she might be seen, in the coldest mornings of winter, taking her long walk to school, attending throughout the day, with a perseverance that allowed no moment to be lost, to those pursuits which were to qualify her for a sphere of future labor. In the evening, by the parlor fire of her boarding-house, or in her own little chamber, she wrought with her drawing-pencil, or her embroidery-needle, or completed long letters to the beloved parents and mourning relatives over whom her heart yearned.

On her return to her native place, she faithfully and successfully engaged in the education of young ladies, in company with an associate, whom from her own school-days she had loved. For whatever was

irksome in this employment, she strengthened herself with an invincible patience, and was surprised at the degree of happiness that it imparted; while the consciousness of being useful to others, gave at times an almost celestial expression to her lovely countenance.

At this period of her life she evinced how eminently her nature was formed for friendship. The troubles of her friends she made her own; their praises seemed more than her own, for she took them into her heart with warm gratulation, while those addressed to herself, she scrutinized with a severe humility, which half rejected them as unjust. Constitutional diffidence protected her from forming promiscuous intimacies, while her exquisite sensibility, high integrity, and disinterested spirit, gave to the attachments she eventually formed an inviolable constancy.

It was during this happy season of her life, that she wrote the following, probably her most finished poem.

EPITAPH ON MYSELF.

Stranger! beneath this stone, in silence sleeps
What once had animation, reason, life;
And while in vain the eye of friendship weeps,
The bosom rests, unvexed by mortal strife.

No more the smiles of joy illumine the face,
Nor health's fair roses on the cheek shall bloom,
Forever fled the gaiety and grace
Of sprightly youth; they gleam not o'er the tomb.

Oh stranger, pause! So shall thy graces die,
Thy talents, birth, and fortune all decay;
Thus, low in dust, thy lifeless form shall lie,
And power, and wealth, and honor pass away.

Love not too well the empty breath of fame,
Nor wrap thy heart in hoards of glittering store;
Death spares not for the tinkling of a name,
He points his shaft, and greatness is no more.

No arms escutcheoned on the lowly stone
Reveal the titled greatness of the dead,
To proud ambition, and to fame unknown,
Was she who slumbers in this mouldering bed.

No weeping Muses consecrate the ground,
No pensive bards, in tuneful requiem sigh,
Nor genius here, breathed inspiration round,
The hallowed spot where these cold relics lie.

Heaven has to few the envied gift assigned
Of Wit's enchanting, but deceptive light,
Nor gleamed its magic o'er her humble mind,
Who slumbers here in deep oblivion's night.

What though no gathering crowds assembled round
Her final home, or graced the funeral bier,
Believe not, that this undistinguished ground
Was never moistened by affection's tear.

For who so vile, so unbeloved can live,
So unlamented to the grave descend,
That sympathy no tribute has to give,
Nor sad remembrance moves one mournful friend.

Reader! if firm resolve inspired thy soul,
No more from Virtue's sacred bound to stray,
Yet fierce temptation, with its strong control,
Again impelled to error's devious way ;

If thou didst mourn in vain, for follies past,
Then weakly yield to vanity again,
Find every boasted motive fail at last,
And imperfections all thine actions stain ;

Oh ! pause, and contemplate a kindred mind,
And then implore of Heaven, assisting might,
That thou may'st Wisdom's narrow boundary find,
And sovereign mercy guide thy steps aright.

Mourn not for her, whose unreluctant heart
'Neath this green turf hath found a refuge lone,
Nor at the truthful admonition start,
That tells such bed shall shortly be thine own.

Farewell! To Wisdom consecrate thy days, —
But ye, who strive with eager hands to gain
Earth's glittering store and mortal's fitful praise,
Approach, and on my tombstone read, *they're vain.*

Though her attachment to her parents, relatives, and chosen friends, was so great, that she emphatically lived for them, more than for herself, it had been evident from infancy, that the love of her father was peculiar and predominant. In their intellectual tastes there existed a strong congeniality ; he had made him-

self from childhood the partaker of her pleasures, and the companion of her studies. She had been to him almost an object of idolatry, and when the weight of advancing years called on her to minister to his daily comfort, her affection became inexpressibly tender and pervading. It was a touching mixture of deep respect, and fond devotedness, a delight in being near him ; a desire to protect him from all anxiety, an indwelling of his image in her perpetual thought. To the friend who shared her entire confidence, she sometimes expressed the feeling that she should never be able to survive him.

But sudden and alarming sickness made him its victim. Night and day she watched him, without consciousness of fatigue ; she was unwilling that any hand save her own should prepare or administer either medicine, or nourishment. When the work of the Destroyer was complete, she wished to be constantly near the beloved clay, but it was observed that she shed no tear. "How beautiful are those features," she often murmured, but no drop from her straining eyes fell upon them. The knell at which she was wont to weep, when it tolled even for strangers, the great concourse mournfully assembling to do honor to the deceased, the pathetic prayers from lips that she revered, the sullen grave closing upon the cherished form, drew no tear. Friends watched her with intense anxiety, strangers were astonished at her composure.

She returned from the funeral solemnities, and sat

down silently by the deserted hearth-stone, in the very chair of the departed father. But still she wept not. The whole night and the following day passed in the same unmitigated anguish ; nor was it until induced to pour out her whole soul into the bosom of an early friend, that she shared the blessed relief of tears.

Still the shadow of grief was slow in lifting itself from her spirit. Indeed, it is doubtful whether its effects ever wholly passed away. For though she returned to life's duties, there was about her that utter chastisement of earthly hope, that sublimation of the soul, whether in sorrow, or in joy, which ever looks upward for its perfect rest. With the most earnest assiduity she strove to console her widowed mother, and for her sake preserved cheerfulness of deportment, and again took the smile upon those beautiful lips, but it was not like *her smile*. It was that of a pensive spirit, ripened for a purer clime, having its treasures already garnered up there.

She still labored for the improvement of the pupils, whose education she continued to conduct, veiled her sorrows lest they should darken the pathway of her remaining parent, strove to be a comforter to her widowed sister, and to advance the welfare of her fatherless children. The perusal of sacred poetry formed the principal solace of the few intervals of leisure in which she allowed herself, but its composition was laid aside after the departure of the beloved one who had been the prompting spirit.

Somewhat more than two years after his death, she was taken ill of a fever. Its first attack seemed slight, but her discriminating mind apprehended the result, and arranged even the minutest circumstance as one who returns no more. "I have no longer any wish for life," she said, "but for my dear mother's sake."

As the disease developed its fatal features, she faintly whispered, "Lay me by the side of my father." Apprehending that the delirium so generally incidental to that disease might overpower her, she drew her sister down to her pillow, and slowly articulated, "I have many things to say to you. Let me say some of them now, or perhaps I may not be able. You know how much I have loved you. Seek an interest in our Saviour. Promise me that you will prepare to follow me. For Oh! I never before felt so happy. Soon shall I be in that world

"Where rising floods of knowledge roll,
And *pour*, and *pour* upon the soul."

And so with many other kind and sweet words, and messages to the absent and beloved, and communings with the Hearer of Prayer, passed away at the age of twenty-four, as lovely a spirit as ever wore the vestments of mortality; so lovely, that the friend who from life's opening pilgrimage had walked with her in the intimacy of a twin-being, is able to remember no intentional fault, no wayward deviation from duty, and no shadow of blemish, save what must ever appertain to dimmed and fallen humanity.

THE STOCKBRIDGE BOWL.

THE Stockbridge Bowl! — Hast ever seen
How sweetly pure and bright
Its foot of stone, and rim of green,
Attract the traveller's sight?
High set among the breezy hills
Where spotless marble glows,
It takes the tribute of the rills
Distilled from mountain snows.

You've seen, perchance, the classic vase
At Adrian's villa found,
The grape-vines, that its handles chase,
And twine its rim around,
But thousands such as that which boasts
The Roman's name to keep,
Might in this Stockbridge bowl be lost
Like pebbles in the deep.

It yields no sparkling draught of fire
To mock the maddened brain,
Like that which warmed Anacreon's lyre
Amid the Tean plain;

But freely, with a right good-will,
Imparts its fountain store,
Whose heaven replenished crystal still
Can wearied toil restore.

The Indian hunter knew its power,
And oft its praises spoke,
Long ere the white-man's stranger plough
These western vallies broke ;
The panting deer, that wild with pain,
From his pursuers stole,
Inhaled new life to every vein
From this same Stockbridge bowl.

And many a son of Berkshire skies,
Those men of noble birth,
Though now, perchance, their roofs may rise
In far, or foreign earth, —
Shall on this well-remembered vase
With thrilling bosom gaze,
And o'er its mirrored surface trace
The joys of earlier days.

But one, who with a spirit-glance
Hath moved her country's heart,
And bade, from dim oblivion's trance
Poor Magawiska start,
Hath won a fame, whose blossom rare
Shall fear no blighting sky,
Whose lustrous leaf grow fresh and fair,
Though Stockbridge bowl be dry.

In the northern part of Stockbridge, Berkshire County, is a beautiful expanse of water, usually called the "Great Pond," which in many countries would be dignified with the appellation of a lake. Its original Indian name of "Quit-chu-scook," is scarcely melodious enough for its singular loveliness. Miss Sedgwick, whose birth is counted among the glories of that region, says, "the English equivalent to this aboriginal word, '*The Bowl*,' is short, simple, and perfectly descriptive. No bowl was ever more beautifully formed, or set, nor ever, even in old Homer's genial verse, sparkled more invitingly."

The County of Berkshire, with its wild and bold scenery, seems to have impressed its image strongly on the affections of those who have emigrated from its bosom. Not a few of that large number have acquired distinction in their distant abodes, yet still look back with that fond remembrance to their mountain-home, the first nurse of their infancy, which reflects honor both on the mother, and the children.

In the summer of 1844, the pleasing and novel suggestion was made, of re-assembling as far as possible the scattered sons of the county, to hold a season of rejoicing among the green hills of their nativity. Pittsfield, from its central position, and other advantages, was selected as the place of the proposed re-union. The invitation that was sent forth is a model of cordial and patriotic sentiment.

"In every point of view," it remarks, "we feel that

such a meeting would be highly interesting. The sons of Massachusetts have reason to revere and love their native soil. She is the mother and nurse of a mighty people. In the very cradle her sons had to fight the battles, and use the wisdom of mature manhood. And while the descendants of those who landed on her rocky coast have gone abroad, and amount to nearly five millions of souls, she holds on her way, with her soil trodden by the free, and the air of her mountains still breathed by a noble race of men. Her hills, her valleys, and her limpid streams remain as they were, save that the former are greatly beautified by the hand of man, and the latter pressed into his service and made the source of increasing wealth. Her enterprise too has opened a path through her mountains of rock, and the iron horse with ease climbs up and goes down what once seemed almost impassable barriers of nature.

“But that which is the pride of Massachusetts, is her sons and daughters; they constitute her glory, whether they remain here, beautifying the old homestead, or whether they go out to expend their indomitable energies under warmer skies and on richer plains. Among these, Berkshire has furnished her full share, — offspring who would honor any parent. These we should rejoice to see gathered at the hearth of their mothers, to hold a day of congratulations and of sweet recollections. We love these sons and daughters none the less because they have gone from us, and we

wish to have the home of their childhood live green in their memory. The chain which binds them to us is more than golden, and we would have its links grow stronger and brighter."

The response to this call was warm and earnest. The appointed time in August witnessed throngs of arrivals in Pittsfield. There, hospitality was the opening both of house and heart. Every possible arrangement for comfort and accommodation had been made; seats placed on a beautiful hill, and a noble banquet spread under cover of a tent for three thousand guests. Music and eloquence, song, genius, and beauty, lent their attractions to the two summer days thus spent together.

The weather, on which the comfort of a popular assemblage, where there is a large admixture of ladies, eminently depends, was generally propitious. But one morning, when an audience of nearly six thousand had gone in procession to their hill of Jubilee, and were listening with enchained attention to an accomplished speaker, a heavy rain suddenly fell. This was attended by a most singular rushing sound, the simultaneous expansion of thousands of umbrellas, under whose protection such as could be accommodated repaired to the church, where the exercises were continued.

In excursions to different points of interest, the ancient and magnificent Pittsfield Elm was not forgotten. Around its venerable head, multitudes of

birds were observed to be congregating and circling on joyous wing, as if holding an imitative jubilee of their own.

The result of this gathering, in which pecuniary gain, or political ambition had no part, did not disappoint the hopes of its projectors. May it serve as a precedent for other parts of our country, and may the rekindling of that fraternal feeling, and love for the spot of nativity, which beat strongest in the best hearts, quicken the fountain of true patriotism, and charity for the whole family of mankind.

They come! they come! by ardent memory led,
From distant hearth-stones, a rejoicing train,
And hand in hand, with kindred feeling, tread
Green Berkshire's vales, and breezy hills again,

Back to the cradle of their own sweet birth,
Back to the foot-prints of their early prime,
Where in the nursery of their native earth
They caught the spirit of their mountain clime;

The free, bold spirit, that no change can bind,
The earnest purpose that no toil can tame,
The calm, inherent dignity of mind,
The love of knowledge, and of patriot fame.

They bring the statesman's and the student's dower,
The honors that to rural life belong,

Of sacred Eloquence, the soul-felt power,
The palm of Science, and the wreath of Song.

And thou, blest Mother! with unfrosted hair,
Still made by age more beautiful and strong,
Pour a glad welcome, at thy threshold fair,
And breathe thy blessing o'er the filial throng.

Enfold them warmly in thy fond embrace,
And with thy counsels of true wisdom guide,
That, like themselves, their yet uncounted race
May be thy glory, as thou art her pride!

VALE OF WYOMING.

THERE'S many a beauteous region of the earth,
Doth take its baptism from Castalia's fount,
And henceforth, to the ears of men, become
A charmed name. But in this new-found West
There hath been little pomp, or ornament
Bestow'd to herald Nature, where she works
With glorious skill.

And so, the traveller goes
To muse at Thessaly, or strike his lyre
Beside Geneva's lake, or raptured mount
Benlomond's cliff, pouring o'er other climes
The enthusiasm which his own might well inspire.
Yet go not forth, Son of the patriot West,
To give the ardor of thine earliest love
Unto an older world, till thou hast seen
June's cloudless sun o'er Wyoming go down,
And from her palace-gate, the queenly moon
Come slowly forth, wrapped in her silver veil,
So calm, so still, not as at Ajalon
To light the vengeance of the warrior's arm,
But lost in admiration of a scene

She helps to beautify. Yea, go not forth,
Till from the brow of yonder mountain height
Through interlacing branches, rich with bloom,
The tulip, or magnolia, thou dost part
The canopy of close-enwreathed vines,
And through a mass of foliage, looking down
On copse, and cultured field, and village spire,
Behold the Susquehannah, like a bride,
Glide on in beauty, to her nuptial hour.
Here, too, are gloomy haunts, where roam the bear,
Or the insatiate wolf, and sunny glades,
Where with light foot the red deer leads her fawn,
And quiet, shaded brooklets, where leap up
The speckled trout.

Yet still, deceitful Vale,
So lulled, and saturate in deep content
With thine exceeding beauty, thou dost hide
A blotted history, of tears and blood,
A dire, Vesuvian, lava-written scroll,
Which the confiding lover at thy feet
But little wots of. Thy romantic groves,
And fairy islets, have sent up the cry
Of wounded men, and o'er the embroidered bank
Where violets grow, the carnage-tint hath lain
Deep as a plague-spot.

Ask yon monument,
That o'er the velvet verdure lifts so high
Its lettered chronicle, who sleeps below?
And why, so many lustrums, tearful Spring

Did weep, like Rizpah, o'er the slaughtered brave,
 Unnamed, unhonored ere its pillared breast
 Arose to take the record of their names,
 And of their valor, teach a race unborn.

The memories of red war, how thick they spring
 Among these flowers. Here in fierce strife have stood
 Indian and white man, aye! and they whose faith
 Was in the same Redeemer, through whose breasts
 Flowed the same kindred blood-drop, casting off
 The name of brother, in their cradle learned,
 Have madly met, I may not tell you how.
 History hath stained her pencil and her page
 With these dark deeds, and ye may read them there.

Yet would I tell one tale of Wyoming,
 Before we part. There was a pleasant home,
 In times long past. A little, crystal brook,
 Where water-cresses grew, went singing by,
 While the ripe apples, gleaming thro' the boughs,
 And in its humble garden, many a bush
 Of scarlet berries, sprinkled here and there
 With fragrant herbs, sage and the bee-loved thyme,
 Betokened thrift and comfort.

Once, as closed
 The autumn-day, the mother, by her side
 Held her young children, with her storied lore,
 Fast by her chair, a bold and bright-eyed boy,
 Stood, statue-like, while closer, at her feet,

Were his two gentle sisters. One, a girl
Of some eight summers, youngest and most loved
For her prolonged and feeble infancy.
She leaned upon her mother's lap, and looked
Into her face, with an intense regard,
And that quick, intermitting sob that tells
How the soul's listening may impede the flow
Of respiration. Pale she was, and fair,
And so exceeding fragile, that the name
Given by her stronger playmates, at their sports,
Of "Lily of the Vale," seemed well bestowed.
The mother told them of her native clime,
Her own, beloved New England, of the school,
Where many children o'er their lessons bent,
Each mindful of the rules, to read, or spell,
Or ply the needle, at the appointed hour,
And how they serious sate, with folded hands,
When the good mistress through her spectacles
Read from the Bible.

Of the church she spake,
With slender spire, o'er-canopied by elms,
And how the sweet bell on the sabbath-morn,
Did call from every home, the people forth,
All neatly clad, and with a reverent air,
Children, by parents led, to worship God.
Absorbed in such recital, ever mixed
By that maternal lip, with precepts pure,
Of love to God and man, they scarcely marked
A darkening shadow, o'er the casement steal,

Until the savage footstep, and the flash
Of tomahawks, appalled them.

Swift as thought

They fled, thro' briars and brambles fiercely tracked
By grim pursuers. 'The mother taxed
With the loved burden of her youngest-born,
Moved slowest, and they cleft her fiercely down :
Yet with that impulse, which doth sometimes move
The sternest purpose of the red man's breast,
To a capricious mercy, spared the child.
Her little, struggling limbs, her pallid face
Averted from the captors, her shrill cry
Coming in fitful echoes from afar,
Deepened the mother's death pang.

Eve drew on,

And from his toil the husband, and the sire,
Turned wearied home. With wondering thought he
marked
No little feet come forth to welcome him ;
And through the silence, listened for her voice,
His Lily of the Vale, who first of all
Was wont to espy him.

'Through the house he rushed,
Empty and desolate, and down the wild.
There lay his dearest, weltering in her blood
Upon the trampled grass. In vain he bore
The form of marble to its couch, and strove
Once more to vivify that spark of life
Which ruthless rage had quenched.

On that dread hour

Of utter desolation, broke a cry
“ Oh father ! father ! ” and around his neck
Two weeping children twined their trembling arms,
His elder-born, who in the thicket's depths
Scaped the destroyer's eye.

When bitter grief
Withdrew its palzying power, the tireless zeal
Of that dismembered household, sought the child
Reft from their arms, and oft, with shuddering
thought,
Revolved the hardships, that must mark her lot,
If life was hers. And when the father lay
In his last, mortal sickness, he enjoined
His children, never to remit their search
For his lost Lily. Faithful to the charge,
They strove, but still in vain.

Years held their way,
The boy became a man, and o'er his brow
Stole the white, sprinkled hairs. Around his hearth
Were children's children, and one pensive friend,
His melancholy sister, night and day,
Mourning the lost. At length a rumor came,
Of a white woman, found in Indian tents,
Far, far away. A father's dying words
Came o'er the husbandman, and up he rose,
And took his sad-eyed sister by the hand,
Blessing his household, as he bade farewell
For their uncertain pilgrimage.

They prest

O'er cloud-capped mounts, through forests, dense
with shade,
O'er bridgeless rivers, swoln to torrents hoarse,
O'er prairies like the never-ending sea,
Following the chart that had been dimly traced
By stranger-guide.

At length they reached a lodge,
Deep in the wilderness, beside whose door
A wrinkled woman, with the Saxon brow
Sate, coarsely mantled in her blanket-robe,
The Indian pipe between her shrivelled lips.
Yet, in her blue eye dwelt a gleam of thought,
A hidden memory, whose electric force
Thrilled to the fount of being, and revealed
The kindred drops, that had so long wrought out
A separate channel.

With affection's haste
The sister clasped her neck, "Oh lost and found!
Lily! dear sister! praise to God above!"
Then, in wild sobs, her trembling voice was lost.
The brother drew her to his side, and bent
A long and tender gaze, into the depths
Of her clear eye. That glance unsealed the scroll
Of many years. Yet no responding tear
Moistened her cheek, nor did she stretch her arms
To answer their embrace.

"O Lily! love!

For whom this heart so many years hath kept
Its dearest place," the sister's voice resumed,

“Hast thou forgot the home, the grassy bank
Where we have played? the blessed mother’s words,
Bidding us love each other? and the prayer,
With which our father at the evening hour
Commended us to God?”

Slowly she spake, —

“I do remember, dimly as a dream,
A brook, a garden, and two children fair,
A loving mother, with a bird-like voice,
Teaching us goodness; then, a trace of blood,
A groan of death, a lonely captive’s pain; —
But all are past away.

Here is my home,
These are my daughters.

If ye ask for him,
The eagle-eyed, and lion-hearted chief,
My fearless husband, who the battle led,
There is his grave.”

“Go back, and dwell with us,
Back to thy people, to thy father’s God,”
The brother said. “I have a happy home,
A loving wife and children. Thou shalt be
Welcome to all. And these thy daughters too,
The dark-eyed, and the raven-haired shall be
Unto me, as mine own. My heart doth yearn
O’er thee, our hapless mother’s dearest one,
Let my sweet home be thine.”

A trembling nerve
Thrilled all unwonted, at her bosom’s core,

And her lip blanched. But her two daughters gazed
 All fixedly upon her, to their cheek
 Rushing the proud Miami chieftain's blood,
 In haughty silence. So, she wept no tears,
 The moveless spirit of the race she loved
 Had come upon her, and her features showed
 Slight touch of sympathy.

“ Upon my head
 Rest sixty winters. Scarcely eight were past
 Among the pale-faced people. Hate they not
 The red man in their heart? Smooth christian words
 They speak, but from their touch, we fade away,
 As from the poisonous snake.

Have I not said
 Here is my home? and yonder is the bed
 Of the Miami Chief? Two sons who bore
 His brow, rest on his pillow.

Shall I turn
 My back upon my dead, and bear the curse
 Of the Great Spirit?”

Through their feathery plumes
 Her dark-eyed daughters, mute approval gave
 To these stern words.

Yet still, with faithful zeal,
 The brother, and the sister waited long,
 In patient hope. If on her brow they traced
 Aught like relenting, fondly they implored
 “ Oh sister! go with us!” and every tale
 That poured o'er childhood's days a flood of light,

Had the same whispered burden.

Oft they walked

Beside her, when the twilight's tender hour,
 Or the young moonlight blendeth kindred hearts,
 So perfectly together. But in vain,
 For with the stony eye of prejudice
 Which gathereth coldness from an angel's smile,
 She looked upon their love.

And so they left

Their pagan sister in her Indian home,
 And to their native vale of Wyoming,
 Turned mournful back. There, often steeped in tears
 At morn or evening, rose the tearful prayer
 That God would keep alive within her soul
 The seed their Maker sowed, and by his grace
 So water it, that they might meet in Heaven.

The pleasure of travelling in the State of Pennsylvania, and noticing the abundance of its resources, is heightened by referring to the memory of its benevolent founder, the Man of peace. The scene under the broad shadow of the Elm at Kensington, often rises to view, when, in the autumn of 1682, he executed that treaty with the natives, which has been happily styled, the "only one ever formed without an oath, and the only one that was never broken."

There, with a few followers, unarmed save with the fearlessness of honesty, he met the fierce chieftains, "sudden and quick in quarrel," the tomahawk inured

to blood in their belts, and in their quivers the arrow that never missed its aim. Trained to suspicion, by the oft-repeated treachery of the whites, their rigid and care-worn features strangely softened, as they observed the beaming countenance, and simple manners of William Penn; while with a kind of instinct often possessed by the children of the forest, they murmured to each other, "*He is a true man.*"

When he freely gave them the price they demanded for their territory, adding beside, many articles of merchandise which he begged them to accept as gifts, and put into their hands a parchment-deed of the purchase, requesting them to keep it for their posterity, their iron hearts were melted before the spirit of truth and peace, and the impulsive, and impassioned shout burst forth, "We will love Miquon,* and his children, as long as the sun and moon give their light."

Our first view of the Susquehannah convinced us that it deserved the praise so often given it, of being one of the most beautiful rivers, that ever indented earth's surface. The green banks, and fairy islets around which it circles and lingers, seem to embrace, and strive to detain it, with an earnest love. A bridge over its clear waters, among the pleasant scenery of Owega, is the dividing line between the States of New York and Pennsylvania; and after crossing it, we traversed an exceedingly hilly country, clothed with primeval forests.

* The name given by the aborigines, to their friend, William Penn.

Among some of the most prominent peculiarities of the German population which here prevails, are immense stone-barns, several stories in height, and costly beyond what would seem appropriate for an agricultural establishment. This species of architecture was rendered the more remarkable, by contrasting it with some of the small, incommodious farm-houses, where the young children basking neglected in the sun, around the doors, or enclosures, and the large horses with their sleek, shining coats, proudly moving in ponderous wagons, proved that purely animal nature absorbed its full quota of attention from the master and father.

Travelling for part of a day in one of the public conveyances, it was striking and even affecting to see the diversity of character and fortune, which the circumference of a few feet comprehended. In the group nearest our own, were a newly-married pair, who being all the world to each other, sought to elude the observation of that world, as well as any claim it might chance to institute upon their time or attention. Then there was a poor, young creature of seventeen, unattended by protector or friend, with her son, scarcely a month old, going from the humble home of her parents, to her husband, a collier, in the mining districts, and thankful for the least advice or assistance in quieting her wailing babe. Then there was a lady, in a fixed consumption, its fatal flush upon her cheek, and unearthly brightness in her eye, moved by the

restlessness of that wasting disease, to travel without other aim or object, than present alleviation, or possibly an illusive; shadowy hope, of future gain. Beside herself, and the nurse, were two sweet little daughters, of six and eight, her only treasures, companions in all her wanderings; while she, apparently aware of her perilous condition, exchanged with those objects of her affection fond and mournful looks, like one journeying to that "bourne from whence no traveller returns."

After our party were again by ourselves, in our own vehicle, curiosity induced us, during the fervor of a summer-noon, to enter a log-house, and inspect its capacities, and the habitudes of its inmates. It was one of the larger order, and comprised two stories of moderate height. As there was no public house, in its immediate vicinity, the family were ambitious of providing us entertainment, and set forth from their own resources a decent dinner, with a dessert of freshly gathered berries from the neighboring field. Afterwards, they furnished conveniences for a siesta, to such as desired it, and produced for the readers, newspapers in German and English, with a few antique volumes. We discovered that in these unpretending tenements, there might exist more of comfort and even of refinement, than their rude aspect announces to the passing traveller.

At Montrose, and Centreville, we found good accommodations, and at the latter place were told the story of a calamity, which in the summer of 1833,

came upon them as suddenly as the shower of flaming cinders that enveloped Pompeii. At nine in the evening, while many of the villagers were in the act of retiring to rest, a whirlwind passed over them, and in the short space of two minutes, laid the greater number of their dwellings in ruins. A church, and a bridge of solid timber, were rent in fragments, and dispersed as swiftly, as those of slighter material and foundation. The storm fortunately moved in a narrow vein, but whatever stood in its pathway, was displaced, or destroyed. Yet amid all this unexpected desolation, the uprooting of trees, and the atmosphere filled with flying missiles, the Hand of mercy so protected the inhabitants, that no lives were lost.

At Carbondale is a specimen of the celebrated and inexhaustible coal-mines of Pennsylvania. A shaft of two thousand feet in extent, carried into the side of a mountain, we explored, riding on the car of the miners, and lighted only by the flickering lamps, which they bore in their hands. The walls of anthracite rose on either side, and o'er-canopied our heads, like an arch of polished ebony, while occasionally the sound of trickling waters oozing out amid utter darkness, reminded us of the regions of Erebus. Hundreds of tons daily, are the product of these mines, which are borne by the power of steam up a steep hill of six hundred feet, for the purposes of transportation. A community of miners from Ireland and Wales, exist here in distinct settlements, each preserving their national habits and

characteristics, and not always inclined to a pacific intercourse. The Cambrian women, with tall white caps, and ruddy faces, were occupied in household duties, and the care of their children, while one or two pastors faithfully labored for the instruction of their emigrant flock.

After witnessing the junction of the Susquehannah, with the soft-flowing, and sweet-named Lackawanna, we entered the valley of Wyoming, so long and justly famed for its fascinating beauty. From Prospect Rock, from Ross Hill, and other points of view, every variety of surface was visible, from the deep-shaded slumbering dell, to the sunny hill, cultivated to its very summit; and every intermediate hue, from the pure white of the buck-wheat, to the rich blue of the blossoming flax-field, the dark green of the forest, brightened now and then by the glancing antlers of the deer, the empurpled drapery of the mountains, and the irized ebony of the anthracite, the diamond of that remarkable region. Often was some melodious passage from the Gertrude of Campbell brought to the memory or the lips, by scenery, which had he ever beheld, he might doubtless more accurately have portrayed.

“ Nor wanted yet the eye for scope to muse,
Nor vistas opened by the wandering stream ;
Both where at evening Alleghany views
Through ridges burning in her western beam,
Lake after lake, interminably gleam :
And past those settlers' haunts, the eye might roam

Where earth's unliving silence all might seem,
Save where on rocks the beaver built his dome,
Or buffalo remote, loved far from human home."

Wilkesbarre, which should have adopted the classic name of Wyoming, is embosomed in that enchanted vale, and laved by the blue waters of the Susquehannah. A great proportion of its inhabitants are of Connecticut origin, and it displays thrift and industry, as well as a rich dowry of nature's charms. It exhibits an agreeable state of society, and admits visitants to an intercourse both heartfelt and hospitable. Among many cherished obligations to the friends, under whose auspices this journey was made, is an introduction to this pleasant spot and kind-hearted people.

No one, gazing on the quietness of the surrounding vale, where it might seem that peace would ever delight to have folded her wing, can remember without emotion, its history of tears and blood, or realize that its smiling surface conceals a catacomb of bones.

The most sudden and surprising changes marked its early existence. The settler who wielded at morn the sickle that was to give his children bread, grasped at noon the weapon of the soldier, and ere night-fall moistened with the life-tide from his bosom, the clods of the valley. Civil war unveiled its revolting features. Neighbor stood against neighbor, and friend against friend. The nurtured at one breast, met with the frown of deadly foes, and heads that had lain side by side in the same cradle, were cleft by kindred hands.

Still, unawed by terror or tempest, the Moravian missionaries lifted the white flag of the Gospel's peace, and Zinzendorff labored to teach the ignorant natives of the forest the love of a Redeemer.

The bitter strife between the New-England settlers and the Pennsylvanians, between the loyalists and the sons of liberty, in our war of revolution, and the fearful massacre, which made the few survivors of the valley fugitives, are too well known, and too painful, to be here recapitulated. Yet, whatever prompted the call to arms, whether the defence of home or country, or the blind ardor of a mistaken cause, the men of Wyoming were always the bravest of the brave.

Utter desolation and desertion came upon the Valley, after the battle of 1778. Its defenders had fallen, and the bereaved families took their flight, to whatever place of refuge might be open to them. Some even travelled on foot to Connecticut, and implored shelter in the clime of their ancestors.

After the restoration of peace, the fugitives gathered themselves together, and returned to their beloved and desolated Wyoming. Their first sacred duty was to search for, and deposit the mutilated remains of their relatives and friends, beneath the soil that they had so nobly defended. But the lapse of years had silently reduced those green mounds to the level of the surrounding verdure, until nothing remained to designate the exact spot of interment, save general locality, and the tenacity of tradition. When prosperity once

more revisited the Valley, Memory turned with an increase of grateful love, to those who had perished in its defence. Their decaying bones were collected, and a monument projected, which should transmit the story of their valor to future times. But its progress was arrested by various causes and forms of financial embarrassment, until the ladies of the Valley, by their energetic efforts, won for themselves the honor of its completion.

It is erected on the precise spot where the ashes of the fallen brave repose, five miles from the village of Wilkesbarre, and on the opposite bank of the Susquehannah. Its material is granite drawn from the neighboring mountains. Simplicity and symmetry are its constituents. It is an obelisk of sixty feet in height, on a base eighteen feet in diameter, having four marble tablets inserted, and bearing on the one in front the following inscription.

Near this spot was fought
On the afternoon of the 3d of July, 1778,
The Battle of Wyoming :
In which a small band of patriotic Americans,
Chiefly the undisciplined, the youthful and the aged,
Spared by inefficiency from the distant ranks of the Republic,
Led by Col. Zebulon Butler and Col. Nathan Denison,
With a courage that deserved success,
Fearlessly met, and bravely fought
A combined British, Tory and Indian force
Of thrice their number :

Numerical superiority alone gave victory to the Invaders,
 And wide-spread havoc, desolation and ruin
 Marked their savage and bloody footsteps through the valley.

This Monument,
 Commemorative of these events,
 And in memory of the actors in them,
 Has been erected
 Over the bones of the slain,
 By their descendants and others, who gratefully appreciate
 The service and sacrifices of Patriot Ancestors.

On the two side tablets are inscribed the names of those who fell in this battle, the officers arranged according to their rank, and the soldiers in alphabetical order, with the expressive motto,

“Dulce et decoram est pro Patriæ mori.”

The remaining tablet above the door is for the names of the few who were in the battle, and survived. This monument forms a prominent object in the surrounding scene, raising its fair head amid the green foliage of summer, the many-hued leaves of autumn, or the snow-clad boughs of winter, and yielding both from base and summit an extended view of vale, village, river, and mountain.

To find the connecting links between beautiful nature, and the higher endowments of the human

mind, is always delightful. Thus we were led to search out here, with no common interest, the birth-place of the late Rev. Edmund D. Griffin, one of the most accomplished clergymen of his times, who was early called from a world which his intellect and piety would have benefitted, to that where faith receives its blessed reward. A bright and peculiar association is connected with his first visit to this his native valley, when a boy of twelve, which cannot be so well related as in the language of his biographer, the Rev. Dr. McVickar.

“On Sunday an incident occurred, which will long be remembered with interest by those who were present. It happened that the solitary pastor of the Valley was that day absent on some neighboring mission. The church consequently was not opened, but the congregation assembling in the large room of the academy, prayers were offered up by some of the elders. After this, a discourse was to be read. A volume of sermons with that view was handed to the father of Edmund, either out of compliment to his standing, or as being more conversant with public speaking than any present. The father, not being very well, transferred the book to his son; his modesty for a moment shrunk from it, but the slightest wish of his father was ever a paramount law with him: so he arose, and addressed himself to his unexpected task, with no greater hesitation than became the occasion. The sermon selected, proved to be an impressive one.

The reader was less than thirteen years of age ; in the language of affection of ‘ angelic beauty ;’ and many of those present, saw him now, for the first time, since but a few years before they had caressed him, an infant on the knee. His talents as a reader, by nature superior, were heightened by the excitement of the occasion ; and the effect upon a numerous audience, to use the language of one who heard it, was ‘ indescribable and overpowering.’ They remembered the words of the Psalmist ‘ out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength,’ and their hearts yielded to the lips of a child, an obedience which age and wisdom could not have commanded. This incident, never forgotten by the inhabitants of his native valley, was afterwards recalled to mind with deep interest, when, after eleven years, he again addressed them as an authorized preacher of the gospel. This was his only subsequent visit, and but two years before his death.”

Proud dowry hast thou, beauteous dell,
Of murmuring stream, and mountain swell,
And storied legend, stern and high
Of ancient border chivalry,
And ashes of the brave, that sleep
In hallowed urn, mid foliage deep.

Still Memory calls with magic power,
Forth from his cherished natal bower,

A form, whom Beauty rare and high,
And Genius, with an eagle eye,
And Piety on radiant throne,
Did consecrate, and make their own.

A traveller in the realms of old,
Where art and wealth their charms unfold,
Amid the Alpine cliffs he saw
That Name which woke his infant awe,
And summoned to an early tomb,
In bright, but scarce perfected bloom,
Beheld, with faith's exulting thought,
The crown by his Redeemer bought.

Fair Wyoming, the enthusiast's eye
Doth scan thy charms with ecstasy.
Yet though the tide of minstrel song
Hath flowed thine echoing haunts along,
And martyr-courage, bold and free,
Bequeathed its blood-stained wreath to thee,
A holier fame for thee is spread,
The birth-place of the sainted dead.

REMOVAL OF AN ANCIENT MANSION.

Where art thou, old Friend ?

When last

This familiar haunt I past,
Thou didst seem in vigorous cheer,
As like to stand, as any here,
With roof-tree firm, and comely face
Well preserved in attic grace,
On columns fair, thine arches resting,
Among thy trees the spring-birds nesting ;
Hast thou vanished ? Can it be,
I no more shall gaze on thee ?

Casements, whence the taper's ray
Glittered o'er the crowded way,
Where embalmed in fragrant dew
Peered the snowy lilac through,
Chimnies, whence the volumed smoke
Of thy warm heart freely spoke,
Fallen and gone ! No vestige left,
Stone from stone asunder reft,
While a chasm, with rugged face,
Yawns and darkens in thy place.

Threshold! which I oft have prest,
More a habitant than guest,
For their blessed sakes who shed
Oil of gladness on my head,
Brows with hoary wisdom drest,
Saints, who now in glory rest,
Fain had I, though tear-drops fell,
Said to thee one kind farewell,
Fain with tender, grateful sigh,
Thanked thee for the days gone by.

Hearth-stone! where the ample fire
Quelled Old Winter's fiercest ire,
While its blaze reflected clear
On the friends who gathered near,
On the pictures quaint and old,
Thou of quiet pleasures told;
Knitting-bag, and storied page,
Precepts grave from lips of age,
Made the lengthened evening fleet
Lightly, with improvement sweet.

Fallen dome! beloved so well,
Thou could'st many a legend tell,
Of the chiefs of ancient fame,
Who to share thy shelter came.
Rochambeau and La Fayette
Round thy plenteous board have met,

With Columbia's mightier son,
Great and glorious Washington.
Here, with kindred minds they planned
Rescue for an infant land,
While the British Lion's roar
Echoed round the leagured shore.

He, who now where cypress weeps,
On Mount Vernon's bosom sleeps,
Once in council grave and high
Shared thy hospitality,
When the sound of treason drear,
Arnold's treason, met his ear.
Heart, that ne'er in danger quailed,
Lips that ne'er had faltered paled,
As the Judas' image stole
Shuddering, o'er his noble soul,
As he sped, like tempest's shock,
On, to West-Point's periled rock.

Beauty here, with budding pride,
Blossomed into youth and died ;
Manhood towered with ruling mind,
Age, in reverent arms declined,
Bridals bright, and burials dread,
From thy gates their trains have sped ;
But thy lease of time is run,
Closed thy date, thy history done.

All are vanished, all have fled,
Save the memories of the dead,
These, with added strength adhere
To the hearts that year by year
Feebler beat, and fainter glow,
'Till they rest in turf below,
'Till their place on earth shall be
Blotted out, old dome, like thee.

Other fanes, 'neath favoring skies,
(Blessings on them!) here may rise,
Other groups, by hope be led,
(Blessings on them!) here to tread,
Yet of thee, their children fair
Nothing wot, and nothing care;
So a form that soon must be
Numbered with the past like thee,
Rests with pilgrim-staff awhile,
On thy wreck, deserted pile,
And the dust that once was thine,
Garners for affection's shrine.

The mansion that gave a subject to the foregoing lines, was erected in 1733, by the Rev. Daniel Wadsworth, the pastor of the first congregational church in Hartford, Connecticut. It was connected with both the ecclesiastical and civil history of early times; being, while the residence of his son, Col. Jeremiah Wadsworth, the scene of frequent consultations between

the officers of the American and French armies, during the war that achieved our independence. Washington, who highly valued him as a friend, was a guest in his house, when Arnold's treachery was consummated, and reached West Point, just after the flight of the traitor. The plan of the southern campaign is supposed to have been laid in one of its chambers. When La Fayette, in 1824, received the glad welcome of a country, which his youthful heroism had aided to save, vivid recollections were restored, by a visit to this abode. He was able, notwithstanding the long interval that had elapsed, accurately to describe its south front chamber, where so many important councils had been held, affecting both the fortunes of war, and the destinies of our infant nation.

This venerable dwelling was unpretending, though respectable in its exterior, and had received additions at different times, as the state of its household required. The latest erection was of several chambers in the rear, supported on heavy brick columns, through whose white rows the moonbeams, in a fine evening, had a singularly pleasing effect. The premises were surrounded by enclosures, adorned with shrubbery and trees, and by a garden of flowers, fruits, and various families of those herbs, whose friendly natures have affinity with health.

Everything in the interior of the house was adapted to promote the comfort of its inmates. During the long and cold winters, large, clear wood-fires diffused

their genial warmth through all its inhabited parts, the anthracite not having then effected a lodgment. There might be seen that perfection of ancient house-keeping, which, combining liberality with a just economy, studied the convenience of all, and kept every one at their post of duty. In those times the mistress, not deeming it beneath the dignity of a lady to know how to superintend every department of her own domicile, wisely ruled all its clock-work springs, and by establishing order and punctuality, prevented that greatest of all prodigality, the waste of time.

There, in the place of his birth, the Hon. J. Wadsworth died, held in high respect as a man of noble mind and energy of character, conspicuous in camp and council, who served his country both in war and peace, at home and in foreign climes. He sustained the office of Commissary, during the greater part of the revolutionary contest, and after the consolidation of the government, took his seat in the halls of Congress. He was especially a benefactor to his native city, where his public spirit gave him great influence, and where it was his delight to aid industry and talent, struggling against the obstacles of poverty, or an obscure station.

There his sisters, whom he made happy by every proof of fraternal affection, passed their lives and departed, at an advanced age, held in affectionate remembrance by all who knew them. They were distinguished by heartfelt piety, and an integrity that

influenced every word and action, by an industrious improvement of time, and fond affection for those connected with them by kindred blood. They possessed also the capacity for constant friendship, and that warm sympathy for the woes of others, which age did not quench, and which revealed itself in the moistened and tearful eye, whenever any tale of human suffering met their ear.

The same mansion was the residence of the widow of the late Col. Wadsworth, a lady who left an indelible impression on the memory of those who shared her intimacy. Her virtues having a firm root, continued to ripen and mellow to the latest hour of life. During the war, the position of her husband, as soldier and statesman, diversified her department with much care and responsibility, under the pressure of which she evinced a discretion and wisdom, competent both to execute, or to control.

As a mother, she was affectionate, and unwearied in her exertions, and to the close of her existence the wishes, hopes, and welfare of her children were interwoven with the closest fibres of her heart.

In the direction of her own affairs, as well as in her opinion of those of others, she exercised a discriminating judgment, the result of a clear mind, close observation, and grave experience. She was gifted with a native equanimity, so excellent in woman, which amid perplexing or eventful scenes, preserved her from hurry of spirits, or confusion of intellect. This, united to

habits of regularity, doubtless promoted health, and longevity, and aided in the preservation of that vigor of intellect, which remained unimpaired to the last.

She revered the teachers and ordinances of religion, and made the Scriptures, with which she had been acquainted from youth, a part of her daily study. Books of high literary character, especially those of historical and theological research, were sources of unfailing delight; and she gave an example of happily combining their love, with the faithful discharge of relative and domestic duty.

Her more than fourscore years were not suffered to chill her participation of either social, or intellectual enjoyment. Her retentive memory was preserved entire, and the impressions made by passing events, or interesting authors, seemed as vivid, as those engraven at earlier periods of life. She was reading the graphic tour of a traveller in ancient climes, and speaking with animation of its varied descriptions, when the last messenger, a sudden paralysis, touched her brow, and checked the flow of utterance. A few days of gentle, and patiently endured suffering, divided the active duties of this life, from the perfect rest of another.

The mansion, thus rendered venerable by historic lore, and the memory of the sainted dead, was removed from its original site on Main Street, to Buckingham Street, in the spring of 1842. Its place is now occupied by the "Wadsworth Athenæum," thus named

from grateful respect to Daniel Wadsworth, Esq., who, in addition to other liberal donations, freely gave for the public good a spot hallowed by the sacred memorials of his ancestors.

This new edifice, which is an ornament to the city, is of light, grey granite, laid in large blocks, and unhewn. Its style of architecture is Gothic, of the castellated character, massive, and with little decoration, but strongly marked by its towers and battlements.

The interior is divided by walls into three equal compartments. The principal rooms are in the second story, each seventy feet long, thirty wide, and from twenty-five to thirty in height. One of these apartments is occupied as the Library of the "Young Men's Institute," comprehending at present about 10,000 volumes; and by their reading-room, which is well supplied with European and American periodicals. Another is appropriated to the Fine Arts, containing pictures in history, landscape and portrait, with a department for sculpture; and a third accommodates the archives of the "Connecticut Historical Society," which comprise five thousand bound volumes, beside multitudes of pamphlets and manuscripts.

The "Natural History Society" has its Collections, and holds its meetings in the lower story; where are also smaller apartments for the accommodation of the various objects connected with the Institution.

May the benevolence that projected and completed this fine structure, dedicating it to those objects that

elevate national character, be rewarded by the progress in knowledge, the refinement of taste, and the permanent improvement of this people, and their posterity.

PRAYERS OF THE DEAF AND DUMB.

IF sweet it is to see the babe
Kneel by its mother's side,
And lisp its brief and holy prayer,
At hush of eventide,—

And sweet to mark the blooming youth
· 'Neath morning's purple ray,
Breathe incense of the heart to Him,
Who ruleth night and day, —

How doth the bosom's secret pulse
With strong emotion swell,
And tender pitying thoughts awake,
Which language may not tell, —

When yon mute train who meekly bow
Beneath affliction's rod,
Whose lip no utterance hath for man,
Pour forth the soul to God.

They have no garment for the thought
That springs to meet its Sire,
No tone to flush the glowing cheek,
Or fan Devotion's fire ;

Yet upward to the Eternal Throne
The spirit's *sigh* may soar,
As sure as if the wing of speech
Its hallowed burden bore.

Were language theirs, perchance their tale
Of treasured grief or fear,
Might cold or unresponsive fall
Even on a brother's ear, —

So may they grave upon their minds
In youth's unfolding day,
'T is better to commune with Heaven
Than with their kindred clay.

The pomp of words may sometimes clog
The ethereal spirit's flight,
But in the silence of their souls
Burns one long Sabbath light, —

If God doth in that temple dwell,
Their fancied loss is gain ;
Ye perfect listeners to His voice !
Say, is our pity vain ?

The American Asylum for the deaf and dumb, is a large and commodious edifice, in a commanding situation, at a short distance from the city of Hartford, in Connecticut.

It has in front a spacious area, planted with young trees; and the principal avenue of approach is bordered with flowers. In its rear are work-shops, where the pupils can obtain useful exercise for a portion of the interval not occupied in study. As all of these establishments are under the direction of experienced masters, it is not one of the slightest advantages of the Institution, that a trade may be thus readily acquired, giving the means of future subsistence.

In the building are eight recitation rooms, where the different classes, arranged according to grades of proficiency, daily assemble under their respective teachers; each pupil writing the lesson, from their dictation, upon a large slate resting its frame against the wall. The fixedness of attention which they display is usually remarked by visitants; while the regret which many of them testify when the hour of dismissal arrives, proves with what satisfaction the light of knowledge fills their long benighted minds.

In the upper story is a dormitory for boys, one hundred and thirty feet in length, and fifty in breadth, from whose windows, on each of the four sides, are splendid prospects of a rich and beautifully varied country. Under the same roof is the chapel, where, every Sunday, portions of Scripture are explained, and

religious instruction given by the teachers. There, also, the daily morning and evening devotions are performed. It is touching, even to tears, to see the earnest attention of that group of silent beings, the soul, as it were, sitting on the eye, while they watch every movement and sign of his hand, who is their medium of communication with the Father of Spirits.

The Asylum is under the superintendence of a Principal, eight teachers, a steward, and matron. With regard to its course of instruction, it has been the wise policy of the Directors, "to procure the services of such men, and such only, as are willing to devote themselves permanently and entirely to this profession. It has also been their wish to hold out inducements to men of character, talent, and liberal education, which should lead them to engage in a life-long service. Exerting their main strength day after day in this one employment, and not having their thoughts divided by any ulterior plans of life, the chance is greater that their duties will be faithfully performed, and that the experience which they acquire, as one year follows another, in the difficult art of deaf-mute instruction, will render their services of more value to the Asylum, than those of a merely transient teacher could be expected to possess." Seven years are considered the full term for a course of education here, and it is a cause of regret that so few remain during the whole of that period.

The female pupils, out of school hours, are occupied

in various feminine employments, under the charge of the matron. Gathered into the same fold, and cheered by her kind patronage, sits the deaf, dumb, and blind girl, often busy with her needle, for whose guidance her exceedingly acute sense of feeling suffices, and in whose dexterous use seems the chief solace of her lot of silence, and of rayless night.

There are at present in this Institution one hundred and sixty-four pupils, and since its commencement, in 1817, between seven and eight hundred have shared the benefits of its shelter and instruction. Abundant proof has been rendered by them, that, when quickened by the impulse of education, their misfortune does not exclude them from participating in the active pursuits and satisfactions of life. By recurring to their history, after their separation from the Asylum, we find among them, farmers and mechanics, artists and seamen, teachers of deaf mutes in various and distant institutions, and what might at first view seem incompatible with their situation, a merchant's clerk, the editor of a newspaper, a post-master, and county-recorder in one of our far Western States, and a clerk in the Treasury Department at Washington.

More than one hundred of the pupils from this Asylum have entered into the matrimonial relation; and some, within the range of our own intimacy, might be adduced as bright examples of both conjugal and parental duty.

One of its most interesting members, who entered

at its first organization, and remained during the full course of seven years, was a daughter of the late Dr. Mason F. Cogswell, who was early called to follow her lamented father to the tomb. Her genius, her entire loveliness of disposition, and the happiness of her joyous childhood, caused the following reply to be made to a question originally proposed at the Institution for the deaf and dumb in Paris; "Les Sourds-Muets se trouvent-ils malheureux?"*

Oh! could the kind inquirer gaze
 Upon thy brow, with gladness fraught,
 Its smile, like inspiration's rays,
 Would give the answer to his thought.

And could he see thy sportive grace
 Soft blending with submission due,
 Or note thy bosom's tenderness
 To every just emotion true; —

Or, when some new idea glows
 On the pure altar of the mind,
 Observe the exulting tear that flows
 In silent ecstasy refined; —

Thy active life, thy look of bliss,
 The sparkling of thy magic eye,

* "Are the deaf and dumb unhappy?"

Would all his skeptic doubts dismiss,
And bid him lay his pity by, —

To bless the ear that ne'er has known
The voice of censure, pride, or art,
Nor trembled at that sterner tone,
Which, while it tortures, chills the heart; —

And bless the lip that ne'er could tell
Of human woes the vast amount,
Nor pour those idle words that swell
The terror of our last account.

For sure the stream of *silent* course
May flow as deep, as pure, as blest,
As that which rolls in torrents hoarse,
Or whitens o'er the mountain's breast, —

As sweet a scene, as fair a shore,
As rich a soil, its tide may lave,
'Then joyful and accepted pour
Its tribute to the Eternal wave.

NAHANT.

RUDE, rock-bound coast, where erst the Indian roamed,
 The iron shoulders of thy furrowed cliffs,
 Made black with smiting, still in stubborn force
 Resist the scourging wave.

Bright summer suns
 In all the fervor of their noon-tide heat
 Obtain no power to harm thee, for thou wrapp'st
 Thy watery mantle round thee, ever fresh
 With ocean's coolness, and defy'st their rage.

The storm-cloud is thy glory.

Then, thou deck'st
 Thyself with majesty, and to its frown
 And voice of thunder, answerest boldly back,
 And from thy watch-towers hurl'st the blinding spray,
 While every dark and hollow cavern sounds
 Its trumpet for the battle.

Yet, 'tis sweet
 Amid thy fissured rocks to ruminare,
 Marking thy grottos with mosaic paved
 Of glittering pebbles, and that balm to breathe

Which gives the elastic nerves a freer play,
And tints the languid cheek with hues of health.

The sand-beach and the sea !

Who can divine

Their mystic intercourse, that day and night
Surceaseth not ? On comes the thundering surge,
Lifting its mountain-head, with menace stern,
To whelm the unresisting ; but impelled
In all the plenitude of kingly power
To change its purpose of authority,
Breaking its wand of might, doth hurry back ;
And then, repenting, with new wrath return.
Yet still that single, silvery line abides,
Lowly, and fearless, and immutable.
God gives it strength.

So may He deign to grant

The sand-line of our virtues, power to cope
With all temptation. When some secret snare
Doth weave its meshes round our trembling souls,
That in their frailty turn to Him alone,
So may He give us strength.

Nahant is a rocky peninsula, stretching boldly into the ocean, and connected by beaches with the main land. Some of its cliffs have an elevation of a hundred feet, and wonderfully excavated rocks are the boundary of its shores.

Tradition reports that its name was derived from

Nahanta, an Indian princess, or the consort of a chieftain. It was purchased with that sense of equity, which often marked similar transactions with the natives, first, in 1630, for a suit of clothes, then for two old coats, and lastly, for "two pestle stones."

It is said to have been originally devoted to pasturage and to forest-ground uses, which its present aspect contradicts to a remarkable degree. "It is well wooded with oaks, pines and cedars," wrote a historian of 1633, "also it hath good store of walnuts, ashes and elms." He who now traverses it, would be fain to wonder where they could have taken root, or how resisted the deleterious influence of the ocean-spray. Yet it seems that it was of old the scene of wolf-hunting on a grand scale, as there is a record that, in 1634, the militia of Lynn and Salem were drafted for this belligerent expedition; and as such animals are not prone to choose the sterile, open rock for their habitation, the manes of those same hunted wolves corroborate the words of the historian.

Yet, however vague may be the earlier legends of Nahant, there is no doubt of its being now the favorite resort of the beauty and fashion of the vicinity, as well as from distant parts. Its pure air is invigorating, even to exhilaration, and there is deep delight in watching the rolling of its magnificent surf, wandering amid the romantic and sublime formation of its rocky coast, now scooped into caverns, and long, subterranean channels for the resounding wave, or towering into lofty columns, that mock the fury of the tempest.

A desolate islet, with the name of Egg-Rock, rears its precipitous head about two miles north-east of Nahant. Notwithstanding its rugged aspect, it has on its summit nearly three acres of arable land. It is the paradise of sea-birds, to whose jurisdiction it is yielded, on account of the difficulty and danger of approaching it. Hardy rovers have, however, occasionally surmounted these perils, and robbed the treasures of the poor, nestless gulls, with the true piratical spirit of the old Danish sea-kings.

The principal beach of Nahant, connecting it with Lynn, is nearly two miles in length. It is a slightly curved line of sand, on whose eastern shore the surges of the unbroken Atlantic beat with great force and reverberation. It forms a delightful drive, or equestrian excursion, on whose smoothly polished surface the wheel or the horses' hoof leave no trace. Shells and fragments of coral are the frequent gifts of the receding wave, which, approaching with a show of vengeful wrath, retires like an appeased lover.

The great hotel for the entertainment of visitants is near the south-eastern point of the promontory. It was built in 1820, of the native stone by which it is surrounded, and contains a sufficient number of apartments for a multitude of guests. From the double piazza that engirdles it, is a succession of grand and extensive prospects, and a bracing ocean atmosphere. When long rains prevail, the mist enwraps it in a curtain, like a great ship in the midst of the sea.

The village has several pleasant residences and boarding-houses, which have the agreeable appendages of verdure and trees. Beautiful cottages, the abodes of wealth and taste, are sprinkled here and there, the chief ornaments of the peninsula.

In one of these, on the verge of the waters, the accomplished author of "Ferdinand and Isabella," and the "Conquest of Mexico," passes the summer months, with his parents and family. None who have partaken the hospitalities of that delightful retreat, will forget its rare combinations of age and wisdom still retaining the vivacity of youth, high intellect without pride, and the sweet developments of the most sacred affections.

The fine cottage of Mr. Tudor, though occupying a site unfavorable to vegetable life, both from the bleak winds and saline atmosphere, is still, by perseverance and munificent expenditure, surrounded by the charms of a more congenial clime. Within its enclosures flowers blossom, clustering vines climb the trellises, and trees perfect their fruits, furnishing another proof that the energy of man may overcome the resistance of nature and of the elements.

ROSE-MOUNT.

A NEIGHBORLY EPISTLE.

Hartford, April, 1843.

To the Lady of Rose-Mount, I've long wished to pay
Such thanks as were due for her musical lay,
But many a care, with importunate mien,
Would thrust itself me and my lyre between ;
And lastly, the hydra of house-cleaning came,
With dripping fingers, and cheeks of flame ;
Pictures, and vases, and flower-pots fled,
At her flashing eye, and her frown of dread,
While tubs and brushes, with Vandal haste,
Like a mob of Chartists, their betters displaced,
And she at the head of that motley crowd,
A brandished broom for her sceptre proud,
Held all in an uproar, from sun to sun,
Then went off in a rage, ere her work was done.
Keep clear of her, dearest, as long as you can,
She's a terror, in sooth, both to woman and man,
And husbands, especially, quake when they see
Their sanctums exposed to her ministry.

Books and papers, they learn to their cost,
If "*put in order,*" are fain to be lost,
And though wax-like neatness may reign around,
Yet the things that are wanted can never be found,
And a test of their temper Socratic 't will prove,
If they press through this ordeal in patience and love.
From the grasp of this terrible vixen set free,
How sweet was the scenery of **Rose-Mount** to me,
When yesterday, soon as my dinner was o'er,
My sunshade I spread, and set off for your door;
And though disappointed that you were away,
Found many bright objects, my walk to repay;
For there, in her own little carriage was seen
Your baby in state, like a young fairy queen,
The lawn with its plants, and spring-blossoms so gay,
And she, in her beauty, more lovely than they.
Then she told, in a voice that like music did melt,
The names of the pair who in paradise dwelt,
And so many fine phrases had learned to repeat,
And each guest with such gentle politeness to greet,
That all were surprised, when her date they surveyed,
That in scarce eighteen months she such progress had
made.

As for me, while I gazed on a picture so rare,
The landscape, the child, and the residence fair,
How many, thought I, if their pathway below
Thus sprinkled with gems and with flowerets should
glow,
Would be tempted on earth all their treasures to rest,
And ne'er have a sigh for a region more blest.

But you, with a heart ever upward and true,
Will keep, I am trusting, their Giver in view,
And be made by His gifts still more fitting and pure,
For that realm where all beauties and blessings endure.

Hartford, though less celebrated for beauty of landscape than its sister city, New Haven, possesses some fine objects, both of nature and art, which have perhaps not been fully appreciated. A deep, rich verdure is its birthright, and the loveliness of its surrounding heights is admitted by all.

Many of the residences on Asylum Hill are conspicuous for their elegance and grace. Among these, Rose-Mount, the seat of James Dixon, Esq., is particularly distinguished by the extent and arrangement of its grounds. Fourteen acres, highly cultivated, are divided into lawns, gardens, and groves, and embellished with parterres of flowers, hedges, and a variety of shrubs, fruits, and forest-trees. All is found here to constitute a delightful retirement for the man of letters and of taste, where cultivated intellect may enjoy the luxuries of literature, or woo the willing muse.

The beautiful elevation of Washington Street also exhibits a cluster of edifices, of finely varied architectures, from the ornamented cottage to the stately mansion. In their vicinity, the Retreat for the Insane, a noble and spacious building, rears its head, and extends its range of offices and pleasure-grounds. Its class of

scenery seems well adapted, if external objects may ever produce that effect, to "medicate a mind diseased, or pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow."

It accommodates at present about ninety patients, and two wings are in the progress of erection, to allow the reception of eighty additional ones. Its inmates have the constant care of a medical Superintendent, the religious instruction of a Chaplain, and the services of a Steward and Matron. We borrow the language of the former, to describe some of the efforts made to dispel the melancholy, so often the attendant of disordered intellect.

"We present them entertainment, in which the best and wisest may at times indulge, or to which all might profitably resort, under the tedium of convalescence from this, or any other disease. They are not limited to the patients; all our family, the resident officers of the Institution, and the attendants, participate in them. Our children mingle in the dance, and take their parts in the concert. The sewing-circle, the reading and musical parties, are held two afternoons of each week, under the direction of the Matron, who, excellent everywhere, exerts here, from her cheerfulness of manners and kindness of heart, the happiest influence. These parties have met in the parlors connected with the female wing, except during the pleasant afternoons of summer, when by common consent they were held upon the lawn. Here our female patients form groups beneath the shade, some sewing or knit-

ting, others listening to an interesting story, or socially conversing; the nurse and the patient, the sane and the insane, so mingling together, that they are hardly to be distinguished, and oftentimes, to the amusement of all, mistaken for each other by the stranger. Such a scene looks very unlike the condition of the insane in those days, when, in the language of a quaint old Scotch writer, 'we committed the better sort of the mad people to the care and taming of surgeons, and the inferior to the scourge.' An hour previous to evening prayers, on every pleasant afternoon, in the summer and autumn, our female patients, oftentimes, with scarcely an exception, have joined us in a ramble about our garden and grounds, for the tasteful planning and ornamenting of which, we are so much indebted to the benevolent foresight of some of the founders of the Institution."

The intercourse of the Chaplain is also calculated to exercise a benign and healing influence. "He appears among the inmates of the Retreat, as their sympathizing friend. He exchanges with them the customary civilities of social life. He listens to their conversation, and lets them see that he is interested in it. He often introduces other than grave and serious subjects, adapted to afford rational instruction, or innocent entertainment; nor can he discover that by doing this he is exposed to any disparagement of the proper dignity of his office, by the want of courtesy and respect on the part of those whom he seeks to

benefit. It is indeed by pursuing such a course, that he hopes to avail himself of suitable opportunities when they offer, and they not unfrequently do offer, of presenting in the most favorable manner the simple and consoling truths of the Gospel.”

A select library, and collection of prints, are sources of gratification to the patients, and the commodious carriage of the establishment, is in constant requisition during fine weather, to give them pleasant excursions around the city and its environs. A very large and productive garden, whose vegetable wealth conduces greatly to the comfort of the large household, furnishes also an agreeable and healthful mode of exercise for those disposed to share in such occupation.

This Institution, from its commencement twenty years since, has been blessed by the recovery of a great proportion of the sufferers entrusted to its care. During the past year, more than fifty have been restored to their homes, with that joy which those only can imagine, who have tasted the bitterness of such separation.

Though a description of the Retreat has surely no connection with the title of this article, yet in noticing some of the objects that beautify our city, we trust to be forgiven for introducing the beauty of that benevolence which is the glory of any people, and which in this instance devotes itself to the mitigation of one of the severest ills that can afflict humanity.

MONTPELIER.

THE SEAT OF THE LATE JAMES MADISON, PRESIDENT
OF THE UNITED STATES.

How fair, beneath Virginia's sky,
Montpelier strikes the traveller's eye,
Emerging from its forest-bower,
Like feudal chieftain's ancient tower,
With parks and lawns and gardens drest,
In peaceful verdure proudly blest.

What blended beauties cheer the sight!
The distant mountain's misty height,
The nearer prospect's cultured face,
The sylvan temple's attic grace,
The locust copse, where warblers throng,
And gaily pour the unfettered song,
The flowers in bright profusion seen,
The luscious fig's luxuriant green,
The clasping vine, whose clusters fair,
Seem as of genial France the care,

The bright-eyed pheasant, beauteous guest,
The eastern bird with gorgeous vest,
Still for his mimic speech carest,
The curtaining jessamine, that showers
Rich fragrance o'er the nightly bowers,
Those halls, whose varied stores impart
The classic pencil's magic art,
The chisel's life-bestowing power,
The lore that cheats the studious hour,
And music's strains, that vainly vie
With the touched spirit's melody ;
How strong the tissued spells that bind
The admiring eye and grateful mind.

Here Wisdom rests in sylvan shade,
That erst an empire's council's swayed.
And Goodness, whose persuasive art
So justly won that empire's heart,
And Piety, with hoary hair,
Which rising o'er this Eden fair,
Beholds, by mortal foot untrod,
A brighter Eden with its God.

Montpelier ! these thy name have set
A gem in memory's coronet,
Whose lustre ruthless time shall spare
Till from her brow that crown he tear,
Till from her book that page he rend,
Which of a stranger made a friend.

Our visit to the "Ancient Dominion," though many years since, has left pleasant traces, over which time has had no effacing power; for it was made at that sunny period of life, when hope and joy tinge every object with their radiant dyes. The impressions made by Virginian hospitality were truly delightful. We found, with surprise, how immediately the painful reserve of strangers vanished before the charm of southern manners, and could not but wish that the intercourse between the distant sections of our country were more frequent and fraternal.

Montpelier had much in itself, and its adjuncts, to interest and repay the pilgrim to its shades. Yet from the fine pictures and extensive library he would find himself involuntarily turning to their distinguished Master, who, though in feeble health and somewhat advanced in years, attracted every one by the powers of his conversation, and the profound wisdom of his remarks. Courteous, and unassuming in his manners, he imparted, as it were, spontaneously, the treasures of a mind peculiarly rich in historic lore, and upright and luminous in its conclusions.

Under his roof, the object of unspeakable tenderness and respect, was his mother, who had then completed her ninetieth year. She had paid great attention to the early culture and formation of his mind, and had herself taught him to read, using as his first book of instruction the Holy Scriptures. She was a lady of true excellence and dignity of character, and was

solaced to the latest hour of life by his devoted filial affection.

The Lady of President Madison, none could visit without grateful recollections. The kindness of her welcome would not be forgotten, nor that goodness of heart which breathed a magic influence upon all around. She was encircled in her elegant retirement with objects congenial to her taste, — the charms of cultivated nature, and the music of birds. Some of the most rare species of her winged friends she cherished in an aviary, and among those who ranged at will was a favorite Macaw, of shrewd character, and singularly splendid train and plumage. Blossoms and flowering trees sprang up beneath these sunny skies in luxuriance and profusion. The Pride of China expanded its delicate foliage beside the window, the Jessamine climbed up to the sleeping apartments, diffusing its rich perfume, and the Multiflora on every side cheered the eye with its countless clusters.

When called from this fair retreat by the election of her husband to the Chief Magistracy of the Nation, her queenly manners, and perfect affability, won admiration at every levee where she presided. During the eight years of his continuance in office, she filled the station of the highest lady in the land, to the satisfaction of all, and by her true kindness of heart, conciliated good will and lasting remembrance. “She never forgot,” says one of her biographers, “a name she had once heard, nor a face she had once seen, nor the per-

sonal circumstances connected with every individual of her acquaintance."

When, after her widowhood, she was induced by the solicitation of her relatives and friends to leave her loved seclusion at Montpelier, and revisit the Capital, "her saloon," said a distinguished statesman, "was as constantly thronged by Wit, Genius, and Learning, by all that was noble of American, or distinguished of Foreign Society, as when, in the presidential mansion, she had been the idol and lady-patron."

She still continues in her advanced age, both at her Virginian retirement and her winter residence at Washington, to conciliate respect and affection by the enduring charm of unaffected goodness.

THE NEWPORT TOWER.

DARK, lonely Tower, amid yon Eden-isle,
Which, as a gem, fair Narragansett wears
Upon her heaving breast, thou lift'st thy head,
A mystery and paradox, to mock
The curious throng.

Say, reared the plundering hand
Of the fierce buccaneer thy massy walls,
A treasure-fortress for his blood-stained gold?
Or wrought the beings of an earlier race
To form thy circle, while in wonder gazed
The painted Indian?

Fancy spreads her wing
Around thy time-scathed brow, and deeply tints
Her fairy-scroll, while hoar Antiquity
In silence frowns upon the aimless flight.

Thou wilt not show the secret of thy birth!
Nor do I know why we need question thee
So strictly on that point; save that the creed
Of Yankee people is, that through the toil
Of questioning, there cometh light, and gain
Of knowledge to the mind.

We see thou art

A right substantial, well-preserved old Tower,
Let that suffice us.

Some there are, who say
Thou wert an *ancient wind-mill*.

Be it so!

Our pilgrim-sires must have been much in love
With extra labor, thus to gather stones,
And patient rear thy Scandinavian arch,
And build thine ample chamber, and uplift
Thy shapely column, for the gadding winds
To play vagaries with.

In those hard times
I trow king Philip gave them other work,
Than to deck dancing-halls, and lure the blasts
From old Eolus' cave.

Had'st thou the power,
I think thou'dst laugh right heartily to see
The worthy farmers, with their sacks of corn,
Mistaking thy profession, as of old
Don Quixote did mistake thine ancestor:
If haply such progenitor thou hadst.

But still, grey Ruin, though they lightly speak,
I fain would honor thee, as rhymers do,
And 'neath thy shadow weave my noteless song.
I said I'd do thee honor, if I might,
For thou art old. And whatsoever bears
The stamp of hoary time, and hath not been

The minister of evil, claims from us
Some tribute of respect.

But, most of all,
Those ancient forms that lodge a living soul,
Bearing their passport from the Almighty hand
Graved on the furrowed brow, and silver hair, —
Yes, most of all to them our hearts would yield
That tender reverence, which so well befits
Them to receive, and us with love to pay.

Newport, the garden-isle of Narragansett, received from some of the British officers, during its investment by their troops, the name of the "Eden of America." Those who have enjoyed its delightful scenery during the summer months, rode upon its beaches, and inhaled its balmy atmosphere, will scarcely deem these epithets exaggerated.

It is a spot to be remembered for years, with a fond desire of again beholding it. Thus, it is cherished by me, as a fine picture in the gallery of the mind, mellowed by time, though its minuter tints have faded, and been merged in the shadow of years.

Yet the Old Tower still stands prominently forth on memory's tablet, as when first beheld crowning its verdant eminence, and looking down upon the billowy bay. Its origin has given rise to many opinions and theories, from the matter-of-fact man, who perseveres in designating it as the "*old stone wind-mill*," to the

erudite scholar, who discovers in it the architectural marks of the ancient Norse-men; or the child of imagination, taking for a text-book Longfellow's beautiful ballad of the "Skeleton in Armor." To a country of recent date, almost destitute of the vestiges of antiquity, and disposed to prize them in proportion to their scarcity, it is quite a gain to have any object which admits of such description. "The people have been disputing these twenty years," said Goethe, "as to who is the greatest, Schiller or myself. Let them go, and be thankful that they have such fellows to dispute about."

The discovery of our Northern Continent by the Scandinavians, about the year 964, two centuries previous to the expedition of Madoc, the Welsh prince, is matter of grave history. Irving, in his "Life of Columbus," derives proof from the Sagas, or Chronicles of the north, that, beside their settlements in Greenland, they established themselves around the river St. Lawrence, and in Newfoundland, called by them Eslotiland. That they penetrated also into Nova Scotia and New England, seems to rest on stronger foundation than conjecture.

Professor Rafin says: "Of the ancient structure at Newport, from such characteristics as remain, we can scarcely form any other inference than one, in which I am persuaded that all who are familiar with Old Northern Architecture will concur, that this building was erected at a period decidedly not later than the

twelfth century. That it could *not* have been intended for a wind-mill, is what an architect will easily discover."

Those, however, who adhere tenaciously to the "old wind-mill" creed, may derive consolation from a somewhat pedantic passage of Sir Thomas Browne. "Oblivion," quoth he, "reclineth semi-somnous, making puzzles of Titanian erections, and turning old glories into dreams, while History sinketh down beside her. The traveller asketh of her, amazedly, who builded these? And she mumbleth something, but what it is, he heareth not."

AUTUMN ON STATEN ISLAND.

THE autumnal breeze was sharp, when first I sought
Thy friendship, sweetest Island of the main,
Yet still in sunny nooks, with verdure fraught,
Wore lingering flowers of summer's blissful reign,
Whose grateful fragrance cheered the faded plain,
And sheltered knoll, that seemed the Frost to fear ;
For that invader, with his fatal train,
Had touched the aspiring boughs with umber sere,
And, stern and cold, announced the funeral of the year.

Yes ; that prophetic flush, so strange and brief,
Which, like the hectic, shows the Spoiler nigh,
Hung here and there, upon the forest leaf,
And tinged the maple with a blood-red die,
While through the groves there came a mournful sigh
Of hollow winds, bewailing Nature's doom ;
But still the brightness of the unclouded sky
Did with its spirit-glance reprove the gloom,
Like that immortal Faith which shrinks not at the tomb.

But thou, blest Isle, when verdant seasons die,
Hast many a charm, which change can ne'er impair,
And all that meets the mirror of thine eye
Seems softened like a dream. For thee, with care,
The great, proud City, beaming smiles doth wear,
And shroud in distance, every darkened trace,
Which penury, or pain, or guilt doth bear,
And, like a lover, show its fairest face,
Lifting its mighty head in majesty and grace.

So I have throned thee in mine inmost heart,
Fair Daughter of the Sea, around whose breast
The sparkling waters meet, and never part,
But tuneful sing thee to thy nightly rest;
Or if, by wintry blast and storm opprest,
Fierce at thy feet the surging billows roll,
Thou, in serenity and glory drest,
Dost still the madness of their mood control,
And strong in beauty's power, disarm the wrathful soul.

The suburbs of the City of New York present an unusual variety of romantic scenery, easily accessible to its inhabitants; and that which Staten Island exhibits is not among the least diversified or imposing. Indeed, it is a most fascinating and delightful spot, fanned by the purest breezes from the sea.

The fine residences of New Brighton give its shore the splendid appearance of a city, while from its cliffs,

three hundred feet in height, the views of earth and ocean are truly magnificent. Its peculiar features have caused it frequently to be compared to the Isle of Wight, though inferior in wildness and grandeur.

A powerful pencil would be tasked to describe its diversified prospects, for instance from the Telegraph Station, the Quarantine, the Clove, or the deserted Fort Tompkins, whose outline and walls might almost cause it to pass for a modern Colliseum. New York, with its dense masses of architecture, and the shores of Long Island, exuberant in fertility, add their contrast of beauty, while the peninsular coast of New Jersey approaches as if to seek the embrace of its beautiful neighbor.

A short stay on Staten Island, in the autumn of 1843, gave a greater degree of familiarity with its scenery, than is usually acquired in a first visit, through the kind attentions of hospitable friends, who every day exhibited to us some new department of their region of beauty. In traversing it, you find interspersed among humble cottages, in the cultured vale, lofty hills, crowned by graceful mansions, and here and there a low-browed church, claiming reverence both from its sacredness and its antiquity.

The entrance to the town of Richmond, from the green hills that enclose it, as in a cup, descending which, you look down upon winding streams, green vallies, and quiet habitations, — is very beautiful. The perpetual gliding of sails, and the rapid movement of steamers, brilliant with their evening lights, give to the

prospect of the surrounding sea continual variety and interest. The Narrows, that watery pathway, through which the voyager to distant climes passes, his heart broken with the tender farewells of beloved ones, and by which he returns, in joy unutterable, every thought filled to overflowing with the imagery of home and native land, can never be viewed with indifference by those who have felt these emotions. It was a pleasant thing, from a commanding height, to see the Great Western, a dark, gigantic mass, go forth on her ocean pilgrimage, trying her powers of speed with a small steamer, which, at their disappearance on the misty horizon, had the advantage of her Goliath competitor.

An institution on Staten Island for the relief of seamen attracts the attention of strangers, and I borrow a description of it from the pen of Mrs. L. M. Child, agreeable and forcible.

“One of the most interesting places on this island is the Sailor’s Snug Harbor. A few years ago, a gentleman, by the name of Randall, left a small farm that rented for two or three hundred dollars, at the corner of Eleventh Street and Broadway, for the benefit of old and wornout sailors. This property increased in value, until it enabled the trustees to purchase a farm on Staten Island, and erect a noble stone edifice, as a hospital for disabled seamen; with an annual income of nearly 30,000 dollars. The building has a very handsome exterior, and is large, airy, and convenient.

The front door opens into a spacious hall, at the extremity of which flowers and evergreens are arranged one above another, like the terrace of a conservatory ; and from the entries above you look down into this pretty work of 'greenery.' The whole aspect of things is extremely pleasant, with the exception of the sailors themselves. They reminded me of what some one said of the Greenwich pensioners, 'They seem to be waiting for death!' No outward comfort seemed wanting ; but they stood *alone* in the world, no wives, no children. Connected by no link with the ever active Present, a monotonous Future stretched before them, made more dreary by its contrast with the keen excitement and ever-shifting variety of their past life of peril and pleasure. I have always thought too little provision was made for this lassitude of the mind, in most benevolent institutions. Men, accustomed to excitement, cannot do altogether without it. It is a necessity of nature, and should be ministered to in all innocent forms. Those poor old tars should have sea-songs, and instrumental music, once in a while, to stir their sluggish blood, and a feast might be given on great occasions, to younger sailors, from temperance boarding-houses, that the Past might have a chance to hear from the Present. We perform but a half charity when we comfort the body and leave the soul desolate."

"The sailor cannot be ignorant, without being superstitious too. The Infinite comes continually before him, in the sublimest symbols of sight and sound.

He does not know the language, but he feels the tone. Goethe has told us, in most beautiful allegory, of two bridges, whereby earnest souls pass from the Finite to the Infinite. One is a rainbow, which spans the dark river, and this is Faith; the other is a shadow cast quite over by the giant Superstition, when he stands between the setting sun and the unknown shore.

“ Blessings on all friendly hands that are leading the sailor to the rainbow bridge. His spirit is made reverential in the great temple of Nature, resounding with the wild voices of the winds, and strange music of the storm-organ; too long has it been left trembling and shivering on the bridge of shadows. For him, too, the rainbow spans the dark stream, and becomes at last a bridge of gems.”

EVENING DEVOTIONS IN A PRISON.

THE silent curtains of the night
Our mournful cell surround,
God's dwelling is in perfect light,
His mercy hath no bound.

His blessed sun, with cheering smile,
Dispenses good to all,
Even on the sinful and the vile
His daily bounties fall.

The way of wickedness is hard,
Its bitter fruits we know,
Shame in this world is its reward,
And in the future, woe.

Yet Thou, who see'st us while we pay
Our penalty of pain,
Cast not our souls condemned away,
Nor let our prayer be vain.

Deep root, within a soil subdued,
Let true repentance take,
And be its fruits a life renewed,
For the Redeemer's sake.

Uplift our spirits from the ground,
Give to our darkness, light ;
Oh, Thou ! whose mercies have no bound,
Preserve us safe this night.

All researches into the history of earlier ages, result in giving prominence to prisons as among the strongest engines of tyranny. Despotie princes found them convenient retreats for the conquered foe, the noble, whose estates they wished to confiscate, or the rival, whose eye was upon their throne. The legends of baronial dungeons sleep in the darkness of feudal times. In every age the oppressor hath, at his will, "held the body bound"; and none may compute the number of souls, whose only liberator was death. Though the progress of civilization and refinement mitigated the savage features of these penal institutions, yet it was long ere humanity dreamed of making their discipline salutary. Disregard to the moral health of those who, as a gangrene, had been divided from society, still prevailed; and promiscuous association rendered the novice in guilt, as hardened as the hoary offender.

For the praise of modern times, and for the mild

nature of our own government, has been reserved that benevolence, which, in sequestering the criminal, keeps before his eyes the bright image of returning virtue, and baptizes his place of punishment with the hope of heaven. If to appease the anger of an offended community, Justice must purge, as it were, with fire, the soul that hath sinned, Mercy forgets not to sit by as a refiner, pronouncing when the dross is fully separated, and, in the sacred words of inspiration, "counting the Law as a schoolmaster, that bringeth unto Christ." How would Howard have rejoiced had such a prospect dawned upon him, while hazarding his life, to "dive into the depth of dungeons, to plunge amid the infection of hospitals, to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain, to take the gage of misery, depression, and contempt, to remember the forgotten, to attend to the neglected, to visit the forsaken, to compare and collate the distresses of all men in all countries."

The pens of some of our distinguished writers have enforced the feasibility of making prisons adjuncts in the reformation of vice, and in several of our States buildings have been erected on this principle, and theories in some measure reduced to practice. Among these institutions, that at Wethersfield, Connecticut, stands conspicuous, in the opinion of foreigners as well as of natives, for the adaptation of its structure, the wisdom of its policy, and the results of its discipline.

It was at the close of a long, cloudless summer's

day, when I first attended, with a small party of strangers and friends, its hour of evening prayer. The richness of the surrounding landscape, the beauty of the prospect from its lofty, mural promenade, the broad, quiet river, the distant, gliding sail, the waving foliage, the hallowed spire, embosomed amid graceful elms, — all seemed to soothe the mind into calm delight, rather than prepare it for painful contemplation. But the harsh sound of locks and bolts convinced us that guilt was near, — that guilt which defaces both the fair creation and the immortal soul.

A bell struck, and the convicts came from their respective work-shops, and arranged themselves in lines in the spacious and strongly enclosed area. There they underwent a strict examination from the guard, who ascertained that none had secreted about his person any weapon of destruction or offence. It was humiliating to see powerful and athletic men holding out their arms for this search with the subdued look of a helpless child. Methought, salutary lessons might here be gathered for the young and tempted, and they be taught to wage a firmer warfare with Vice, after thus witnessing its degradation and misery.

Then each prisoner placed his hands upon the shoulders of the one who preceded him, and all marched rapidly, with the lock-step, towards the chapel. There, seated side by side, were seen the man of full strength, the boy of fourteen summers, and him of hoary hairs, who, sentenced for life, sur-

veyed, motionless and passionless, objects to which his dim eye and seared heart had been long inured. I bent a scrutinizing glance upon the mass of heads and faces in this prison-home, to discover if possible some indication of talent or nobleness, for we know that the whirlwind of passion hath but too often driven into crime those whom nature and education had fitted for a higher destiny. But there was an absence of those lineaments which reveal the higher developments of intellect, or the promptings of a heavenward soul. Sin had been there with its levelling process, effacing mental elevation and spiritual beauty.

Every brow was raised to the Chaplain, as he simplified a portion of that Book, which is a "light to those who sit in darkness," and lifted up his prayer to Him who "blotteth out transgression." In that prolonged gaze, was there not some shadow of hope, that "where sin had abounded, grace might much more abound"? How impressive was the supplicating voice of that man of God, standing, as it were, like the prophet, with his censer, "between the living and the dead," that the plague might be stayed.

At the close of the devotional exercises, the prisoners passed out in order, to their several ranges of dormitories, each taking in his hand, at the proper depository, a wooden vessel, containing his coarse, but nutritious evening repast. These movements were made with such regularity and celerity, that one moment they might be seen each standing at the door of

his solitary cell, the next all had vanished, and the sharp spring of more than a hundred locks was their vesper-tone, their sad "good-night."

Among the trains of thought that these scenes excited, was the consciousness, that each of these fallen beings had once a mother, to whom his infancy was inexpressibly dear. When she pressed his velvet lip to hers, or lulled him to rest upon her bosom, surely, her visions of delight had no imagery like this. Yet, could we read the secret soul of the erring tenants of this abode, might we not discover some maternal precept still maintaining a place in their memory? Perhaps striving to neutralize the black and bitter elements of evil?

Among the inmates of this institution, is one who has plunged into many varieties of sin, and been a wanderer over the face of the earth. Retribution met him in appalling forms, disgrace and suffering became his portion, but he passed through all with a hardened mind. Nothing, he affirms, in his whole life, has ever made him feel serious, but the last words of his mother. When a boy of twelve years old, he was summoned to her bed, to receive her dying counsel. In feeble and tender tones, she told him that she was about to leave him, and earnestly enjoined him to seek the Saviour, to take care of his soul, and to meet her in heaven. She continued clasping his hand, until her own was cold in death. For nearly half a century afterwards, this miserable being was pressing on

through a course of crime, too revolting for description. Still he confesses that he was never able utterly to drive from his mind the admonitions of his mother, nor to think of them, amid his deepest obduracy, without emotion.

Is not this a peculiar point of view, from which to contemplate maternal influence? The good and the wise take pleasure in expressing their obligations to this hallowed source. Bacon traced back to it, as to a shaded fountain, his intellectual eminence. Washington acknowledged it as the teacher of his self-control, that rudiment of his greatness. Edwards referred the germ of his piety to the prayers of the saintly one who gave him birth. But here is a different suffrage, a voice as from the lower parts of the earth, bearing concurrent testimony. Such a disclosure gains force from its rare occurrence. Virtue and purity are willing to reveal the origin of those principles, which have guided them, but it is difficult to extort from wickedness, commendation and honor for the precepts which it has violated.

Here is an instance of a man plunging into the vortex of guilt, and laboring to dismiss from his mind everything just and holy. Still, by his side has walked, to his soul has clung, with his conscience has wrestled, the voice of a dying mother. It has prevailed sometimes to soften a heart, which was like a "piece of the nether millstone." May it not yet prove like the rod of Moses to the flinty rock of Horeb?

Mother ! who with ineffable tenderness, art bending over the babe that heaven hath given thee, knowest thou what shall befall it in this evil world ? Parents, who gaze with pride on the budding promise of the fair boy, whom you have nurtured, know ye what may be his lot in the latter days ? Redouble your efforts, deepen your trust in the Eternal, that the evening prayer of your son rise not from the prison-house of guilt, when you are motionless in the grave.

MOONLIGHT AT SACHEM'S WOOD.

NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT.

OH, Moon at Sachem's Wood! Whoe'er hath seen
Thy liquid lustre through yon lofty oaks,
Broad-armed and beautiful, floating serene
O'er copse, and lawn, and hedge, and snowy dome,
Will never lose the picture from his heart.
Beyond, are sacred spires, and clustering roofs,
And on the horizon's edge, yon rude, grey rocks,
Like two time-tried and trusty sentinels,
Which toward the orient and the setting sun
Keep watch and ward.

How oft beneath these shades
Where now the moonbeam trembles o'er the turf,
A hoary-headed and a bright eyed man
Walked with a younger one, in converse sweet,
Heart knit to heart. The poet and the sage,
The father and the son.

Slow Time had made
No chasm between them, since those brighter days,

When ardent manhood smiled on infancy,
 Save that blest change which deepened love doth bring
 To grave experience. Sweet it was to see
 Communion so entire.

The elder laid,
 Just ere the snows of fourscore winters fell,
 His patriot head beneath yon hallowed mound,
 And slept as good men do.

But where is he,
 Whose filial virtues taught that heart of age
 A second spring? whose tuneful numbers charmed
 His listening country's ear?

From his fair home,
 From these loved trees, whence poured the nesting birds
 Their mellow descant, suddenly he went
 A lonely journey, to return no more.
 Yet there were deeper melodies, than those
 Of warblers mid the summer boughs, that well
 He knew to wake: — songs of the heart, and thrills
 Of fond affection, with the dulcet tones
 Of husband and of sire.

They died with him.
 Words may not tell the silence and the void,
 Beside his hearth-stone, nor the bitter grief
 That long around his cherished image wept.

Yet well it is to be remembered thus,
 Poet and friend.

Without it, fame were poor,

Even though her clarion swelled from pole to pole.
Without the virtues that do bring the tear
Into the loving eye, when life is o'er,
That life itself were but a gift abused.

Among the ornaments of the beautiful city of New-Haven, is the residence bearing the name of Sachem's Wood. It is situated on an eminence, terminating a broad avenue of stately elms, adorned by pleasant and tasteful habitations. It is a spacious edifice, distinguished by classic elegance, and studiously adapted to internal comfort. It commands an extensive prospect, and is surrounded by a large domain, in whose arrangement the simple and grand features of nature have been carefully preserved. It is characterized by the fine wood in its rear, and the magnificent forest trees by which it is overshadowed, especially by its noble oaks, some of which bear the antiquity of centuries.

It was erected by the late James A. Hillhouse, on a portion of his paternal inheritance. Seldom has it been the lot of a poet to dwell in such an abode. He has thus simply described it, and also expressed his attachment to the scenes of his nativity, in the poem entitled "Sachem's Wood."

" Here, from this bench, the gazer sees
Towers, and white steeples o'er the trees,
Mansions that peep from leafy bowers,
And villas, blooming close by ours.

Seldom a rural scene you see
So full of sweet variety, —
The gentle objects near at hand,
The distant, flowing, bold, and grand;
I've seen the world, from side to side,
Walked in the ways of human pride,
Moved in the palaces of kings,
And know what wealth to grandeur brings;
The spot for me, of all the earth,
Is this, the dear one of my birth."

In this mansion the father of the poet, the Hon. James Hillhouse, closed a life of usefulness and piety. He possessed a strong and original mind, an untiring industry, with that uprightness and tenderness of heart, which won the confidence of the public, and the love of those with whom he intimately associated. He was the oldest member of the Senate of the United States, when he resigned the seat which he had filled for sixteen years; and when he left the financial management of the School fund, it was found that it had more than doubled its value, while under his superintendence. The city of his residence, whose fair greens and waving trees render it in summer, especially during the leafy month of June, one of the most picturesque spots in New England, owes much to his public spirit and personal labor. The lofty elms, planted by his own hand, are among his monuments. Age did not impair his mental powers, or chill his purposes of philanthropy. In the language of his son,

“None saw *his* spirit in decay,
None saw *his* vigor ebb away.”

In his seventy-ninth year he was removed, as a sentinel from his post, without the warning of a moment, but not unprepared for the transition.

His son, James A. Hillhouse, both sustained and brightened the honors of his ancestry. The delicacy and grace which mingled with his masculine force of intellect, seemed an infusion from the mind of his mother, and he was ever proud to acknowledge that deep and sweet influence, which he repaid with the warmest filial love. His native taste for literature was fostered by education, and on the reception of his second degree at Yale College, he pronounced an Oration on the “Education of a Poet,” of such finished excellence, as to attract peculiar attention.

In it, he says, “From the riches of ancient learning, to which he will first be introduced while acquiring the rudiments of a classical education, the poet will derive incalculable benefit. Amid the treasures of antiquity, he will find the productions of many a kindred spirit, and while he listens to their sweetness and majesty, the fire of genius will burn within him.

“In the earlier stages of his progress, pains should be taken to reduce their beauties to a level with his comprehension, and as he becomes skilled in antique lore, they should be his chosen companions. His daily and nightly labor should be to comprehend the force of their ideas, and the beauties of their expressions. Every

passage distinguished for its elegance should be in his memory, and every image of peculiar felicity familiar to his thoughts. Not to remedy barrenness, or enrich his own productions by purloining from their stores, but because by incessant converse with whatever is great and noble, the soul acquires a correspondent elevation."

After speaking of the necessity of an extensive acquaintance with history, the productions of modern genius, and a close observation of the beauties of nature, he thus proceeds.

"This connection of the events of history and fiction with the scenery of Nature, begets for it an enthusiastic fondness, and enlarges its utility by causing it to excite deeper attention. To a vigorous and highly cultivated imagination the contemplation of nature seems like an intercourse with divinity. The soft luxuriance of a blooming landscape, or the rich and blended tints of an evening sky, fill it with emotions as exquisite, as they are inexpressible. And this sensibility should be strengthened by frequent indulgence as a frame of mind, strongly prompting to poetic effusion. Let not these remarks be derided as the fine-spun labors of a visionary, assiduously describing feelings which never had existence. Most probably they have been experienced by every strongly poetic mind since the hour when David, on the summit of Zion, glanced from the vallies of Judea to the skies, and smitten with their grandeur, broke forth into the rap-

turous exclamation : 'The Heavens declare the glory of God !'

"But every precept which has been given, will be inefficacious in forming the mind of the Poet, unless, aloof from the world, much of his time be passed in solitude and reflection. Here alone he can examine nature, and here the seeds of education must acquire full maturity."

"Such is the outline of the education which should expand poetical genius into perfection. A rude sketch of the subject only could be given here. The poet should indeed be acquainted with all that man can know ; for every art, and every science, every department of learning, and every object in nature, may subserve for the decoration of his page. But ever mindful of the awful truth that man's 'life is a vapor which continueth a little time and then vanisheth away,' all his research should tend either directly, or through the medium of reason, to the improvement of sensibility and imagination, the instruments of his great design. Thus heaven-directed genius shall enwreath the brow with laurels of immortal verdure, and enroll its name forever in the record of wisdom and the song of beauty."

This elegant composition, which still remains unpublished, gained for its young author the appointment of poet at the next anniversary of the Phi-Beta-Kappa Society. It was inferred that one, who could so accurately delineate the true nurture and aliment

of poesy, must be able to exemplify its power. The reasoning was in this instance correct, though it has been said of more than one casuist in the realm of fancy, that, like Moses, he could point out the promised land, without the ability to enter it.

Here it was proved, that there was indeed no interdict. Yet it is perhaps an unparalleled fact in the history of mind, that one altogether unpractised in metrical composition should produce, as a first effort, a poem of such lofty imagery, so polished in diction, and sublime in spirit, as "The Judgment." His knowledge of the secret springs of poetic impulse, and the innate and versatile powers of his own language, here burst forth with Miltonic energy. That he should go on in the career of excellence, and win for himself, on both sides of the Atlantic, a high place in the temple of fame, might have been expected.

Several years of the early part of his life were devoted to mercantile business. In this his heart had no share. But the diligence and self-denial with which he subjected strong, native tastes to what he considered his duty, proved the correct balance and healthful state of his moral powers. During this period he visited Europe, where his attainments did not fail of their appreciation. There was about him that uprightness, nobleness, and courtesy, indicative of what some writer has styled the "old, unfaded English mind."

After his congenial and happy marriage, the greater

part of nearly twenty years, that still remained to him, was spent in his native city, between those intellectual pursuits and rural occupations, which relieve and dignify each other. An edition of such of his works, both in prose and poetry, as he thought proper to select, was given to the public during the last year of his life, and ranks among the best specimens of American literature. It was then little thought that this gift to his country would prove a valedictory. Yet while his intercourse with the external world was but slightly changed, there were those nearest his heart who anxiously marked the "fading brow, the sinking eye." After a brief illness, which gave, until the point of fatal termination, no distinct announcement of danger, he passed away, just at the opening of the year 1841.

The intelligence of an event which afflicted so many friends, awoke the following effusion from one absent in a foreign clime :

A troubled sound upon thy heaving breast
Thou bear'st, old ocean, from my native strand
A sound of wo! And art thou gone to rest,
Thou of the noble soul, and tuneful band?

I saw thee last within thy pleasant dome,
Thy fair, ancestral oaks, in glory spreading,
While every blest affection round thy home,
And through thy heart a genial warmth was shedding.

Yet now, while sullen sounds the wintry wind,
I sadly mourn thee, on this Gallic shore,
Ordained amid mine own loved land to find
One friend the less, and one cold tomb-stone more ;
But thou, for whom such bitter tears are shed,
Thy glowing strains shall live, when Friendship's self
is dead.

His brother, for many years a resident in Europe, remarks to a member of the family : " His compositions, in prose and verse, are before the American people, to whom it pertains to stamp his reputation as an author, and to assign his rank in the rising literature of our country. Competent judges have already pronounced, that it has never produced a writer of more refined and cultivated taste, or more graceful and polished style. To his relatives and intimate friends, who alone could fully appreciate his virtues, it belongs to do justice to his moral worth, by declaring that few persons acted under a deeper and more habitual sense of duty, or labored more faithfully for their own improvement ; one great part of the allotted task of man."

An author well qualified to know and to express what fraternal love thus left unsaid, the Rev. William I. Kip, has permitted us to use the following just tribute.

" Of the loss of Mr. Hillhouse, as a man, none can fitly speak but those who, like the writer of this brief sketch, knew him well and loved him much. It

was crushing an object, around which were clustering the fond affections of many hearts. It was quenching the light, which shed its rays over a wide circle. In his beautiful residence, the same little group has gathered, as of old, but he who formed its life and soul is gone. They behold from the windows the same bright landscape, stretching out in its beauty, yet the eyes which once dwelt with so much pleasure on the view, and which could behold so readily 'a glory in the grass, and a splendor in the flower,' are closed forever. The 'old ancestral oaks' wave their branches, and their leaves rustle to the breeze, but that ear, to which the sound once came as music, listens to them no longer. He is sleeping with his fathers in the still and quiet churchyard, yet resting there, we trust, 'in the sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection.' His virtues are embalmed in the hearts of his friends, for to them he can now only be united by the chain of memory running back to what he once was, and the aspirings of faith, stretching forward to what he now is. But his works belong to the literature of his country, and will ever secure to him a lofty station among the poets of America."

TRENTON FALLS.

BEAUTIFUL Waters! sparkling, free,
Spanning the globe with your ministry, —
In the tireless might of an angel's wing,
 Sent from the courts above,
Tidings of mercy and peace to bring
 To man, the child of love.
Onward ye press, in your mission proud,
 And still with spirit free
Receive the wealth of the weeping cloud,
 And bury it in the sea.

The little fountain in the wild,
The play-place of the laughing child,
Who dreams, as he mocks its bubbling force,
With his tiny feet to bar its course,
Strikes a line of silver out,
And the wild flowers follow it all about,
While the winged seeds that the breezes bear,
Make their cell on its margin fair.

Perchance it singeth a tuneful song,
A song to the pebbles rude,
Or tells them a tale, as it glideth along,
Of joy and gratitude :
A tale that softeneth hearts of stone,
But theirs are hard, and it hurrieth on,
For it may not stay, it may not stay
On its master's errand, night or day.

It claspeth the hand of its brother streams,
And runneth a merrier race,
As down the far cliff, where the eagle screams,
They gladly leap; or through meadows sheen,
Tracked by their fringe of a brighter green,
Rush on to its embrace.

Anon, it spreadeth a broader tide,
And over its breast the fisher's boat
And the snowy sail doth lightly float,
Till in the fullness of beauty's pride,
And veiled in mist, like a graceful bride,
It plighteth its faith, at the ocean's brim,
And the marriage-song is his thunder-hymn.

But thou, along whose banks we stray,
'T was not for thee to choose,
Mid quiet flowers and reeds thy way,
Nor with the whispering willows play,
That idly droop and muse.

A rugged path 't was thine to tread,
Disputing with the rocks thy bed,
 And inch by inch, with deafening din,
Thy troubled course to steer,
Still through adversity severe
 Thy fame to win.

No cloud upon the summer air!
The forest-boughs are green and fair,
 And joyous beings tread
The slippery margin of thy tide,
That on, from plunge to plunge, doth glide
 So beautiful and dread.
Hark! to a cry of wild despair,
 Echoing from yon guarded dell,
While the imprisoned flood doth to fierce mad-
 ness swell.

Where is that lovely one,
Of fawn-like step, and cherub air,
And blooming brow, unmarked by care?
 Troubled Torrent, tell me where!
She marked thee with admiring eye,
 Thy verdant marge, thy craggy steep,
 Thy boiling eddies, bold and deep,
Thy white mist, curtaining to the sky;
 Where is she now? with sorrow wild,
I hear the parents' voice, lamenting for their child.

Thou, terrible in beauty! hold thy way,
 Foaming, and full of wrath. Thy deeds shall be
 Graved on yon altar-piece of frowning rock,
 That every worshipper, who bows to thee,
 May read the record, and indignant mock
 Thy siren charms. And henceforth, she, who
 guides
 Some darling child along thy treacherous tides,
 Marking the trophy thou hast torn
 From fond affection's heart, shall turn away, and
 mourn.

—
 Would that it were not so, —
 That no dark shade of woe
 Marred thine exceeding beauty. Then the breast
 That heaves with rapture at this glorious scene,
 Might hoard thine image, stainless and serene,
 Wrapped in the light sublime
 That at Creation's prime
 Fair Eden blest,
 Ere at its gate the sword of flame
 Told with a warning voice, the lapse of grief and
 shame.

—
 Trenton Falls, upon the West Canada Creek, are at
 the distance of a pleasant drive from the city of Utica.
 None who are thus near, should, unless impelled by
 necessity, depart without paying them a visit.

The river, in its descent to a rocky ravine, makes

three successive leaps, or efforts to effect a passage. These, together, comprise more than a hundred feet, though neither of the separate cataracts are of any remarkable height. The stream sweeps on sinuously between each of these plunges, but gains no interval of rest, being broken upon pointed rocks that contest its course. These are of dark limestone, and rise in cliffs, from one hundred to one hundred and thirty feet, crested with evergreens of fir, spruce, and hemlock, like the waving plumes in the helmet of some ancient chieftain on the battle-day.

Our visit to Trenton Falls was immediately after a heavy rain, when, every crevice in the rocky path being filled to overflowing, we seemed to tread amid bowls of water. The intense heat of a July sun beat upon our heads, and radiated from the surrounding precipices; but the cool breath of the stream, and the foliage from every narrow cleft around and above us, striking out in wreaths and festoons, gave continual refreshment, while the surpassing beauty of that sequestered dell dispelled every sensation of discomfort.

Still it seemed more fatiguing to explore Trenton than Niagara. The paths are slippery and precipitous, and it cannot be forgotten how repeatedly they have led to the tomb. The allusion, in the foregoing poem, is to a beautiful child of Colonel Thorne, so long a resident in Paris, who, in visiting this scene with her parents and family, slipped from the hand of the servant who led her, and was lost in the foaming depths.

Others also have perished here, of whom it might be said, in the sweet strains of our lamented melodist, Willis Gaylord Clarke,

“ It was but yesterday, that all before thee
Shone in the freshness of life’s morning hours, —
Joy’s radiant smile was playing brightly o’er thee,
And thy light feet impressed but vernal flowers.

How have the garlands of thy beauty withered !
And hope’s false anthem died upon the air !
Death’s sudden tempests o’er thy way have gathered,
And his stern bolts have burst in fury there.”

The Falls at Trenton, are perhaps more indescribable than even the great Niagara, which, throwing the mind continually back on the Almighty Creator, can in some measure be delineated through the solemnity and sublimity of the emotions it creates. But Trenton exhibits a ceaseless, bewildering change of the surprising and beautiful, a sort of Protean character, a chameleon tint, which neither pen nor pencil can arrest, without injustice or failure. Go, and see for yourselves.

THE SNOW-STORM.

How quietly the snow comes down,
 When all are fast asleep,
And plays a thousand fairy pranks
 O'er vale and mountain steep.
How cunningly it finds its way
 To every cranny small,
And creeps through even the slightest chink
 In window, or in wall.

To every noteless hill it brings
 A fairer, purer crest
Than the rich ermine robe that decks
 The haughtiest monarch's breast.
To every reaching spray it gives
 Whate'er its hand can hold —
A beauteous thing the snow is,
 To all, both young and old.

The waking day, through curtaining haze,
 Looks forth, with sore surprise,
To view what changes have been wrought
 Since last she shut her eyes;

And a pleasant thing it is to see
The cottage children peep
From out the drift, that to their eaves
Prolongs its rampart deep.

The patient farmer searches
His buried lambs to find,
And dig his silly poultry out,
Who clamor in the wind ;
How sturdily he cuts his way,
Though wild blasts beat him back,
And caters for his waiting herd
Who shiver round the stack.

Right welcome are those feathery flakes
To the ruddy urchins' eye,
As down the long, smooth hill they coast,
With shout and revelry ;
Or when the moonlight, clear and cold,
Calls out their throng to play —
Oh! a merry gift the snow is
For a Christmas holiday.

The city miss, who, wrapped in fur,
Is lifted to the sleigh,
And borne so daintily to school
Along the crowded way,

Feels not within her pallid cheek
The rich blood mantling warm,
Like her who, laughing, shakes the snow
From powdered tress and form.

A tasteful hand the snow hath —
For on the storied pane
I saw its Alpine landscapes traced
With arch and sculptured fane,
Where high o'er hoary-headed cliffs
The dizzy Simplon wound,
And old cathedrals reared their towers
With Gothic tracery bound.

I think it hath a tender heart,
For I marked it while it crept
To spread a sheltering mantle where
The infant blossom slept.
It doth to Earth a deed of love —
Though in a wintry way ;
And her turf-gown will be greener
For the snow that's fallen to-day.

The occurrence of slight snow-storms, being unusually frequent during the autumn of 1843, I amused myself with making the following simple calendar of them in their order of succession.

Monday, October 23d.

Snow! Snow! Who could have expected such a guest, now in the very autumn prime? The sun was shining so gloriously too, at early morning. The trees stand utterly amazed, in their rich robes of crimson, and orange, and brown, like dowagers in their court-dresses, arrested on their way to the palace. Especially, are the flower-people incommoded and struck with consternation. The roses, with their bosoms full of snow, look indignant, and redden to a wrath-glow, while the meek verbenas and violets at their feet partake less of the chilling shower, for dwelling so humbly *sub-rosa*. The buxom marigold lifts her hardy cheek with a smile, as if to say "I'll make the best of it," while the aristocratic dahlias curb their chins in displeasure. Well, this is a republican clime, my ladies. It respecteth not your high-sounding titles of countesses and queens. Crowns and coronets are at a discount in this pilgrim-planted land, and the snow settleth as saucily upon them, as upon the unbonnetted cottager.

Yonder, ensconced in a snug recess, are two Hydrangeas, with their broad purple and pink faces bending towards each other, like a pair of rustic lovers in a tête-a-tête. How aghast they look when the snow discovers and parts them. That tiny lakelet at their side, which shone like a mirror in the morning ray, how it swallows the chill morsels with a dim and sullen face. Up come the gold and silver fishes, their

smart liveries powdered with the insinuating flakes. Keep your gills close, my gay piscatorials, and don't nibble at those floating nodules, mistaking them for crumbs of Naples biscuit. In the same nook is a prim-bush, badly trimmed, reaching forth its angular arms and claw-shaped fingers to gather all it can. Methinks it is of the miser-genus. Friend Prim, dreamest thou that thou hast gotten gold? Well, make the most of thy cold handfuls. Peradventure it may last thee as long as the winged riches in which thy betters trust.

While the beauties of the garden, bear their rebuke as they may, lo! there passeth by a blighted bud of our own higher nature. An infant with its funeral train, goeth slowly homeward to its last repose. They divide the snow-wreaths to lay it by the side of its young mother. Thou canst nestle no more into her bosom, poor babe, it is marble cold. She stretcheth forth no fend arm to welcome and enfold thee. Only a few times didst thou gaze upon her, ere she hasted away to the angels. Yet, shall not the bright drops of that affection, which were shed into her heart amid extremest agony, be gathered up in Heaven, and flow on as the river of life, an eternal stream?

“ Oh! when a mother meets on high,
The babe she left in its infancy,
Is there not then, for all her fears,
The day of woe, the watchful night,
For all her sorrows, all her tears,
An over-payment of delight? ”

Tuesday, November 7th.

Well done, Mr. Saggitarius, thou hast brought us a fair gift, notwithstanding thy belligerent moods, and thy skill in archery! snow-flakes, falling as quietly as the slumbers of innocence. This is better than to pierce us with thy frosty arrows, or smite us with ague-fits.

The birds, however, are mightily discomposed. They convene in noisy Congress, clamoring for immediate emigration. Troops of orators mount the rostrum, vociferating, vanishing, and returning to the charge. Many more speakers than hearers, and no chairman to call them to order. How the black-birds chatter and gesticulate, and what throngs of swallows besiege yonder old church-steeple. My eloquent gentry, I counsel you forthwith to commence your journey; for, as the ancient proverb elegantly saith, "great cry, and little wool," so this babel-like discussion helpeth not forward your weary pilgrimage. Please remember us among the groves of the Bosphorus, or the gardens of the Nile, and come back with the spring-flowers, — and so, farewell.

The domestic fowls congregate under the fences, or hay-stacks, with a remarkable solemnity. Chicklings of the last summer, who have had no regular introduction to the snow, dip their bills in it and look grave. Perhaps, like chemists, they are essaying to analyze it. The young house-cat, having the antipathy of her race to wet feet, steps into the new element, and sud-

denly draws back, steps again, and draws back : then with long leaps gains the shelter of the kitchen-threshold, and applies her soothing lips, to her maltreated paws.

But what exultation among the boys, who rushing from school discover it. How it clings with a humid tenacity to their caps and shoulders, for the careful mother to brush off, when they reach home. With what zeal they gather it in their hands, the merry urchins. How eagerly they anticipate their winter-sports, which suit so well the quick flowing blood of the young. Often have I watched the bright-browed throngs of Boston boys, gliding with swift sled over their noble Common, and rejoiced in their joy, and blessed the wisdom of those law-givers, who protect the happiness of children.

Wednesday, November 29th.

The beautiful Indian-summer, which our poor aborigines used to call "the smile of the Great Spirit," hath been among us. With its elastic breath, it quickened all the springs of life. Between the storms, it stole hither, touching the faded leaf with its early hues, and the skies with their cloudless azure, rekindling the scarlet of the woodbine and hardy rose, and whispering to our hearts of the cheerful patience that should arm them for winter's adversity. It wrapped the distant landscape in soft mists, like a dream of Paradise. Then, foreseeing the evil time, it vanished, while

the snow-spirit made haste to whiten its robe as it departed.

Thursday, November 30th.

A little snow this evening, a few hoarse threats from the winds, and then the clouds relented. They would not cast a lasting shade over New England's almost sole festival. For this day is her annual Thanksgiving, set apart by the fathers amid colonial toil and privation, when, amid the scanty harvest, the rude hovel, or the Indian conspiracy,

“They shock the depths of the desert-gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.”

Methinks even the pitiless storm would not willingly blot out the joy of the child, preparing to return to its home, from a distant school, or from service, to brighten, for a brief season, the loved circle around the hearth-stone.

Hark! the steam-engine shrieks, the mellow stage-horn winds, and see; they come. The spruce, young collegian arrives, ready to display new stores of knowledge to his wondering sisters; and the soberly-clad apprentice grasps heartily with his hardened hand that of parent or friend. A carriage stops at the door of a pleasant farm-house. A fair, young woman, who at the last Thanksgiving wore the white robe of the bride, descends, and with her husband enters the home of her nativity.

What does she bring with her? What is so cunningly concealed beneath her warm mantle? Lo! a little rose-bud, with a beating heart. How its large, clear eyes expand with wonder, as the young people, proud of their new titles of uncle and aunt, unsheath it from its convolutions of soft blankets, and cover its face with kisses. The new father mingles in the group with rapturous delight, and bends on her, who has thus completed the climax of his joys, that smile of the heart which effaces every care. The grandparents welcome this young scion of their house with secret pride; yet taught, by long experience in life's changeable road, to chastise that buoyant sentiment, they wear a sedate gravity, as they lead the way to the laden board.

Invoking Heaven's blessing on their happiness, all zealously address themselves to the work before them. Justice must be done to the huge turkey, and the chickens, which they themselves have reared; the numerous tarts must all be tasted, as they are the productions of the young daughters; nor must the fruits and nuts be slighted, which the boys have so carefully gathered. The satisfaction of a feast in a farmer's family is heightened by knowing the history of every viand, or having had some agency in preparing it for its post of honor.

But see, passing the window is a melancholy stranger, pale with home-sickness. His heart is with the spot of his nativity, in the distant halls where

his childhood grew. Here are no fond eyes to welcome him, no kind voice to bid him to the hospitable repast.

Send thou, and gather him as a sheaf into thy garner. Make glad his soul with the incense of thy fireside charities. So shall his smile of gratitude strike to the depths of thine own spirit, and dry its secret tears.

Oh, at this festival, and at that still more sacred one, of our dear Lord's nativity, forget not the forgotten, nor the forsaken, nor the poor. For if thou hast sent portions unto the needy, and if the stranger or the orphan sitteth beside thee at thy board, thine own feast shall be the sweeter, and be remembered at the banquet on high.

THE DESERTED NEST.

FLOWN! Flown! my little ones? Your cunning house,
So deftly hid beneath the mantling vine,
Quite empty?

But a few short days it seems,
Since first we spied you, a strange, breathing mass,
Unfledged and shapeless, with bright, staring eyes,
And ever-open beak. We often came
To inspect your tiny tenement, because
Your parents were our lodgers, in a nook
Of the piazza, where the vine-leaves curled,
And thatched it like a cottage. They were out
Most of their time, upon the busy wing,
Seeking your food, while you at leisure lived,
Eating and chirping, with an equal zeal
Alternately; for whatsoever they brought
Was eagerly received. I feared you'd be
Such gormandizers, that you'd never learn
Your gamut; for you certainly were blest
With a most wondrous appetite. And still,
To help the matter on, my little girl
Amused herself by dropping now and then
A small green grape into your gaping mouths,

Feeling so very sure 't would do you good.
But as for me, I had a thousand fears
Of cholera, and all the latent ills
That birds are heir to, and with fainter step
Stole every morning to your curtained couch,
Filled with sad visions of your early death.
But lo! you grew like mushrooms, and your sires,
Who screamed at first with terror, when we drew
So near their hopeful race, at length became
Quite passive to our visits, and partook
Our scattered crumbs complacently.

Yet now,

You're gone, my birds, and I shall miss you much,
Both morn and eve.

Methinks you were too young
To try your fortune in this world of snares,
And much I fear that some marauding cat,
With her keen feline tastes in exercise,
May seize and bear you, with your tender wings
All helpless, hanging from her whisker'd mouth,
A gift to her voracious little ones.
Yet hence with such forebodings, — and I'll think
When from yon shrubbery I hear a song,
Trembling with sweet, unpractised melody,
It is your descant.

How will ye obtain
Your sustenance, thus sent as wanderers forth,
Mid all the ignorance of infancy
To cater for yourselves?

Yet this wide earth

Is your refectory, and the light leaf
That shivers on the gale, and the seamed trunk,
And the fresh furrow where the ploughman treads,
Show to your microscopic glance a feast
Ready and full.

Our Father feedeth you !

Ye gather not in store-house, or in barn,
But seek your meat from Him.

Would that we shared
Your simple faith, — we who so duly ask
Our daily bread, and yet distrust His hand
Who feeds all creatures and upbraideth not.
And when our homes below are desolate,
Even like your empty nest, my winged ones,
And when their eyes, who loved us here below,
Shall seek and find us not, may we have risen
Where melody shall know no dissonance,
And love no parting flight.

The habits of the migratory birds form a fruitful subject of observation and inquiry. The unerring instinct that guides them through the trackless fields of air, avoiding the hostility of birds of prey, the comparative mystery of their residence in far distant regions, and the punctuality of their return, increase our respect for these winged friends, who from their lodgings upon the Sultan's harem, or amid the gardens of the Nile, remember their brown nest in the thorn-hedge, or the cottage-roof, and compass earth and ocean to rebuild it.

How beautifully has an English naturalist remarked :
“ When we think for a moment that the swallows, martins, and swifts, that sport in our summer skies, and become inhabitants of our houses, will presently be dwelling in the heart of regions which we long in vain to know, and whither we travellers toil in vain to penetrate; that they will anon affix their nests to the Chinese pagoda, the Indian temple, or beneath the Equator, to the palm-thatched eaves of the African hut; that the small birds which populate our hedges and fields, will quickly spread themselves with the cuckoo over the warm regions beyond the pillars of Hercules, and the wilds of the Levant, of Greece and Syria; that the nightingale will be serenading in the chestnut groves of Italy and the rose-gardens of Persia; that the thrush and the field-fare, that share our winter, will pour out triumphant music in their native wastes, in the sudden summers of Scandinavia, the desolate rocks in the lonely ocean, the craggy and misty isles of the Orkneys and Shetlands; the wild swan rewinging its way through the lofty regions of the cloud to Iceland, and other arctic lands,—we feel how much poetry is connected with these wanderers of the earth.”

We are led still more to feel His infinite wisdom and goodness, who maketh them to know their appointed time : —

Who marketh their course through the tropics bright,
Who nerveth their wing for its weary flight,

And guideth their caravan's trackless way
By the star at night and the cloud by day.

The Indian fig, with its arching screen,
Welcomes them in to its vistas green,—
And the breathing buds of the spicy tree,
Thrill at the burst of their melody ;
And the bulbul starts, and his carol clear,
Such a rushing of stranger-wings to hear.

O wild-wood wanderers ! though far away
From your summer homes in our vales ye stray,
Yet when they awake at the call of spring,
We shall see you again with your glancing wing,
Your nest mid yon waving trees to raise,
And teach our spirits their Maker's praise.

THE WASHINGTON ELM,

AT CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS.

WORDS! Words, Old Tree! Thou hast an aspect fair,
A vigorous heart, a heaven-aspiring crest,
And sleepless memories of the days that were
Lodge in thy branches, like the song-bird's nest.

Words! give us words! Methought a gathering blast
Mid its green leaves began to murmur low,
Shaping its utterance to the mighty Past,
That backward came, on pinions floating slow.

“The ancient masters of the soil I knew,
Whose cane-roofed wigwams flecked the forest brown,
Their hunter-footsteps swept the early dew,
And their keen arrow struck the eagle down.

I heard the bleak December tempest moan,
When the tossed May-Flower moored in Plymouth
Bay;
And watched yon classic walls, as stone by stone
The fathers reared them slowly toward the day.

But lo! a mighty Chieftain 'neath my shade,
Drew his bright sword, and reared his dauntless
head,
And Liberty sprang forth from rock and glade,
And donned her helmet for the hour of dread:

While in the hero's heart there dwelt a prayer,
That Heaven's protecting arm might never cease,
To make his young, endangered land its care,
Till through the war-cloud looked the angel Peace.

Be wise, my children," said that ancient Tree,
In earnest tone, as though a Mentor spake,
"And prize the blood-bought birthright of the free,
And firmly guard it, for your country's sake."

Thanks, thanks, Old Elm! and for this counsel sage,
May heaven thy brow with added beauty grace,
Grant richer emeralds to thy crown of age,
And changeless honors from a future race.

This fine old Elm, on the Common, at Cambridge, doubtless a remnant of the primeval forest, has a heritage of glory. Beneath its shade, Washington first drew his sword, as Commander-in-Chief of the American army. It is thus associated with one of the most important eras in our history, and in the life of that illustrious man, who was "first in war, first in peace,

and first in the hearts of his countrymen." From the flash of that sword, beneath these branches, until it was finally sheathed at Yorktown, what heart-stirring events transpired for the historian, the politician, and the poet. The drama, which was conceived and commenced by the "Bay State," the noble mother of New England, and which in its progress more or less convulsed every member of the "Old Thirteen," reached its catastrophe and termination of glory in the "Ancient Dominion," where first the Saxon vine took root in the soil of this New World.

The venerated Tree, thus forever connected with the memory of the Father of our country, has a fitting and beautiful locality. Its foliage almost sweeps the walls of the most ancient University in the United States, for which the first appropriation was made in 1636, the year after the fathers of Connecticut took their departure from Cambridge, and began the settlement of Hartford.

It is touching and even sublime to recall the efforts made by our ancestors, to secure the means of education for their descendants, while themselves enduring the hardships and privations attendant on colonial life. Sixteen years from the first landing on the snow-clad rock of Plymouth had scarcely elapsed, ere they laid the plan of a collegiate institution, the poorest contributing from his poverty, perhaps only a bushel of corn, or a single volume, yet given with gladness and in hope. The infant colonies of Connecticut and

New Haven, testified also their sympathy and good neighborhood, by a benefaction from every family, of twelve pence or a peck of corn, — gifts of no slight value in those days of simplicity.

How truly was it said by our ancestors, in a work written more than two hundred years since: “After God had carried us safe to New England, and we had builded our houses, provided necessaries for our livelihood, reared convenient places for God’s worship, and settled the civil government, one of the next things we longed for and looked after, was to advance learning, and perpetuate it to posterity.”

The Washington Elm is also in the vicinity of the sacred solitudes of Mount Auburn, that spot which has so often given a subject to the traveller and the bard, but whose unique beauty it is impossible to appreciate, without the privilege of musing amid its hallowed shades.

FAREWELL TO NIAGARA.

My spirit grieves to say, Farewell to thee,
Oh beautiful and glorious!

Thou dost robe
Thyself in mantle of the colored mist,
Most lightly tinged, and exquisite as thought,
Decking thy forehead with a crown of gems
Woven by God's right hand.

Hadst thou but wrapped
Thy brow in clouds, and swept the blinding mist
In showers upon us, it had been less hard
To part from thee. But there thou art, sublime
In noon-day splendor, gathering all thy rays
Unto their climax, green, and fleecy white,
And changeful tinture, for which words of man
Have neither sign nor sound, until to breathe
Farewell is agony. For we have roamed
Beside thee, at our will, and drawn thy voice
Into our secret soul, and felt how good
Thus to be here, until we half implored,
While long in wildering ecstasy we gazed,

To build us tabernacles, and behold
Always thy majesty.

Fain would we dwell
Here at thy feet, and be thy worshipper,
And from the weariness and dust of earth
Steal evermore away. Yea, were it not
That many a care doth bind us here below,
And in each care, a duty, like a flower,
Thorn-hedged, perchance, yet fed with dews of
heaven,
And in each duty, an enclosed joy,
Which like a honey-searching bee doth sing, —
And were it not, that ever in our path
Spring up our planted seeds of love and grief,
Which we must watch, and bring their perfect fruit
Into our Master's garner, it were sweet
To linger here, and be thy worshipper,
Until death's footstep broke this dream of life.

And now, reader and friend, our hour of pleasant gossip is finished. We have said nothing of the pictured rocks, or the great western caverns, nor wandered together in spirit on the borders of our mighty lakes, or the shores of the "father of waters."

No. I have spoken only of such places as "keepers at home" may readily reach, and which probably you have yourself visited. Still it is as useful, and vastly more convenient, to admire objects near at hand than those far away; and on what the eye hath oft-times

looked, we may still discover an unplucked flower, or an ungathered sunbeam, to cheer and to uplift the heart.

I have frequently used, in this little book, the language of others; sometimes, because I considered it better than my own; and sometimes, because I remembered the saying, that there is no greater compliment to an author than to quote from his works.

You will not, I hope, count it a deception, that while its title announces a description of *scenes*, its page so often presents those who have peopled them. I felt that a landscape was improved by figures, and that it was a solace made stronger by advancing years, thus to deepen the heart's memorial of the good and the lovely, who are no longer among the living.

So now, reader and friend, unknown, perchance, but still a friend, Farewell. If it is morning with you, may the day be blessed and happy; and if it is evening,

“ a fair good night,
And pleasant dreams, and slumbers light.”

Hartford, Conn. Dec. 4, 1844.



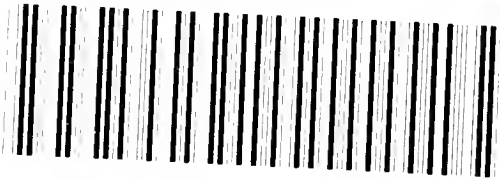
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